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Worcester Polytechnic Institute

Volume 24—1914

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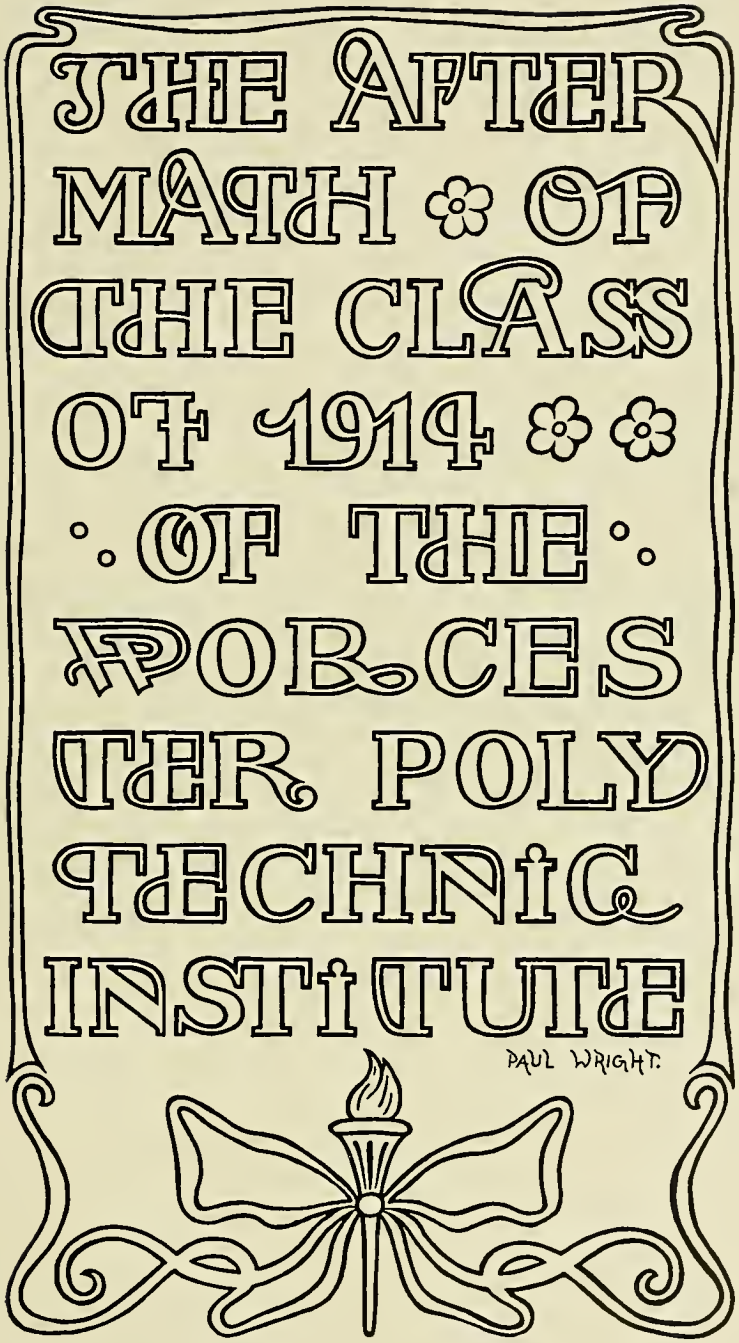
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1914 Aftermath Board

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THE AFTERMATH OF THE CLASS OF 1914 OF THE WORCESTER POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTE





Boynton Hall



To

Ira Nelson Hollis, A. M., D. Sc.

President of the Institute

True Friend, Eminent Engineer, Earnest

and Energetic Worker

We, the Class of 1914

most respectfully dedicate this Aftermath

Ira Nelson Hollis, A. M., D. Sc.

The coming of Professor Hollis to Tech as its President marked a new era in the development of the Institute. This has been clearly shown by the changes which have already taken place and the awakening of a new Tech spirit.

President Hollis is a graduate of Annapolis. After spending eight years in the Navy, and rising to the rank of Passed Assistant Engineer, he resigned his commission to become head of the Department of Engineering at Harvard. Professor Hollis was prominent in the growth of Engineering instruction at Harvard, in the improvement of social organizations in conjunction with the academic life of the University, and in athletics. His work on the Harvard Stadium is notable, and the connection of his name with it is readily shown by the students' *bon mot*, "*Holliseum.*" He was one of the originators of the Engineers Club of Boston.

In 1889, Professor Hollis was given an honorary A.M. by Harvard University, and in the same year Union conferred upon him the degree of L.H.D. He is a fellow of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, a member of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers, the Boston Society of Civil Engineers, and the Society for the Promotion of Engineering Education. He is the author of "War College Lectures on Naval Ships," and the "History of the Frigate Constitution," and has been a frequent contributor to engineering journals.

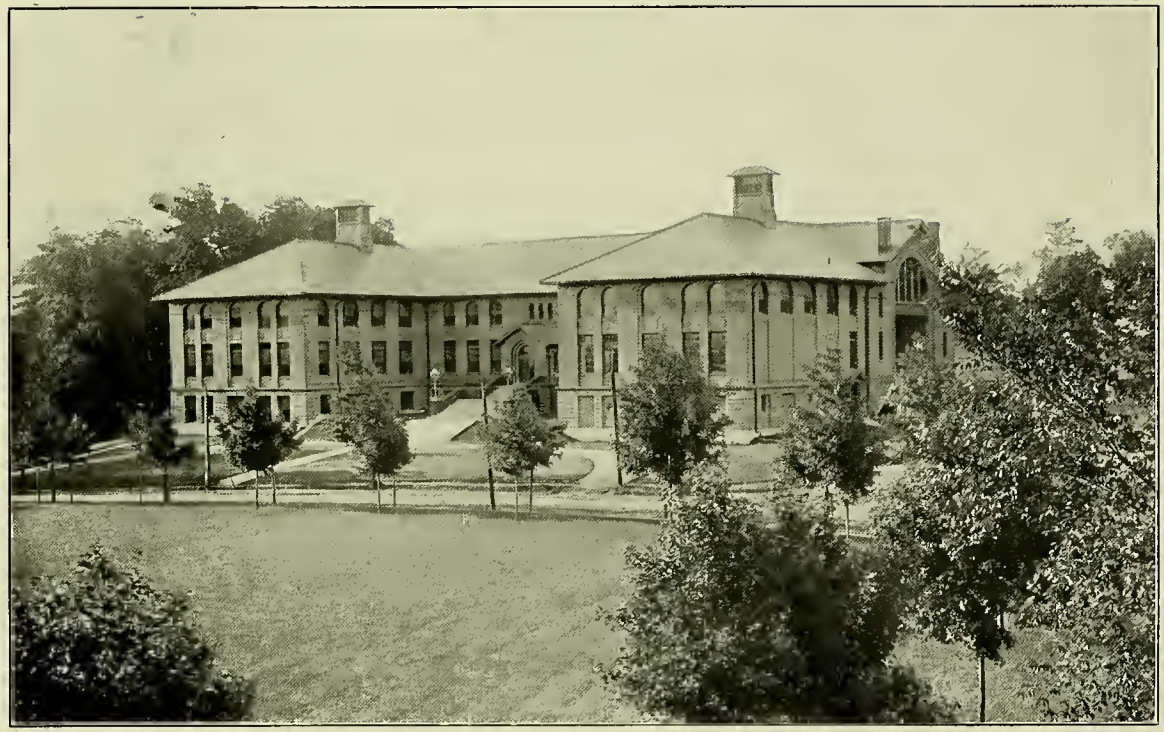
A singular personal attraction of President Hollis for his faculty and students has been shown in many instances. His interest in Tech is so great that not only has he worked faithfully and well for its advance as an engineering school, but his efforts to increase the unity and spirit of the school have been untiring. This is his pet hobby: to bring the students together, to give them reason to be proud of their Alma Mater, to broaden their activities. To this end he has worked well by greeting every man with an informal camaraderie which at once inspires confidence. The custom which he has introduced of informal receptions has gone far toward bringing about a more genial relationship between faculty and students.

President Hollis has shown great interest in all student activities. He was a prime mover in the establishment of the Tech Council. He is keenly interested in ath-

letics. In fact, there is not an activity at Tech which he is not interested in, and in the short time he has been here he has given valuable assistance in many directions.

Possessing marked individuality, courage, and initiative, his honor is unfailing, his intuition remarkable, his appreciation keen. We feel that we are indeed fortunate in having a man of such qualities as our president. We cannot fail to gain by his immediate presence and attention.





Electrical Engineering Building



The Board presents this Aftermath to the Class of 1914 and the little world which reads it, knowing that its imperfections and shortcomings are many, and that errors of commission and omission are but too numerous. Nevertheless, we beseech you to be charitable in your judgment, and to view the book in the spirit in which we have tried to create it.

Our first and greatest aim has been to make this a book which would serve, better than anything else, to bring back fond memories of the friendships formed in happy hours amid the congenial surroundings of these four brief years. In trying to carry out this object, we have departed radically from the style of previous books. We feel that it is our Classmates for whom this book should be primarily written, and for this reason we have devoted a larger portion of the book to write-ups of the members. While desirous of obtaining snappy articles, we have endeavored to avoid knocks which would be objectionable.

We have aimed to make this a Tech-book as well as a Class-book, and have dared to hope that this Aftermath will do its little part in uniting Faculty, Students and Graduates in one body, infused with the New Tech Spirit, and working together for the glory of our Alma Mater.

"*And each shall care for other,*
And each to each shall bend,
To the poor a noble brother,
To the good an equal friend."

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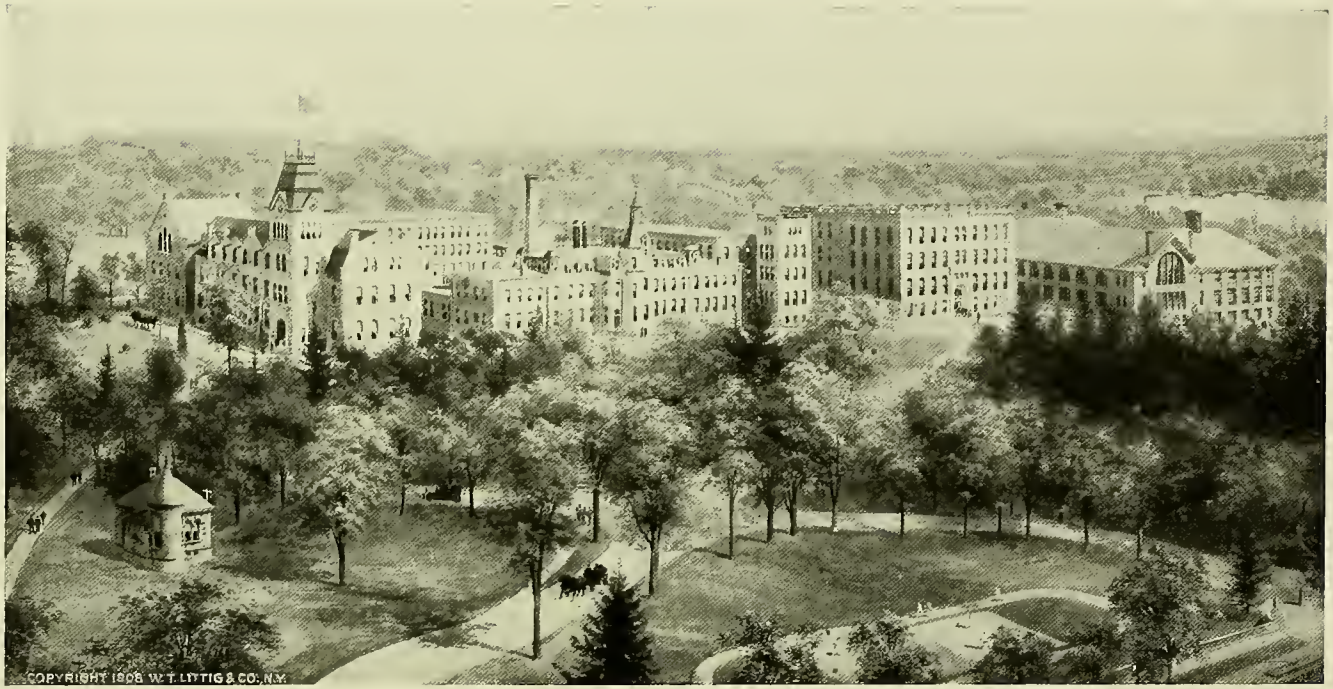
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Campus

Alma Mater

Dear Worcester Tech, our Polytech,
Our praises ring to Thee.
To Alma Mater, good and true
We pledge our loyalty.
Long have we felt Thy guiding hand,
Thy teachings broad and free,
With praises loud in every land,
We'll show our love for Thee.

Chorus

Then here's to Worcester Polytech,
Come, fellows, join in our refrain,
Wave high the colors Crimson and Gray
For good old Polytech.

As years roll on and changes bring
To all things great and small,
We still will Thee in rev'rence hold,
We'll greet Thee one and all
In accents which no one may doubt,
In terms so strong and bold
The world will know Thy worth to us
Increases many fold.

—Willard Hedlund.

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FACULTY



Department of Mechanical Engineering

Department of Mechanical Engineering

Professors

William W. Bird, B. S.
Alton L. Smith, M. S.
Charles M. Allen, M. S.
Carleton A. Read, S. B.
John H. Nelson, M. S.
David L. Gallup, M. E.

Instructors

John Jernberg
Howard P. Fairfield
James C. Davis, B. S.
Samuel E. Balcom
Francis W. Roys, B. S.
Burton L. Gray
Harland F. Stuart, B. S.
Herbert S. Busey
Walter W. Munroe
Edmund K. Brown, B. S.

Superintendent of Washburn Shops

Louis W. Rawson, B. S.

PROFESSOR WILLIAM W. BIRD, B. S.

Professor of Mechanical Engineering and Director of Washburn Shops.

"WE," that is, "Professor Bird and I." Perhaps you have heard Piggy mentioned more often in this connection than in any other, for he is silent partner to this famous combination. Or, if you were accustomed to sleep while "WE" talked, perhaps you remember better the astonishing rapidity with which Piggy solved on the board "stickers in Senior Mechanics (of course at rare intervals he did seek aid from a paper in his hand) but cancellations and eraser combined to make a long matter short, until in a little square the all important answer would appear, while from some scribbling note-taker in the back of the room, would come the audible whisper, "Where the — did he get that?" Or did Piggie's final make more impression on you, even if you made little impression on it, with the possibilities of getting 120 out of 100, and probabilities of getting ——less?

But, be it known, "Piggy" does not apply to this man's heart, for there is not a Professor on the Hill that takes more interest in the welfare of the men under him than

does Professor Bird. Moreover this interest does not die the moment a man takes his sheepskin and departs, but follows him throughout life. The "cussedness of material things" does not apply to Piggy, although he may think so.

PROFESSOR JOHN H. NELSON, M. S.

Professor of Applied Mechanics

"Well! What are our troubles this morning?" With this cheerful query Professor Nelson always starts his classes. It is nearly two years now since his coming from the "Gweat" Lakes to stick us with "pwoblems" and his efforts in this line have not all been unavailing. Up to exams he kids us into believing that his exams are a pipe, but then—Oh, my! It is then if ever the Techman homeward plods his weary way. Habits formed out in the "wild and woolly" still cling to him, as he persists in having his hair cut once a year whether it needs it or not. Rumor has it that "Prof" Nelson is some automobilist, and it is expected that soon it will be one of the historic sights of Worcester to see him disguised with his derby racing with the trees along Main Street. Both inside and outside the classroom, Prof. Nelson has won the respect and friendship of all of us who have come in contact with him.

PROFESSOR ALTON L. SMITH, M. S.

Professor of Drawing and Machine Design

Place, Machine Design Room. Time, almost any time. Temperature, about forty-two degrees Fahrenheit. The title of this might be anything from "Over the Spectacles" to "When Dreams Don't Come True," but it isn't.

Professor Alton Lincoln "Dingtoe" Smith. Just where the appellation "Dingtoe" comes from is still one of the great unsolved mysteries. In spite of his awful courses, "Ding" is a pretty good "Prof," and one need but ask to get some mighty good advice. More often, however, we get the advice without asking. He has a genial countenance and we have found him not lacking in the appreciation of a joke. His chief claim to fame is in the fact that he is the general of a small army of drawing instructors, "Jimmy" and "Buss." The sounds, "Mr.——, draw a line AB about a foot long" in slow monotones will long linger in our ears.

"Of all the words which man has used,
The best are these: 'Class excused.'"

PROFESSOR CHARLES M. ALLEN, M. S.

Professor of Hydraulic Engineering

About two minutes before ten Charlie walks into his office and starts opening his mail. The bell rings and Charlie casually hunts for his books and starts for the class room. In the meantime the bunch, including even Dayton, having arrived, pull out their watches with high hopes. At just 4.999 minutes past ten in walks Charlie and after opening all the windows that are closed and closing all those that are open, greets us with,

"Well! ur-r-r-m, what's the lesson for today?"

Somebody gives lesson about three weeks behind.

'Naw, it's over on moving blades, ur-r-r-m, this reads like an old story. Any questions?"

"Well! if you don't ask some I will."

P. C. immediately gets scared. "Er, Just what does one of those water sheds that the book speaks of, look like?"

Much laughter.

"That's all right," and explains water shed. "That reminds me of when we were on a job down on the Susquehanna River," Tells story of the wind that blew so hard that it stopped the river from flowing so that they had to shut down the plant. Laughter. "Ur-r-r-m, That's all right, you wouldn't believe it, but it's true."

To be serious, Charlie is one of the best liked Profs on the Hill, both by the faculty and by the students, and his inexhaustible fund of stories has lightened many of the tedious hours.

PROFESSOR DAVID L. GALLUP, M. E.

Professor of Gas Engineering

Lives there a Tech man who has never read a Sunday "Telegram"?

If so, your education has been neglected, for you need go no farther to get complete information regarding Davy, as this subject has been treated often and in detail on its pages. The Institute catalogue speaks of David Lamprey Gallup, Professor of Gas Engineering. This sounds good to the outsider, but why not be frank and leave out the word Engineering, for any man who has taken Davy's courses will tell you that "gas" and "air" are adequate descriptions, in spite of the fact that air is "a regular course all right."

Now here is our friendly advice to the coming Senior who wants to "make a hit" in Gas Engineering: get the text-book entitled "Internal Combustion Engines," turn to

the chapter headed "Modern Types of Internal Combustion Engines," (you can't miss it, for it consists of 128 pages profusely illustrated) and put in your spare time learning the details and descriptions of the gas engines mentioned, such as the Borsy-Oechelhauser, Koerting, Cockerill, etc., etc., etc. You will be held for these, and if some lazy mortal questions the necessity of memorizing "so much stuff," as several lazy mortals are sure to do, Davy will smile and inform him "You can't play horse with me, even if my name is Gallup."

The Institute may well be proud to have a man on its faculty so high in the automobile world and holding a position of honor and importance like that of chairman of the research committee of the Society of Automobile Engineers, for the position is sought by the most expert consulting engineers in the United States. The Committee was organized for the purpose of performing "fair and important tests on various things in connection with the automobile industry." Professor Gallup is called upon from all over the country to make important tests and we are told by good authority that seldom does he fail to uphold his reputation or fail to "*obtain*" (please notice we said obtain) satisfactory results.

Yes, Davy is one of the "regular men" on the Hill and we shall all remember what "little we saw of him" by his biting sarcasm and dry humor.

PROFESSOR CARLETON A. READ, S. B.

Professor of Steam Engineering

As under classmen we often wondered who the notorious B. A. was, but upon making inquiry of the upper classmen we were met with a smile and the statement that "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." Upon entering his class for the first time, we wondered what we could have to fear from a gentleman with such a beaming countenance. It was not long, however, before one of us for some unknown reason was unfortunate enough to cause the disappearance of this facial contortion. However, like a passing cloud in a summer sky, his frown soon passes and his smile beams forth once more.

Prof. Read graduated from M. I. T., in the class of 1891 and returned the next year as instructor in Mechanical Engineering, which position he held until 1899, when he accepted a professorship of Mechanical Engineering. In 1908 he was called to this Institute as a Professor of Steam Engineering. His spare time is taken up in making trips to Boston, where he has several classes in steam. He delights in bringing back problems which gave great trouble to men there, but of course to us they seem simple.

However, B. A.'s knowledge of Temperature Entrophy Charts and P. V. diagrams is recognized far beyond the walls of our Institute.

Although he has often times been misunderstood, all of us who have come in close contact with him realize that he has the best interests of Tech and of the fellows at heart.

He is a member of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers.





Department of Civil Engineering

Department of Civil Engineering

Professors

Arthur W. French, C. E. Howard Chapin Ives, C. E.

Instructors

Arthur J. Knight, B. S. Robert C. Mansfield, B. S.

PROFESSOR ARTHUR W. FRENCH, C. E.

Professor of Civil Engineering

The "PROF" may be characterized as a man of great length of body and great breadth of mind, as a veteran in the use of the two-for-a-nickel cigars, and as a side-rule artist of the best quality, for he has at last solved the problem of multiplying 1000 by 2 without using his head. He has also accomplished great feats along the lines of linguistical gymnastics, his vocabulary varying from the direction taken by the old Holyoke dam, to the most lofty heights. He is also well known for his ability as a monologuist, his ravings in the drafting room often disturbing the peace and quietude always prevailing in that apartment. His great delight is in the law of "French" and he is a very able taskmaster in getting a great amount of work done in a short period of time, yet all of those who have been fortunate enough to have the "Prof" as an instructor consider him as among the first at the Institute.

The fact that he is always referred to as "The Prof" shows how he stands in our estimation. The attempt at burglary by the "Prof" when our friend, the janitor, had thoughtfully locked the instrument room, will long be remembered by those who witnessed the struggle between "Prof's" toe and the lusty lock. A few of the lucky ones had joy-rides in his trusted machine and they claim that he can shave a wagon wheel with the best of them, showing that his mind is not taken up wholly with indeterminate structures. In fact, he is well versed on other lines than those pertaining to Civil Engineering and his acquaintances among his own profession are widely distributed.

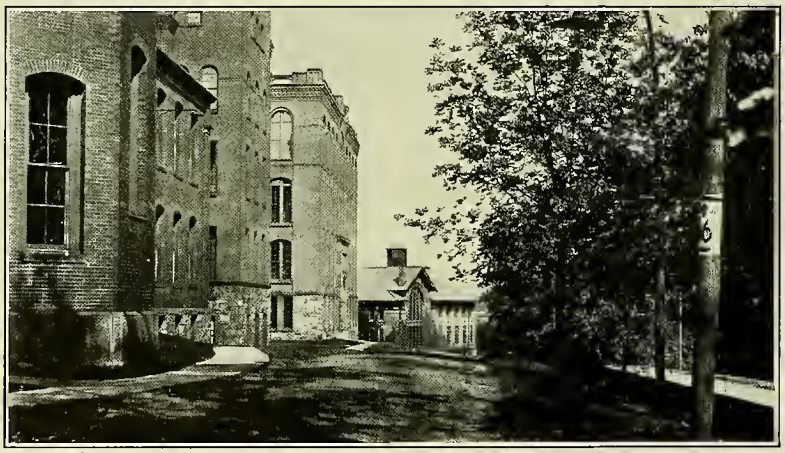
PROFESSOR HOWARD C. IVES, C. E.

Professor of Railroad Engineering

Never do we hear the term "railroads" without thinking of "Reddy." The daily chalk-fights were always ended in a grand bombardment as "Reddy" came ambling into the room with his little red note-book in his right hand, while his left hand was in his pocket, thus pushing back his coat and quite unconsciously (?) displaying an A. S. C. E. pin. And those auburn locks—well, his nickname is appropriate.

The procedure was quite simple. After the attendance was taken and the cards shuffled, we heard a life history varied by discussions on all subjects, ranging from the "proper time to wear evening dress" to the "economic value of a snowball in excessively warm climates." Oh, yes, there were some questions on the lesson. We will all admit however, that Prof. Ives is a man who has a deep interest in all who are in his classes, and it does not cease with Commencement.

Whatever his faults and virtues have been, even though he is planning to write another text-book, they all fade away when we behold him in his greatest role, Chief Engineer of the Chaffin and Unionville R. R., and long shall we remember that "dish-pan ditty", "Breakfast on time or a little ahead."





Department of Electrical Engineering

Department of Electrical Engineering

Professors

Harold B. Smith, M. E.
Albert S. Richey, E. E.
Joseph O. Phelon, M. M. E.
Carl D. Knight, E. E.
Clarence A. Pierce, M. S., Ph. D.

Instructors

Francis J. Adams, E. E.
Raymond L. Witham, E. E.
Walter D. Stearns, E. E.
George I. Gilchrist, B. S.
Harry B. Lindsay, B. S.

PROFESSOR HAROLD B. SMITH, M. E.

Professor of Electrical Engineering

We began our Senior year and our acquaintance with "H. B." simultaneously. And though it has not seemed long since that time, yet we feel very much acquainted with each other. Our introduction to the latter was especially impressive, at least to us, as we sat proudly in the little corner room on the second floor of the E. E. Building, calmly waiting while our new guardian was amusing himself by perusing our past medals and scars inflicted during the three years' combat, which were arranged in an artistic color scheme for his ready reference. In fact we enjoyed our first visit so much that nearly all of us have taken advantage of the standing invitation to drop in once a month and talk over the chances of war with Mexico.

Few of us realize fully the place that Prof. Smith holds in the scientific world and the following are only a few of his many honors. In 1891 he graduated from Cornell and since then has been Professor of E. E. at the Arkansas State University, and at Purdue University; consulting E. E. for the Westinghouse Elect. and Mfg. Co. since 1904; member of Sigma Xi, American Society Mechanical Engineers, Fellow of American Institute of Electrical Engineers; Fellow of the A. A. A. S.; etc., etc. For two years he has traveled and studied in Europe and the Orient, returning in time to give us the advantage of his studies and experiences abroad, during our final year.

We have tried to make the most of our opportunities and have felt the influence of his guiding hand and personal interest all the year. He is always ready to help us

when we feel down at the mouth, always patient with our shortcomings, always glad to go out of his way to accommodate us, in fact always our friend. We are very fortunate in having such a man at the helm during our last and most important year at Tech, and we feel sure that his interest and friendship will continue with us when we have graduated and gone out into the cold world. And so we wish to show our appreciation for all he has done for us individually and as a class at this time and we extend to him our very best wishes for continued success here at the Institute and on the larger stage where success means hard work together with a good supply of brains.

PROFESSOR JOSEPH O. PHELON, M. M. E.

Professor of Electrical Engineering

If you ever find yourself in a large, bleak lecture hall, ornamented with an enormous black board which is covered with curious handles and clocks, at the front of the room and further decorated with a few score diligent prospective engineers in their favorite occupation of concealing an equal number of little red stickers daintily attached to the backs of certain favorite seats, then keep your eyes open for the fun is about to begin. Soon you realize rather than notice, that a diminutive, shy, little man with a countenance completely transfigured with smiles, and a few grayish hairs that could be given a complete massage with hat intact, is entering the room. He stops, turns, and slowly raises his hand toward the care-worn, long renowned announcement on the board: "No books, red label seats," while the aforesaid grin adds a differential length, and the sparkling eyes gain in brilliancy. If such is your experience, then beware! for lo, you are in the very midst of that far-famed organization known as "Joe's Course," famed because of its Sleepy Hollow tranquility, except when those little surprise parties in the form of examinations appear. However, aside from this failing of Joe's, we all agree that he is one with the best of us, and we trust that E. E. 1 will survive many cold winters to come.

PROFESSOR CLARENCE A. PIERCE, M. S., Ph. D.

Assistant Professor of Theoretical Electrical Engineering

Yes, Prof. C. A. Pierce, "Doc" for short, hands out theory and it corresponds exactly to the stunts you do in "lab." If you don't believe it, just go down and try it. You know Walter Johnson dopes out how his spit ball ought to work, and then he tries it out on the field; but we'll pass that up for now. Coming back to theory, one never

would suspect what a wide range that subject covers unless he has had the pleasure of attending one of "Doc's" colloquiums just after Bingville walloped the Giants. On the other hand, any D. F. (which means "dear friend," in theory) could see that "Doc" is surely there when it comes to downright, pure, lableless theory, and he has undergone a varied load-run himself during his short life as shown by the following data for a curve of external characteristic plotted against time, neglecting stray power losses

Abscissae in Years A. D. Ordinates in terminal potential.

1878	Born in Redding, Conn.
1898	Graduated from Wesleyan.
1904	Received degree of M. S. from Wesleyan.
1908	Received degree of Ph. D. at Cornell. and was elected to Sigma Xi.
1904-1911	Professor at Cornell and Physicist at the Bureau of Standards.
1911-?	Professor at W. P. I. in theory and incidents overlooked by the historians.

Conclusions derived from the above data: Some men like "Doc"; we are "some men;" therefore we like "Doc."

PROFESSOR ALBERT S. RICHEY, E. E.

Professor of Electric Railway Engineering

Professor Richey was born in Munice, Ind., in 1874. He graduated from Purdue University in 1894, receiving the degree of E. E. Since that time he has worked up in electric railway business from the bottom and before coming East held several high positions with noted railway companies in Indiana. In 1905 he was appointed Assistant Professor of Electric Railway Engineering at the Institute, this being the first chair of Electric Railway Engineering to be established in this country. In 1907 he was appointed to a full professorship. He is a member of honorary societies of Sigma Xi and Tau Beta Pi, the establishment of the latter's chapter at the Institute being largely due to his efforts. In 1912 he was elected a Fellow in the A. I. E. E., and now is a member of the Railway Standards Committee of that Society.

He is also a member of the A. E. R. A., the A. E. R. E. A., and the N. E. L. A., in the first of which he holds three committee appointmnets. The Electrolysis Committee of the A. E. R. E. A., and the same joint committee of the A. I. E. E.,

and A. E. R. E. A. boast his name upon their letter heads, it appearing as chairman in the former case. He has offices with the Bay State Ry. Co., and the Boston Elevated, while his consulting work occupies a great deal of his time.

Professor Richey is known to few of us here, his courses being devoted strictly to the Senior electrics. Although he is not seen on the Hill as much as some of the Profs., one must look sharp and get up early to get ahead of him, for there are few more energetic workers. If one sees a piece of paper marked with green ink or pencil, blowing about, it is safe to assume that it belongs in the office at the top of the stairs. His quizzes are remarkable for the amount of common sense needed to pass them, and it is also remarkable how often those same quizzes come on days when that necessary sense has a day off. Nevertheless he showed us many good points about railways and we are very glad that he was able to give us three days a week here at Tech.

PROFESSOR CARL D. KNIGHT, E. E.

Assistant Professor of Experimenal Electrical Engineering

We first met Prof. Knight just after the marks came out for the first month Junior year, and we were directed to confer with Prof. Phelon. We went down to the E. E. building and upon arriving at the department office we were met by a tall gent in a duster who told us that Prof. Phelon was away, but that maybe he could do just as well. Seeing that we were in there we considered that we might just as well tell our tale of E's and have it over, and that would save us going before any of the Profs.; so we told him all about it and sat there staring him in the face every time that he started to say anything. Still it was good advice that he handed out and we left the office and made straight for some upper classman to find out who he was, feeling almost glad that we received those E's and had had a chance to talk with him. It wasn't hard to describe him to the upper classmen, but when we were told that the gent was Prof. Knight, why, we said, that was a good joke, but it was day time now and that fellow never was a Prof. Well, that same feeling has been with us ever since, only growing stronger. In the last half of Junior year he stuck us most every week with his little problems on $I.=\frac{R}{E}$, but still we had no hard feelings.

Prof. Knight is a graduate of Tech in 1903, and as he has been here most of the time since, he has not forgotten his own opinions of the place when he was a student, so this may be one reason why his methods of procedure are liked better than those of some others. His name is the only dark thing about him and he tries to overcome that by teaching the course in Illumination and he certainly accomplishes it in the most interesting manner.



Department of Chemistry

Department of Chemistry

Professors

Walter L. Jennings, Ph. D.
Frederic Bonnet, Jr., Ph. D.
Robert C. Sweetser, B. S.
Daniel F. Calhane, Ph. D.

Instructors

Thomas R. Briggs, Ph. D.
Laurence L. Steele, B. S.
Henry R. Power, M. S.

PROFESSOR WALTER L. JENNINGS

Professor of Organic Chemistry

Those Roman Emperors were stern old boys and imperial ones. They were used to having their way and woe unto him who crossed them. Old Nero in particular, you remember, was the sternest and most imperious of the bunch and to find his parallel it is necessary to search all the way down through history till, at length, you come to one individual in Worcester. Then, whether you believe in regeneration or not, you'll find him. We reverently allude to Walter L. Jennings, the chemists' nightmare, professor, director, dictator, and doctor; familiarly styled Beiley, Beilstein, Old Sleuth, Pussy Foot, Hughie, and Doc.

What we know *of* Hughie is just this. He was born, bred, and brought out of Bangor, Maine, to graduate from Harvard in 1889. He studied in Berlin and Heidelberg, came to the Institute as Assistant Professor and now possesses an office and stenographer of his own. What we know *about* Hughie is too much—much too much —so we'll only say this: He is earnest, serious, studious, some call him *specious*. He is a most affable, polished, and courteous man—but there are times when his manner smacks of battle, murder and sudden death. His mental processes are matter-of-fact. He revels in the smallest of details, insisting on fifth-place accuracy. He is a wonderful lecturer, a gifted scholar, and no man takes a more serious view of his responsibilities than does he. He never did an uncatalogued thing in his life and is proud of it. He is a crack tennis player, always wears a wool hat, and is given to bicycle riding. Such is Dr. Jennings.

We are grateful to Hughie for his instruction and guidance, for his patience and pains with our blunders, for that bland and gentle ridicule which spurred us to better work, and for the personal interest which he has taken in every one of us. May we be worthy of all this!

PROFESSOR FREDERIC BONNET, JR., Ph. D.

Professor of Chemistry

The name on the office door on the third floor of the Salisbury Lab reads "Frederic Bonnet, Jr." In spite of this, as imposing as it may be, he is always just "Doc," There are reasons, more or less tangible. In his pursuit of knowledge Doc did not entirely forget that he is just a human being associating with such, and that the acquisition of a Ph. D. and other degrees did not necessarily make of him a little tin god on wheels. We got this impression when first we heard his lectures in Freshman Chem., albeit it was slightly overshadowed by our great wonderment at the remarkable tensile strength of his right ear, which he would stretch to enormous lengths when in the throes of an explanation of a problem particularly difficult to our infantile intellects.

From his own lips we have learned that he does not possess the great blessing of infallibility. He is game enough to say he does not know when such is the case, but seldom have we seen it necessary for him to do this. For all-around versatility Doc bats for .560. Strepto-cecci, uniformity coefficients, corrosion, preservatives, astronomy, geology, and all the rest roll out of Doc as readily as the screws in one of Reddy Ives' courses. Doc's greatest delight seems to be to pass the time away with Pa French. They get together in Prof.'s office and, with a section of sewage conduit affixed to his face and the odor of burning hoofs permeating the atmosphere, they decide how the Institute is to be run.

PROFESSOR ROBERT C. SWEETSER, B. S.

Assistant Professor of Analytical Chemistry

You'd never think from looking at Bobbie that he had half a heart, he conceals it so well, but his sphinx-like, smileless countenance is always a bright spot in the darkest hours of those who are being buffeted on a perilous sea of screws. His courses are the consolation of the goats; however, they are no soft spots where the sharks may swell their batting averages.

Bobby is primarily a teacher, not a fear-inspiring slave-driver. He never racks his brain to find little questions you're liable not to know, but always asks the big things you ought to know.

Patience might be Bobby's middle name, instead of Chauncey. If he has something to explain he doesn't mind going back to the multiplication table for a starting-point from which to lead up to the case in hand. Not that he likes long-winded talks,—in fact, words seem to pain him, especially the long ones. When Bobby is lecturing, and hesitates, gulps, blinks, squirms and looks about for reinforcements, you know that some tongue-twister like "phenolphthalein" is coming. It takes a long time to get used to Bobby's "pseeja" and "racshun," but they get to be a part of him.

His greatest fear is to put things too strongly. When he hesitates, says "that is," gulps, blinks, squirms and looks around for a get-away, then he's going to start all over again, so that there'll be room for an argument at the end.

Bobby is such a good scout doubtless because he is so much of a Tech man himself. He swallowed up the Mechanical course as a sort of *entree* to the Chemistry course, the choicest morsels of which he is now dispensing to others.

Bobby isn't the kind that'll get real familiar with anyone, but simply "to know him is to love him." Cast no stones at Bobby with a chemist in sight. Not one but would defend him with his life.

Long may he reign!

PROFESSOR DANIEL F. CALHANE, Ph. D.

Assistant Professor of Industrial and Electro-Chemistry.

Here is a man with whom we did not come into very intimate contact until the Senior year. Then, as always, he was referred to as "Dinnie," not in disrespect, but merely because we considered him one of the boys. The first point about him that struck us was the impression that he did not feel as if he was dealing with a crowd of ten-year-olds confined in a reform school. This is somewhat different from the attitude which some professors take. "Dinnie" says: "I don't want to spend my time on police duty. Here is the work. When you get it done, come around and I'll give you some more. There's plenty of it."

His lectures seldom have the hypnotic properties so often encountered. He is a disciple of the new dances and often exhibits some of the steps that made the "Argentine" and "Maxixe" famous with a few from his own "Calhane Tango," also. The fact that he realizes his class, *in toto*, does not consist of the men who invented Electrochem and *possess a priori* all the knowledge to be had of the subject, makes the *modus operandi* of his explanations *par excellence*.

But, for all these atrocities, we love him still.



Department of Physics

Department of Physics

Professors

Alexander W. Duff, D. Sc. Arthur W. Ewell, Ph. D.

Albert W. Hull, Ph. D.

Instructors

Morton Masius, Ph. D. Herbert K. Cummings, B. S.

PROFESSOR A. WILMER DUFF, M. A., D. Sc.

Professor of Physics.

After long years of struggle in mastering the science of Physics in both the University of New Brunswick and the University of Edinburgh, Dr. Duff began his work of making others struggle along the same paths. Before coming to us in 1899 as head of our Physics Department, he was professor of Physics at the Universities of Madras, New Brunswick, and Purdue.

There was never any rowdyism or drowsy-ism in those Sophomore Physics lectures, for even when the matter was somewhat vague his quaint Scotch accent and characteristic gestures kept us entertained, while his all-absorbing interest in his subject commanded our attention. We even tolerated his talking to himself, except in total darkness, when some of our curious ones woud break the stillness with a loud "Wazzat?" The course in Physics may be likened to a drama in which Prof. Duff takes the part of "Fizz Icks," with "Red" furnishing all the comedy and scene-shifting. Those were long, awkward moments while "Red" was trying all the switches vainly attempting to "douse" the lights.

Professor Duff is at present spending a well-earned year's leave of absence abroad. Besides investigating the latest methods of teaching science in the Old World, we "hae no doots" that he will spend many a restful hour in some Scotch hamlet.

We want to see him back at Tech refreshed and continuing as our great "small man."

PROFESSOR ARTHUR W. EWELL, Ph. D.

Professor of Physics.

We first learned of "Punk" as one of those terrible "A. Ws." This classification of him, together with his ominous nickname, made us dread the first meeting

with him, but the last of our fears were dispelled with the appearance of the first month's marks in his course. "Punk" is honest; he always hands out the mark that one deserves, which is usually one grade higher than what experience has taught one to expect. And when a screw is necessary, it is not his way to hand it out with his compliments.

"Punk" expects and extracts a lot of work from a man, but, then, he's some Trojan himself, never afflicted with the hook-worm; however, close observers have noticed annual symptoms of the fish-worm during the first week in April.

"Punk" can be a right royal entertainer, and one of the most precious vested rights of the chemists is the spending of an evening at his home.

His unfailing squareness and his profound devotion to science have won him our respect and admiration; his interest in the work of the individual, his geniality, both inside and outside of working hours, and his loyalty to Tech have won him our love and friendship.

PROFESSOR ALBERT W. HULL, Ph. D.

Assistant Professor of Physics.

Doctor Albert W. Hull graduated from Yale in 1905, received his degree of Ph. D. in 1909, and has been learning ever since. As Assistant Professor of Physics at the Institute, his career has been marked by his success in original research work. During the past year his efforts have been bent towards experiments on Ultra-Violet Light, Photo-Electric Effects and Reflection of Electrons from Metallic Surfaces; and the apparatus which he has devised in these recent studies is awe-inspiring, both in its intricacy and the deftness of the glass blowing which is a by-product of this versatile experimenter.

Even when the rest of the school has its vacation, this energetic man is improving his time and last summer, at the special invitation of the Director, Dr. Whitney, he worked in the General Electric Research Laboratories at Schenectady, where a large percentage of the modern physical discoveries are made today. The result of Dr. Hull's investigations were deemed important enough to be embodied in a patent taken out by this mammoth American manufacturing concern.

Dr. Hull's enthusiasm in his chosen field is catching, and no one under him can call Physics dry. In school and out, Dr. Hull is a man, broad-minded, of strong convictions and full of human interest; one with whom it is a pleasure and privilege to be associated.



Department of Mathematics

Department of Mathematics

Professors

Levi L. Conant, Ph. D. Arthur D. Butterfield, M. S., A. M.

Raymond K. Morley, Ph. D.

Instructors

James A. Bullard, B. A. Peter W. Brouwers, B. S.

PROF. LEVI LEONARD CONANT, Ph. D.

Professor of Mathematics.

Levi Leonard Conant, Ph. D., we but scarcely know; but "Conie" is known by all and has one of the warmest corners in the heart of every Tech man. We have known him as instructor and as Acting-President of the Institute, and have found him always the same gentle, kind, thoughtful and sympathetic man.

A graduate of Dartmouth College in the class of '79, his life has ever been turned toward the educational. He received the degree of Master of Arts from his Alma Mater in '87; Master of Arts and Doctor of Philosophy at Syracuse University in 1893. After holding the professorship of Mathematics at the Dakota School of Mines and after a year of graduate work at Clark University, he came to us in 1891. Since that time, Conie has made himself known as an educational writer, as member of the Massachusetts State Board of Education and Worcester School Committee; but above all, as a square and impartial man, whether in the class room or in the president's chair.

PROFESSOR RAYMOND KURTZ MORLEY, Ph. D.

Assistant Professor of Mathematics.

Raymond Kurtz Morley, Ph. D., born at Templeton, Mass., prepared at Goddard Seminary and Newton High School. Entering Tufts College in 1900, he received the degrees of Bachelor of Arts and Master of Arts in 1904, with such honors as to admit him to Phi Beta Kappa. He was later admitted to Sigma Xi at the Institute. His first three years as instructor were spent at the University of Maine,

from which he came to Clark University to take up graduate work for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy. We first became acquainted with Dr. Morley in our freshman year, when he undertook to inject "trig" and "analyt" into our non-receptive heads. It was here that he showed his true ability as instructor and won the highest esteem of every man by his faithfulness and willingness to explain troublesome points. When we returned for our second year we were sorry to find that University of Illinois had claimed him; but after a stay of one year, he returned to us as Assistant Professor of Mathematics. We hope that he may long stay with the Institute, and that he may have all the success due him.

PROFESSOR ARTHUR D. BUTTERFIELD, M. S., A. M.

Professor of Mathematics.

Professor Butterfield will always be to us one of the most popular and respected professors on the hill. His is a busy life these days, both in class room and out. We have all watched eagerly for reports on the progress of the work into which he has put so much energy and push—the collection of the funds for the Athletic field and gymnasium. He is an exhibit of the class of '93, and is one of the liveliest of them all. We have all been taught that '93 was some class when here at school, and it looked as if they still were when last June they rounded up all but one man for the reunion. What Prof. Butterfield can't round up "ain't possible nohow."

Few of us ever realized what boneheads we were until we began Calculus under him our second year. He tried his best to persuade a little "Calc" into us, but two weeks were enough for him, and he left us to the mercy of others whilst he started out on another seemingly impossible task. There is no more disagreeable job than trying to collect money, but he went into it with heart, hand and smile. Now he has Alumni field to show for it and a gymnasium coming soon, which will make this a different Tech altogether.

It always takes one big man to float any big proposition. We of 1914 want to take this opportunity of expressing our gratitude and appreciation to Professor Butterfield for his untiring efforts, and the faith and optimism with which he has gone about and made a success of his work in raising money for our field and gymnasium.



Department of English

Department of English

Professors

Zelotes W. Coombs, A. M. Charles J. Adams, A. B.

PROFESSOR ZELOTES WOOD COOMBS, A. M.

Professor of English and Secretary of the Faculty.

"Allardice, Atsatt, Baeslack, Barrows,"—does this sound familiar?

We look back on our introduction to Tech with a feeling of gratitude towards Prof. Coombs, who so valiantly defended our cause against the Sophomores. And we, in our verdant simplicity, hailed him as our champion, never thinking that the next year we would be Sophomores, while he would still be "Kink of the Freshmen."

The weekly English lecture, where we heard the oft-repeated tales of the "beetle-browed villain," the "walk to Wachusett," and the "hour plan walking down the corridor," was always preceded by the cheerful information that "the themes have been coming in with commendable regularity."

Prof. Coombs is the champion of athletics. The word "pessimism" is unknown to him. When our teams won he was foremost in the rejoicing, and when they lost, no one could offer more plausible excuses than he. He came into the limelight as a "white hope" when, alone and single-handed, armed with his trusty umbrella, he vanquished a horde of battling Sophomores and Freshmen on the steps of Boynton Hall.

Head of the English Department, champion of Freshmen, and mainstay of Athletics, few men have been better known and liked than "Coombsy."

PROFESSOR CHARLES J. ADAMS, A. B.

Assistant Professor of English.

" 'Way back yonder in the Dark Ages," as he himself expressed it, (meaning in the year 1896), Professor Charles J. Adams was graduated from Amherst College, and given the permission to put A. B. after his name. Being a North Brookfield boy, he was very modest about it, however.

For twelve years he was engaged in active newspaper work, chiefly in Newark, N. J. How many jaded Newark citizens, smoking a pipe of rest and contentment

after the day's toil, must have been elevated to the plane of the Muses by the wonderful English in which he couched his thoughts.

He came to us in 1908 as instructor in the language department, beginning by inflicting German upon us. But we became really interested in him when the time for argumentation came around. Then Charles J. was at his best. And never once did we fool him with double duty on the rollcall, even though he always did pass it up.

We have found out that he enjoys a good story, no matter what kind, so long as it has a point. And many a wonderful story he himself has, every last one of them with a point. Otherwise, how could he have been so pleasing to us at the Tech banquet? Remember?

In 1913 he was made Assistant Professor of English and now has the Freshmen in tow. Surely he has won the promotion, and no man is more fit for the position. We give him our best regards. May his stock of stories never run dry.





Department of Modern Languages

Department of Modern Languages

Professor

Orie W. Long, Ph. D.

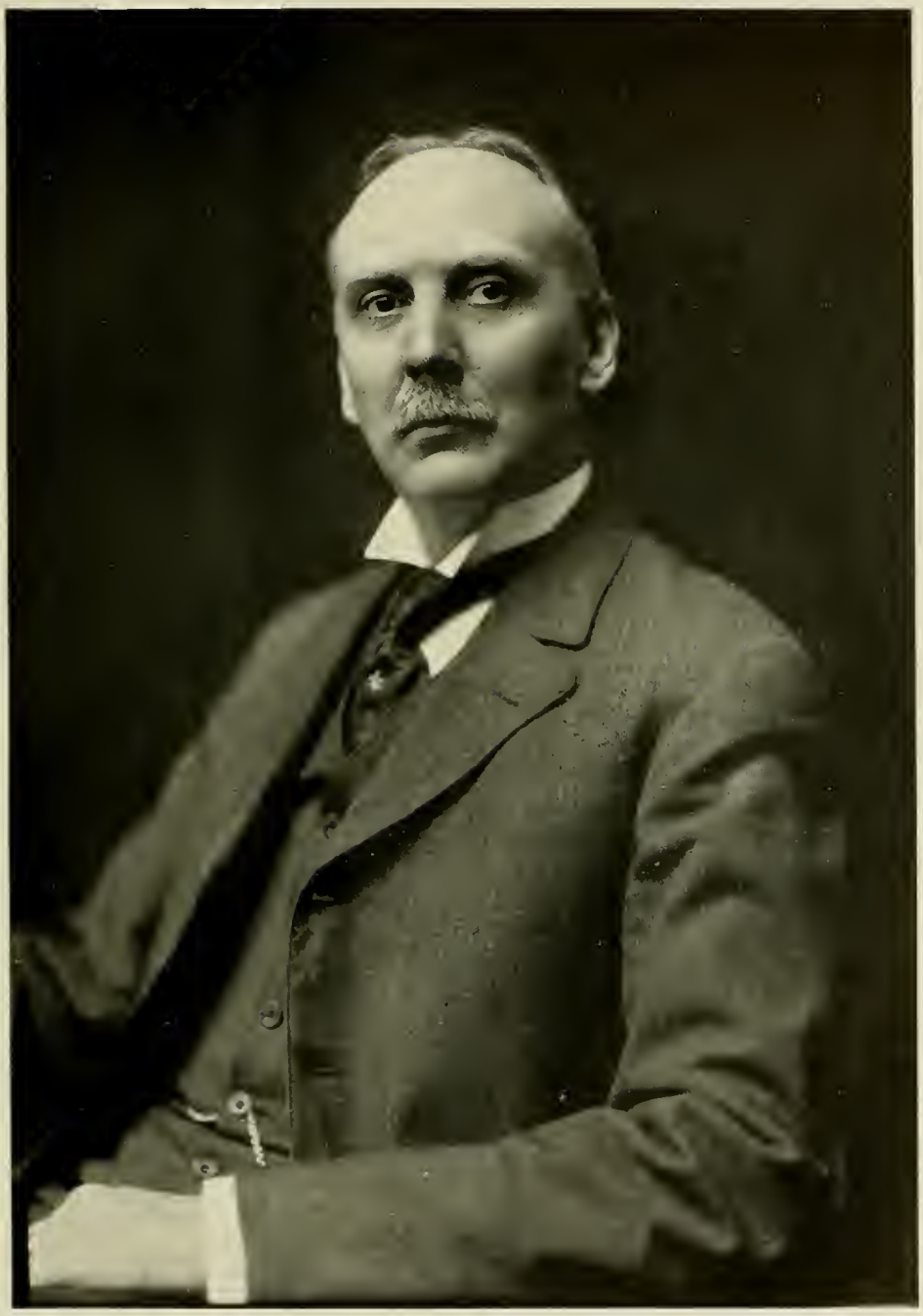
Instructor

Earl V. Burdick, B. A.

PROFESSOR ORIE W. LONG, Ph. D.

Professor of Modern Languages.

The year of 1913-14 saw some rapid and radical changes in the department of modern languages, due, no doubt, to the arrival in our midst of Doctor Orie W. Long. The effect of his arrival was immediately perceptible among the Freshmen and Sophomores taking a language. German, or French, instead of being a side issue as formerly, became at once a main issue. He was not "long" in arranging the course in German, or French, so that it became a matter to be worried over and not to be passed over lightly. To better accomplish his purpose, he had an office built on the third floor, Boynton Hall, where, from time to time, various delinquents, who considered modern languages a farce, were shown the real importance of the course. How smoothly and yet how forcibly he could convince one! But Doctor Long had the faculty of being one of us. In class or out, he was the same genial, agreeable friend. He attended the majority of the student activities during the year, the foot-ball game, the dances, the banquets. And, by the way, he is an interesting after-dinner speaker. All in all, he is a gentleman, a scholar and a good fellow.



Department of Economics and Political Science

Department of Economics and Political Science

Professor

George H. Haynes, Ph. D.

PROFESSOR GEORGE H. HAYNES, Ph. D.

Professor of Economics and Political Science.

Jinny—and now we are back in Room 19, amidst the rattle and hammer of steam pipes, gleaning that type of knowledge all too scarce on the Hill, which has broadened our views and extended our sympathies. We can see the first scramble caused by that seemingly undecipherable seating arrangement as given on the board. Then the lecture begins with a short preamble punctuated with facial contortions. Then, here's a clipping.

Every Tech man knows Jinny, but to others he is to be introduced as Dr. George H. Haynes, Professor of Economics and Political Science. What with perplexing us with questions as to utility, nationality, or contract, he has kept us from dwelling too narrowly on our specialties.

While the heads of the other departments worry about stock-rooms, meters, transits and rods, or whether or not the coming Edisons will make mince-meat of their fingers in a planer or lathe, "Jinnie" leans back and sighs, "I should fret." His only worry is that some bright individual will insist upon turning in an examination book perpetrated with an II-H pencil. His speech is equipped with nine speeds forward (with the first eight omitted.) Up hill and down, it's all the same; we have never yet seen him stall his engine. He is no mean contortionist either, his favorite stunt being to tie each leg in a lovers knot about the rungs of his chair.

His courses constitute one of the welcome breaks in the routine of Tech work. Many times have we referred to them as "hot air" courses. Even so, every man of us will admit that we received unlimited benefit from them, both from the matter itself and from the manner in which it was presented. As to citizenship, he has shown us the why and the how. By his own life he has set us an example to be followed and repeated. Unwittingly, he has shown us the essentials of the true gentleman and broad-minded scholar.


14
THE
VETERANS
C.F. PALMER '15

Class Officers

FRESHMAN YEAR

First Half

President, Richard L. Keith
Vice-President, J. Elton Crosby
Secretary, Lucien C. Stanley
Treasurer, Carl F. Fritch

Second Half

President, Richard L. Keith
Vice-President, Raymond A. Waite
Secretary, Lucien C. Stanley
Treasurer, Carl F. Fritch

SOPHOMORE YEAR

First Half

President, Richard L. Keith
Vice-President, Edward E. Peirce
Secretary, Harold L. Kane
Treasurer, Carl F. Fritch

Second Half

President, Harold L. Kane
Vice-President, George W. Smith, Jr.
Secretary, Arthur C. Torrey
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JUNIOR YEAR

First Half

President, Walter J. Kelley
Vice-President, Carl F. Fritch
Secretary, W. Clinton Blanchard
Treasurer, Richard L. Keith

Second Half

President, Walter J. Kelley
Vice-President, Herbert H. Wentworth
Secretary, W. Clinton Blanchard
Treasurer, Richard L. Keith

SENIOR YEAR

First Half

President, Carl F. Fritch
Vice-President, Edward C. Bartlett
Secretary, Harold L. Tilton
Treasurer, W. Clinton Blanchard

Second Half

President, Albert S. Crandon
Vice-President, Roland H. Dufault
Secretary, Horace L. Cole
Treasurer, Edward C. Bartlett



ALBERT SEABURY CRANDON.

"Al" "Crannie"

T B π Σ Ξ Civil.

Born March 1, 1893, Acushnet, Mass.

Prep., Fairhaven High School.

Permanent Class President; President C. E. Society (4); Editor-in-Chief of Journal (4); Aftermath Board, Tech Council.

"The heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night."

Behold our President!

Though he may gain other titles and fame, or accumulations of worldly goods, which the Good Book tells us are as permanent as the office of President of Mexico, yet "Crannie" will always bear the title "President of the Class of 1914." It is a worthy office and is filled by a worthy man.

Nevertheless, the best of us have our weak points, and "Crannie" is no exception. His two worst failings are the scrupulous and conscientious care which he devotes to his note-book, and that reminder of his farmer days,the expression "Judas!", elongated to "Judas Priest!" on special occasions. "Crannie's" bluff as a scorner of petticoats was called when he cut "Pa" French's summer practice to go to Simmons, and since that occasion the "fairies" have attracted him not a little.



He is the proverbial "shark," and in Junior year he won the set of drafting instruments offered in the Civil Dept., for the best set of drawings. As Editor-in-ccief of the Journal he has done much work in a cause which has generally received only too little recognition.

As a man who by persistent perseverance has made such a high record, we respect him, but it is as one who has worked for Tech and entered freely into her activities, that we are proud to call him "Classmate."



JAMES PROCTOR ALLARDICE

"Proc" "Jim"

Civil

Born June 3, 1891, Fall River, Mass.
Prep. B. M. C. Durfee High School.

"Proctor" is a graduate of the great B. M. C. Durfee High School, and as such came here with his diploma, bound with a great supply of pink ribbon, determined to make himself a Civil Engineer. His Scotch name has always kept him at the head of the class, and thus he has always been sure of a front seat at all our studious functions. If his name could have accomplished like results at the Franklin, "Proctor" would certainly have been envied.

During his freshman year, like the average student, he enjoyed trailing the fair sex, but the next year we all were surprised at the great change in him, for, needless to say, he had become a steady, married man, and as such he lived the rest of his college days. It seemed strange to those who knew him best that he had to carry his clothes home every week end, but the fact remains and we now know that he dearly loved the weekly trip along the trail of the lonesome "Forest."

We cannot, with any degree of accuracy, prophesy what he will be doing after his studious life is over, but many expect him to become a great public speaker for the benefit of the Y. M. C. A., because of his attachment for that organization and the fluency of his language, as expressed in the drafting room.

"Jim" is rather quiet and unassuming, attending always to "Jim's" own business, but he invariably carries a smile and a cheerful "Hello" for everyone.





JAMES LORING ATSATT

"Jimmy" "Att"

Δ X Δ Electric

Born, November 24, 1889, Mattapoisett

Prep., Tabor Academy, and Fairhaven High School.

"Att" took up civil studies for one year, but as a certain girl objected to his being just "Civil" to her, thinking that "sparking" might suit her better, he changed over to be an Electric.

We find that the Civil Course still leaves its scar, for he is very fond of "Surveying" the Cape Cod Canal, but he insists on having a camera for a transit and a Bridgewater Normal girl for a leveling rod, a film for a note book and an electric automobile to carry these instruments.

"Jimmy," or "Att" has two great ambitions in life, namely, to start an argument after 1 A. M., and keep it up for an hour or more, and in the morning to stay in bed until he has just time to get onto the Hill without breakfast, but this latter, I suppose, is natural, coming from a town which bears the Indian name Mattapoisett, meaning "a Place of Rest."

For the last few years "Jimmy" has had a psychological turn of mind, reading such books as "Why Women Are So," etc. His studies along this line have reached such a stage that he makes regular Sunday trips somewhere, but he won't tell where. However it is rumored on good authority that among the places visited are Southbridge, Boston, Bridgewater, and some of the persons seen were the minister, and the town clerk. But as the cigars are not being passed around, even his roommate can offer no explanation. Also for the past year or two he has had so many telephone calls from sources unknown even to him (he claims) that now he refuses to answer the telephone under any consideration.



In the early part of his life here at Tech he spent much time playing solitaire or solving such puzzles as the "Bug House," in fact he claims that he could solve it twenty-six different ways.

"Jimmy" does not make much noise about it, but he always manages to get there.



GUSTAV ADOLF BAESLACK

"*Governor*"

Electric

Born May 25, 1879, Hohenstein, Saxony, Germany

Cosmopolitan Club

If there is still doubt in the mind of some one in regard to the fact that technical education is the best means for the training of efficient engineers, let him be told that our Baeslack, having worked in the shops for more than fifteen years as a machinist, thought it wise four years ago to come to Tech, in order that he might know the "how" and "why" of modern engineering practice.

Baeslack was born on May 25, 1879, in Hohenstein, Saxony. At the age of fourteen, he came with his parents to America, when most of his classmates were just making their appearance on earth. Having never attended high school, he made his struggle for education by studying at night, after ten hours' work during the day, and as a result of several years of such strenuous effort, finally succeeded in passing all the entrance examinations at Tech, which enabled him to join our class in the fall of 1910. Undoubtedly his coming to Tech has caused him not a little inconvenience and sacrifice, but he will surely never regret what he did.



A look at his face at once reveals a man of determination and seriousness. As a student he is persevering and painstaking. Always proud of the "Old Country," as Baeslack is wont to call Deutschland, he is distinctively German in many respects, except, lest our readers should think otherwise, that he believes in absolute abstinence from the use of any alcholic beverage. In fact, he is sober and sane all the time, and, if there is any fault in him, it is the too philosophical view which he often takes of the student "activities."

So it is with special meaning that we congratulate Baeslack for being one of the survivors of the long and hard race on the Hill, and we assure him of a successful future career, for success always comes to one in whom is found the combination of theoretical knowledge and practical experience.



EDWARD CHARLES BARTLETT.

"Eddie."

Mechanic. Θ X T B Π Σ Ξ

Born Jan. 20, 1892, Worcester, Mass.
Prep. English High School, Worcester, Mass.

Class Vice-President (4) 1.
Permanent Class Treasurer.
Aftermath Board.

"Eddie" is one of those fortunate members of our class who live in Worcester and have the pleasure of either walking two miles to school or of arising early enough to travel by the Consolidated. It was some time on the twentieth of January, 1892, that Edward Charles Bartlett made his appearance on this sphere and said "Hello." When Eddie had obtained sufficient knowledge in the grade schools he prepared for Tech at the English High School. At Tech "Eddie" became a Mechanic and as one his name appeared on the honor roll and has stayed there ever since. In his Junior year he was elected to Tau Beta Pi, and in his Senior year more honor was given to him when he was elected to Sigma Xi.



From this it might be supposed that "Eddie" confined himself to studies alone, but this is not so. When it comes to the society stuff he is right there also. It is said that at one time "Eddie" was taking a course in Household Science, in fact, several courses, for he always was a firm believer in variety as the spice of life. But he successfully graduated from these and is now studying art. It is in the summer that "Eddie" really shines, and they say that the girls in Brookfield are anxiously awaiting him and his canoe.



ERIC HUGO BERGWALL

"Bergie" "Eric"

Civil.

Born Oct. 11, 1892, Worcester, Mass
Prep., Worcester Classical High School.

Eric, better known to us as "Bergie," came to Tech in hopes of becoming a mechanic, but due to the fact that he never could remember which way to push the plane, or which side of the saw to use to make it cut, and secondly, because he had the misfortune of being a descendant of Scandinavian parents, he evaded the wrath and final judgment for eternity as meted out by "Chic" Tilden, by becoming a Civil, thinking that a Civil never had to soil or blister his hands. His only regret now is that he did not pursue the Sanitary Course, so that he might have avoided subjects like Astronomy, Least Squares and Arches.

However, "Berg" never worried, and always followed along the sunny side of "Easy Street"—never burned any midnight oil, except when his ability as an actor became known and his services were required in the proper rendering of "The College Hero."

During his stay in Chaffins for summer practice, Berg opened the eyes of his fellow students by his wonderful boxing bouts, and acquired the title of the promising "White Hope." Some of his bouts would have made Jack Johnson look paler than usual, and Johnson's hurried trip to Europe is claimed, by those who know, to have been due to the many rumors of Berg's fighting ability.



Berg, however, is not worrying, for if building bridges, arches, and reinforced concrete dams does not agree with him, he says he will go into the drug business with his father, where he can administer heart balm to the afflicted and suffering without the use of his pugilistic fists. His one wish is that "Chic" Tilden will drop in to get a drink of soda (?) some day, so that he can hand to him the cup of hemlock and see him safely in the happy hunting grounds.

Berg could hardly be accused of being a conversationalist, as he has kept somewhat aloof from the common herd, but we notice that he is in at the finish.



LAWRENCE FREDERICK BERRY.

"L. F." *"Berry"*

Σ Ξ Civil.

Born March 10, 1891, Boston.

Prep., Mechanic Arts High.

Lawrence Frederick Berry, the man from the Hub! Tech should feel highly honored that this illustrious youth chose fame at her portals rather than at M. I. T. There may be a very good reason for this, however, which Berry has nearly succeeded in keeping secret, but some one suggests that it is a much shorter walk to Westboro from Worcester than from Boston.

Berry's early education was in the Boston schools supplemented by various expeditions to the Hub's amusement houses. On these trips he was the proud bearer of a complimentary ticket gained by the fact that father saved the finish on one side of his warehouse by the application of paste and posters. Since he arrived in Worcester he has taken his weekly constitutional at either the Park or the Pleasant.

One of his first experiences at Tech was when "Coombsy" ordered a theme of two pages or one hundred and fifty words. Berry wrote the two pages but when he counted up the words there were only thirty so he journeyed to the book and supply and invested his savings in a quire of paper. After that he wrote a small sized book every week. His latest trouble has been getting "Jinny's" exams on one sheet of paper. Without Berry's questions, Least Squares and Water Supply would have been far worse than they have been. It is rumored that he intends specializing in these subjects and writing a book on them. It will be a pleasure for "Reddy" to teach from this book as everything will be deduced to the bitter end and classified in proper order. At present Berry's "I don't see why, when the author makes all those assumptions, he can call his proof theoretically correct," is as familiar as Reddy's, "What I am leading up to is, etc."



Berry made his first appearance in athletics when he played substitute on the Division C baseball team his Junior year. All that kept him from immortal fame on that glorious eleven of the Senior Civils was lack of parental assent. When all is said and done, Berry is a right good fellow, a hard worker and a good student.



WILLIAM CLINTON BLANCHARD, Jr.

"King" "Clint" "Bill"

Θ X Electric

Born Nov. 20, 1891, Woonsocket, R. I.

Prep., Woonsocket High School

President Electrical Society (4); Class Secretary (3); Class Treasurer (4); Tech Show (3)

9 P. M. "King" in the arms of slumber. Enter, he of the Red hair. Say, King, how in H— would you calculate the number of ohms flowing through a circuit?" "Ha? Oh yes, that's easy; why all you do is this: take-er and, and just multiply er-er and, say feller, are you stringing me? Well, see some of the other sharks around here and for the love of Mike close that door from the outside and let me sleep."

The bestowing of the classic name "Clinton" upon this youth was indeed a sad mistake. His middle name should have been "Sleep," as that is by far his most polished accomplishment. At 9 P. M., five nights out of the week Kink is tucked in his "almost" bed; but the other two nights—well, he is just in Woonsocket.

The renowned "Donald" has nothing on King when it comes to the terpsichorean art. Once every two weeks he "dolls up" and hies to the dancing academy of "Ma" Day. Here, amid enchanting music and a bevy of beauties, King forgets his high ideals of propriety and condescends to honor one or two of the fair ones. "Clint" says that the "holds" came natural but some of the steps "kind of" bothered him.

This "Young Westinghouse" has been the propounder of many brilliant and feasible machines. His latest invention was a D. C. generator; it however had one minor fault, it gave A. C. Verily, he is *some* designer. This was the death blow to "King's" inventive hopes. He now seeks a method of getting something from nothing and his progress is phenomenal, if one may judge by the ease with which he can "write" a report or get a lesson.



Overlooking his "faults" herein mentioned and getting through his "outer shell," one can see the real "W. C." He is one that will never say "I can't;" is a mighty good fellow and one that "is there" when the occasion arises.



JOHN CHARLES BROOKS.

"Brooksie" *"Jack"*

Electric.

Born Feb. 26, 1892, Ashton, R. I.

Prep., Cumberland High School; Rhode Island State College.

Football (4)

"Oh, are you from the Tech?" she asks. Certainly you are. "Oh, and do you know Mr. Brooks?" So many of us have been interrogated thus, that there remains no doubt as to "Brooksie's" popularity in Worcester.

"Brooksie" is no small towner in spite of the fact that he comes from Ashton, U. S. A. (It's on the way to Providence, R. I.) While he was still young and more or less innocent, he learned how to wire up bells and run little motors, so the folks decided to make an Electrical Engineer of him. He was led astray to Rhode Island College, but soon realized his mistake, and joined us at Tech during our Sophomore year. Since then he has done a little of everything and a lot of football.

The Freshmen know Brooks as a live member of "de gang" on West Street, and have a wholesome fear of any of his crew. Although we know that Brooks spends most of his time in study, we also realize that he never neglects the Drama.

Perhaps he shows his care-free manner best in the laboratories. All the circuit breakers in the E. E. Lab have to be kept well lubricated on his account. While connecting up apparatus for an experiment, he is a regular Eva Tanguay. When all is in readiness, the juice is thrown on and Bing!—six circuit breakers bite the dust, and the alternator in the Power Lab doesn't know whether its field or armature is revolving.



Certain portions of the work at Tech have appealed to Brooks. His interest in Kinematics led to his taking an advanced course in that pleasant subject.

Those of us who have known Brooks well, appreciate and value his friendship, and we'll remember him when we look back over our days at Tech.

"Peace be with thee, as we part,
Breaker of Everywoman's heart."



PAUL WOODWARD BURGESS.

"P. W." "Paul"

T B π Electric.

Born Jan. 17, 1892, Hyde Park, Mass.
Prep., Hyde Park High School.
Orchestra (1) (2) (3) (4) Director (2)

Paul is a musician by birth, an engineer by training, and a scorner of perfumery and petticoats by nature. In all his accomplishments, this young electrical engineer has always shown an audacity which is unequalled by any other man in the class. As a musician he is undoubtedly the best that the Tech orchestra has had to try to keep pace with. He has led the orchestra through two and a half years of difficult work, and has blown his horn at about every musical affair on the Hill during his four years here at school.

As an engineer, Paul has likewise blown his horn, before "Conie," "B. A.," and "Doc" Pierce alike. until he has become a recognized leader among his fellow men. He can heave a "good night" sigh, and follow it up with a disgusted "Bah" that will make "B. A." turn his line of talk from a good-natured story to threats of a stiff final exam. More than once a prof. has stopped lecturing to say "When the class stops talking I will go on," and after "P. W." has his little say the lecture continues. Truly, as the poet said: "week in, week out, from morn till night, you can hear his bellows roar." High potentials is his specialty, and he would be more than pleased to take a thesis in which he would have to sleep in the transformer pit in the H. P. Lab., with seven hundred thousand volts about him ("only seven hundred thou.," he would say.)



As a scorner of perfumery and petticoats, Paul is a negative exponent of a high order against the present day tendencies in women's fashions. But in spite of his hatred of silly styles, and of women in general, he has learned a good deal of chivalry at Tech, especially during his Senior year, when he actually took a girl on a sleigh ride to Grafton! To accomplish big things is his ambition: May he, therefore, have a big job, raise a big family, and make a big noise in this big future ahead of him.



ARTHUR HOBART BURNS.

"Burnsie" *"Art"*

Λ X Λ Electric

Born, Salem, Mass., Nov. 22, 1891.

Prep., Beverly High School.

Orchestra (1) (2)

"Er—what's the efficiency?"

Oft have we heard this question raised in class by Arthur, and yes, 'tis rumored that a certain school teacher has also been enlightened on this subject.

The Witch City was the scene of his first "rough-house," but that town was unable to contain him very long, and he soon crossed the Ipswich river to Beverly. Here he prepared for his descent on W. P. I., taking a P. G. course in high school. A predilection for chemistry manifested at this time was nipped in the embryo state by freshman chemistry lab., and a summer spent in reducing the dividends of the United Shoe Machinery Co. changed his opinion of the Mechanical course. As for the civil course, he was never even inclined that way.

Various employments have engaged his attention at one time or another; messenger service, groceries, machinery, automobiles, but these were merely incidental.

Aeroplanes are not in Arthur's line; he has, however, made one Spiral at least. Ask him what happens to the pointer of a low-range voltmeter applied to 220.

The cross-countries claimed a portion of that energy which has so frequently been utilized to start a little excitement, "a la electrique." He says he was too bashful to run Freshman year. If that is so, what wondrous changes doth time (and Tech) produce. Be that as it may, he certainly made good Sophomore and Junior years. As cornetist in the band he has contributed materially in cheering our warriors and confounding our ancient enemy on the gridiron.



Things are not always what they seem, for that Flashlight doesn't tell that late hours were sometimes necessary. A large measure of success is due "Art" if his achievement in obtaining an education unaided indicates anything.



CARL GEORGE CARLSON.

"George"

Δ T Sanitary Civil.

Born Aug. 8, 1890, Worcester, Mass.

Prep., Worcester English High School.

Orchestra (1) (2) (3) (4); Manager Orchestra (4); Dramatic Association.

When George blew into this world, 'way back in 1890, his mother looked on his fair countenance and blond head of hair, which was to be, and said "George, you for Tech." And verily George came. He liked the smell of Salisbury Lab., but not the name of "Chemist," so chose the Sanitary Civil course. It happened one day in lab. while George was conducting a very delicate experiment that he poured the sodium hydroxide into the wrong receptacle and had to make all possible speed for Lincoln Street, lest he need a barrel to go home in. His thesis, too, was along chemical lines for he spent many days counting bugs that he collected from the air and tried to determine whether certain species parted their hair in the middle of combed it pompadour.

George's greatest accomplishment, however, is as a musician, for he can handle any piano, flat or upright, three-legged or four-legged, with the best of them. He likes to be teased, and when indisposed pleads a sore thumb, but he can tickle the ivories "some" and often furnishes wonderful entertainments with cabaret sketches and stories of his trip to Paris.

His foresightedness is truly marvelous, for when he chose a girl whom he could introduce as "Sister Amy," who dares say he did not use more than ordinary forethought? George is from Missouri. It is next to impossible to tell him anything, for after you have labored for half an hour proving a certain point to him, you may expect to hear that famous expression of his, "But even so—" and then you begin all over again. You must admit that nothing much can be slipped over on George.





HAROLD GODDARD CARTER.

"Pop" "Pa"

Δ X Δ Chemist

Born January 15, 1889, Orange, Mass.
Prep., Orange High School.

"Pa" Carter started Tech life as an Electric. He soon discovered his mistake, however, and as he couldn't stay wrong long, he became a Chemist. We don't know the exact reason for "Pa's" nickname, unless it is because of his fatherly appearance.

Carter isn't much of a fusser,—married men shouldn't be. Not that "Pa" has got his license yet, but he always goes to the same place every Sunday afternoon. Another habit of "Pa's" is his periodic noon-hour trips to the Public Library. Wonder why? The only strong language Harold ever uses is "Oh, pshaw!" except when he's arguing a point. Then his emphatic "No sir!" may be heard through the whole building. We regret to say that it is quite often followed by a meek, "Well, perhaps you're right."

If you ever want to take a trip to Springfield, especially to see the Water Filtration Plant, and the "bunch" is going on the 5 A. M., ask "Pa" if you may stay with him over night. He'll send you to bed without the least doubt that you will be waked at the required hour, —in fact, he will show you his elaborate battery of alarm-clocks. We might say in passing, however, that it would be well to see that the alarms are released or you may postpone your trip to Springfield.

Nevertheless, Carter is a mighty good fellow in spite of it, and we are sure that the Chemists will never regret that he took the best course on the Hill.





HORACE LEE COLE.

"H. L."

Σ Ξ T B Π Electric.

Born Aug. 3, 1891, Plymouth, Mass.
Prep., Plymouth High School.
Cosmopolitan Club. Orchestra (2), (3), (4).
Permanent Class Secretary.

From the little town of Our Forefathers came this long, lean, lanky Yankee—every inch of him a shark. The history of H. L.'s youth is shrouded in the same silence which surrounds the first part of his career at Tech. Every vacation he left in a hurry, (no one knew why), and spent his time taking the kinks out of the Plymouth Electric Light Company's service. In the summer when he used to be on the job, the town flourished; in winter, Plymouth was veiled in quiet and darkness while he illuminated the E. E. Lab.

Cole has never been in the limelight, for he is a quiet, steady worker; many organizations have benefited much from his efforts. His was not always school work, but it was always work for the school. He is a good fellow, and a true friend; one must know him, however, to appreciate his witty, humorous (?) puns.

There isn't a prof. on the Hill that ever worried this "shark." Imagine yourself installed in the M. E. Lecture Room during a Thermo session.

"Does that fix it up all right, Cole?"

H. L., while notioning eloquently with his right hand and fondly clasping his trusty slip-stick with his left, replies for the second time that the prof's statements do not agree. "B. A." explains (?) the process again, but still Cole is not satisfied. The prof wades through another isothermal circumlocution, and then asks:

"How about that, Cole? Is that reasonable?"

Cole has to admit it. "Well, I guess that's all right; you didn't say anything that time—that I don't agree with!"



Horace Lee always had an antipathy for Mechanics Lab. His disgust for that dirty, disorderly place could only be expressed by "*Good* night! *Isn't* that the limit?"

No job is too big for Cole to tackle, so the class has shown its appreciation of his true worth by making him the permanent class secretary. We shall hear more from him in the future than we have in the past. Support him, 1914, and our class history will be brilliant.



CHARLES HAROLD COOPER.

"Coop," "Charley."

Chemist.

Born, Dec. 19th, 1891, Waterbury, Conn.
Prep., Crosby High School.

"Coop" believes that silence is golden—if he doesn't he ought to, for he is certainly the quietest chemist in the crowd. Speaking of quietness, some of us have had the privilege of listening to a deep discussion over "Coop's" thesis, participated in by "Childe Harold" and "Bobby." In some twenty minutes the latter said "yes" twice and "no" once, and "Coop" didn't add a great deal to the conversation, but doubtless he thought a lot.

Now and then "Charley" surprises us by springing a joke, and when he does so it is generally worth listening to, for joking is a serious matter with him.

If you should tell "Coop" that "Hughie" was going to transform his private office into a smoking room and give us all a key to the elevator, he would take you at your word—until he was assured that either you or "Pussyfoot" was "nutty."

After an explosion in Organic lab., Kelly's stern command—"Put your goggles on, Coop," was seriously obeyed in more than one instance, for this calm, placid young man takes no chances.



Charley's present hobby is delivering papers at four A. M., and he insists that he likes it even if he does have to go to bed right after supper.

Seriously—just as seriously as "Coop" could say it—if we kid him a little, it is only because we like him and know that he will stand for it, but when all is said and done, if we are *lucky* enough to have him for a friend, we are lucky *enough*.



RAY CLARK CROUCH.

"Ray"

Θ X Mechanic.

Born June 12, 1890, Thomaston, Conn.
Prep., Bristol High School.
Manager Glee Club (1); Baseball (3)

This is Ray; residence, Bristol, Conn.; color, white. He started to plough through Tech with the class of 1913, but the thought of graduating and "settling down" so young troubled him, so he decided to put it off a year, wait for the class of 1914, and here he is.

Ray used to be quite a social butterfly at all Tech functions; once, we say, for it is so different now. The night air of Worcester seemingly does not agree with him now, but we are told that the climate of Hartford has no such bad effects on him, and if you keep close watch, you will find that he keeps in touch with all the new dances as vacations approach. Can it be?—but we will leave that to your own imagination. Ray is an enthusiastic "fan' and has been known to hold down a position on the "Varsity." But do you know how he keeps in practice,—by passing erasers back and forth with his neighbors in "gloom design." No eraser within reach of Ray has ever been known to suffer from want of exercise.



During the season of 1910 and 1911, Ray was manager of the Glee club, and much of the success of the organization during that year was due to his hard work. It is rumored that he strained his voice while trying to remonstrate with his roommate, so that he now confines his ebullitions of song to duets with "Bill" Becker.

How well we remember during the first half of the Senior year, the groan followed by,—"Judas, just think, we've got,—let's see,—ten times eight, eighty more hours of design before Christmas! Holy Cats!"



BIRGE STILLSON DAYTON

"Dayt"

Λ X A Mechanic.

Born March 4, 1891, Torrington, Conn.

Prep., Rock Ridge Hall.

"Aw, cut it out." Such were the choice, painstakingly chosen words uttered by our friend Dayton when, in a moment of forgetfulness Dr. Engler stooped to tickle said Dayton on the neck. Some nerve for an indolent, insignificant freshie. Birge, (that's his front name) directly after coming under the influence of "Coombsie" learned that such language might pass muster at Rock Ridge but would hardly do at Tech. Under such elevating influence we find him burning the midnight oil, attempting to write a theme on "Why I enjoy my English course at Tech."

One of Dayton's most notable accomplishments is in the designing of a machine the object of which is to make it impossible for students to be late to their classes. My readers must not infer from this that Dayton was ever late to his classes! Nay, nay, just perpetually late, that's all. Delay in our up-to-date patent office has made it impossible for him to give a practicable demonstration of the reliability of this machine, but it is hoped that the younger generation will be able to profit from the same.

All of the members of this worthy class of 1914 know what it is to study into the wee small hours of the morning, but I doubt if any can equal Dayton's record in this regard. Somehow or other he got into this habit in the Freshman year and, marvelous to relate, has kept it up ever since. Don't think from this, fair reader, that Dayton is a grind. Heaven forbid! He simply has the habit of starting to study about 2 A. M., and quitting about 2.30.

As "Dayt" gains his diploma the Alumni gain a worthy member.





JOHN JOSEPH DESMOND.

"Jack" "Desperate" "Handsome"

Chemist.

Born May 3, 1890, Fall River, Mass.

Prep., B. M. C. Durfee High School, Fall River, Mass.

Varsity Football (4)

"Youse guys think that Worcester is some town. Why, down in Fall River—etc., etc." These words rang out on the stillness (?) of the Quantitative Lab. in the stenorian tones of our handsome young hero. Ths is not a quotation from one of the latest best sellers. In actuality it is only Jack conclusively proving that Worcester has no standing in a comparison with his home town. For four years we have been trying to show him that he is to be pitied for having chosen such a spot for making his *debut.* We have met with little success for he has always shown without a possibility of a doubt (on his part) that the aforementioned village is the center of the universe. Jack has never told us that Laura Jean Libby taught school at the B. M. C. Durfee High, but from the number of shattered female hearts in evidence about Worcester in the last four years we have long since concluded that such must have been the case. "Handsome Jack," as he loves (?) to be called, swears that he is not responsible and, as ever, we accept his statement as the absolute truth. Its a hard job to quarrel with Jack, equanimity being his forte. He keeps his goat safely tied up at 154 West St., and he has borne up wonderfully under the strain of having to associate daily with Brooks and Kelley.



A real "footballer" is Jack and, if earlier than his Senior year, he could have found the time and inclination to favor us with his services, the results of more than one game might have been somewhat different. If in after life others will know Jack as we have known him there will be no difficulty in deciding what would be a proper epitaph when he dies. (May his shadow never grow less.)

John Joseph Desmond
Born, May 3, 1890. Died Feb. 32, 1999.
A MAN
NUF CED.



ROLAND HUBERT DUFAULT.

"Mike"

T B II, Σ Ξ Chemist.

Born, July 11, 1892, Spencer, Mass.
Prep., David Prouty High School, Spencer, Mass.

Permanent Class Vice-President; Tech Council (4); Aftermath Board.

"Say, do you know who I am? Well, I used to be the bouncer in the biggest—," and then we hear an instructive and highly entertaining little sketch on the merits of all the real "class" at last night's dance, and are told of the insignificance into which the present company sinks when our "hero" appears on the scene. In spite of all this, he solemnly assures us that he is no "fusser," but as an afterthought he adds, "It was not ever thus," so we conclude that he has either become entirely sophisticated, or is looking for a new girl.

However, do not infer, gentle reader, that "Mike" devotes an undue portion of his time to society. Look up his record and you will find that he is one of the "sharks" of the class. He is a real "shark," too, for while most of us are studying most of the time, he devotes only the night before the monthly exam to "Beilie's" lectures, and wears a solemn expression the next day because he "only got 96."



He has also gained renown as "Kink of the Chemists," and may be found almost any day drinking a cup of coffee in Henry's domain, surrounded by his satellites.

With his ability and his personality he will make good in after life as he has done here, and we will always think of "Mike" as a man firm in his convictions, a staunch friend, and a loyal Tech man.



ROBERT HOWARD DUNBAR.

"Diddle" *"Bob"*

Δ X Δ Mechanic.

Born, July 2, 1891, Pittsfield, Mass.

Prep., Westfield High School.

Mandolin Club (2), (3), (4); Rifle Team (4)

"Diddle" first showed signs of becoming a marksman in the early nineties when he would laugh gleefully at the pop of his pop-gun, with which, even at the tender age of three, he was able to mow down the enemy individually or conglomerately at will, the enemy consisting of his ten pink little toes. For a time he was entirely satisfied with this gentle amusement, but, as the years passed by, his tastes became developed and at present it requires a different kind of "pop" to make him prick up his ears and he may be found any afternoon (when study hours are over,) testing the sights of a Winchester target gun which he compares with his desire to make a perfect score, this latter being 100% perfect. He has become so proficient in the use of ammunition that he can write his name on a target with it, providing he uses the right end of the cartridge.

He is one of the most rapid machine designers of whom A. L. can boast and can concoct additional trains of eppi-elliptical gears as fast or faster than A. L. can discover mechanical difficulty with those which he already has. His designs are mostly good and of a studious nature, but his appreciation of the aesthetic and the E. E. dances often prove more of a temptation than his withstanding powers can endure and he wanders toward the haven where Worcester's fair aesthetics abound. Occasionally he invites the envy of others by appearing with his own little aesthetic and at such times his face beams like the rising son that his father knows he is.



"Diddle" is never too busy to stop for a pleasant "Good Morning," and if it were not for his cheerful attitude and little witticisms, the Mechanics and the lunch room gang would have missed a good friend and many a hearty laugh. We will not wish him luck, because a man who can throw away five cards and draw a straight flush has no need of that, but we certainly wish him the best of success.



LEWIS HENRY EATON.

"Pete"

Κ Ξ Α Mechanic.

Born, July 17, 1891, Gardner, Mass.

Prep., Gardner High School.

Y. M. C. A. Cabinet (3), (4); Tech News (4); Aftermath Board.

Ladies and Gentlemen,—Allow us to introduce to you, the Honorable "Peter" Eaton, globe trotter, lady-killer, Beau Brummel and society expert.

One day, in the fall of 1910, this big awkward blond found himself all dressed up and with no place to go, so he boarded the train for Worcester and wandered up to Tech Hill, where he joined our crowd of embryo engineers. This shuffling youth from the "chair town" immediately began to show his "pep" by being one of the leaders in our class basketball movement, and throughout his whole course at Tech has continued to show this same loyalty to his class and his school. Early, he cast his lot with the Y. M. C. A. and has always been one of its hardest workers and staunchest supporters. He has also spent some of his spare time on the editorial staff of the Tech News and one year tried his hand at football.

Pete's only persisting tempters have been "Sleep" and "Ye Damsels." He is credited with having dozed through more periods than any other man in the class. He always shows a generous disposition to disclaim all honors in this line and says that he "only had his eyes shut," but we are all still unconvinced and proclaim him the leader in this art.

It was during the Sophomore year that the damsels first began to attract his attention, and it was rumored at one time that "Pete" was trying for a "D. S." as well as a B. S.



"Pete's" steady habits, gentlemanly ways, and pleasing personality have been augmented by a trip abroad and a conscientious attempt to follow the latest styles in collars. This collar fad and an increasing love for society are the only things tending to hamper him from becoming a successful engineer, and a credit to Tech and the class of 1914.



ARTHUR CLARENCE FARRAR.

"Amos" "Fat" "Sliver" "Bub"

Δ X Δ Mechanic.

Born, April 3, 1893, Lewiston, Me.

Prep., Jordan High School.

At Tech some collect names, others collect E's and F's, but "Bub," as Farrar is most often called, has collected nicknames. "Bub," because that is the short for "Bubbles," given him in High School, "Amos" because he looked it, "A-Mouse" because he is far from it, "Sliver" because he likes it and "Fat" well er-rr,—just because.

At the beginning of the Junior year "A-Mouse" showed that he was a true mechanic by becoming so lazy that his invention of a silent, automatic window closer was necessary. This device closed the window when the heat came on in the morning. "A-Mouse" thought it was silent and merely rolled over and sighed with satisfaction when it operated and woke up everyone else in the house.

"Sliver's" hobby has always been automobiles, his favorite car being the Cadillac. as everyone knows. His motoring experiences have been many, perhaps this is the reason why he appreciates the song "He Had To Get Out And Get Under." He has studied gas engines diligently, and recently became so hot on the subject that "Dave" felt obliged to shoot the entire contents of a Pyrene extinguisher down his back. "Sliver" had his shop clothes on and "Dave" told him that he thought it would do them good.



"Bub" never likes to volunteer his opinion but is always ready to tell a story. When persuaded to express his opinion, however, he always begins, "Well it seems - - - see." He has always been serious in his studies, allowing a factor of safety of about fifteen, and still having a terrible fear of E's. He is sincere with his friends and never loses his temper, being ever ready with a helping hand. Even in times of greatest stress he does not get flurried or call strong language to his aid. His steady manner and quiet determination have always pulled him through.



WALTER PHILLIPS FAY.

"Wop" *"Walt"*

Σ Ξ T B π Mechanic.

Born, Sept. 13, 1893, Hartford, Conn.

Prep., Holden High School.

Tech Show (1), (2)

Hartford must have been built on a rock to have so soon recovered from the shock which must have occurred when Walter Phillips made his *debut* on this sphere, for soon afterwards he was transplanted to Holden, much to her gain and Hartford's loss.

"Wop's" fertile brain having absorbed all that could be taught in Holden, he decided that W. P. I. was a worthy country to conquer. So four years ago saw a country boy and a bag, now much worse for the use, board the car for Worcester. Early in his course he was inoculated with the mysteries of the "Rat-hole." Here as a Freshman he came under the influence of those artists of story telling, "Pat" Hanaver and Briggs. He must have soon absorbed some of their volubility, for he immediately blossomed forth as a full-fledged platform speaker, giving the high school pupils of Holden first-hand knowledge of chemistry and college life.



How Holden ever developed such a high-geared set of brains as are found in the cranium of this representative of hers has been a mystery to all of us. It is in the class-room, however, that "Wop" shines. While the rest of us poor mortals are listening to "B. A." or "Charlie" spring a problem, Walter, having by some intuition already inferred what the question is to be, is rapidly working out the result so as to be able to give the same the minute that the "Prof" is through giving us the conditions of the problem. His winning of a cigar in a tilt of wits with "Charlie" Allen is now a matter of history. He is a shark by birth and not through work or "bulling," like most of the rest.

We prophesy that if any man in the class reaches the top of the ladder of success he will find "Wop" there ready to give a helping hand.



GEORGE FRANCIS FERGUSON.

"Fergie"

Electric.

Born Sept. 15, 1890, Stillwater, Minn.
Prep., Central High School, St. Paul, Minn.
Westboro High School, Westboro, Mass.
Track Team (2) (3) (4)

George Francis Ferguson, student, farmer, and philosopher, better known as "Fergie," came originally from Minnesota, but more recently from the prosperous little town of Westboro. A delightful, cute little boy was George in infancy, with long curls and a dreamy sweet expression.

As to a little of the habits and characteristics of this youth at present we would speak. During the noon hour he might always be found in the "rat hole" playing a friendly game of cards, his dinner on the arm of the chair, cards in one hand, cigarette in the other, while all the time he smokes, eats his dinner, plays his hand, and between times causes strains of the "Barcarolle," or "That International Rag," to float from his lips along with the products of combustion of the aforesaid cigarette.

To every one of the Electrics the location of "Fergie's" office in the basement of the Electrical building is well known. Here in Senior and Junior design he might nearly always be found from one to four-thirty, with possibly a half hour out during the afternoon while he visited in the design room up stairs.

"Fergie" as a student,—well we can't say, though we do know that it has been his lasting regret that he could not have had Red Cummings long enough to impart to him some of the fundamental knowledge of Physics. As a philosopher and an orator he is a decided success, but it is as a poet that he excels. His poem on the gauss, ohm, oersted, and mho, in their many different phases of life, are masterpieces in themselves.



Finally, always and ever ready to lend a hand to aid us, "Fergie" is truly at all times our happy-go-lucky, "I should worry," care-free classmate.



CARL FOWLER FRITCH.

"Carl"

A T Ω T B π "Skull" Civil.

Born, June 30, 1892, Wollaston, Mass.

Prep., Attleboro High School.

Class President (4), (1); Class Vice-President (3), (1); Class Treasurer (1), (2); Treasurer Athletic Association (3); Senior Director Athletic Association (4); Varsity Football (1), (2); Pres. W. P. I. Rifle Club (4); Rifle Team (4); Winner Tennis Tournament (4); Aftermath Board; Chairman Commencement Week Committee.

Read well the above and behold a "man."

At first sight one might think that it was a Greek alphabet combined with a directory of Tech activities. In fact Carl has been so active in Tech affairs that the *blase* reporter of one of the local papers once asked, "Is there anything that Fritch isn't in?"

And yet, even with all these activities, his scholarship record would make most of us envious. This familiar bit of conversation explains how he does it: "Coming up to my office? We have a whole hour for Structures before we go out."

Carl leaves the Worcester damsels strictly alone; but, gentle reader, do not infer from this that he is a woman-hater. For some mysterious, but very good and important reason, he assures us, he has always had a hard time in keeping away from Attleboro for more than two weeks at a time.



He has always been modest and unassuming, yet cheery and energetic, and as a result, he looms up as a bright light in the class. To sum up his virtues would require more space than is permissible. Therefore the following adaptation of an old piece of verse is given:

"There is a man who never drinks,
Nor smokes, nor chews, nor swears;
Who never gambles, never flirts,
And shuns all sinful snares—
He's Fritch."



JOHN THOMAS GIBBONS.

"Jack". "Gibb"

Chemist.

Born May 30, 1892, Clinton, Mass.
Prep., Clinton High School.
Football (3)

"Gibb" is a Chemist, for his stock of stories and sense of humor are too good to be wasted on any other course. Moreover he intended to become a chemist and what John purposes to do, John does.

As a football player he served well at one of the Holy Cross massacres, and in addition to this he is a "Spanish athlete" of no mean ability. Let it be clearly understood right here that John has not relied on his ability to "throw the bull" to get him through Tech.

While some of us occupy our leisure moments in chasing "poultry" on Main Street, John is engaged in another sort of chase which has as its object the "almighty dollar." During the summer he serves as Superintendent of Playgrounds in Clinton and he is doubtless storing up some valuable information on the training of the juvenile mind.

Although "Gibb" isn't known as a shark, "Hughie" says he always knows just what to expect of "Mr. Gibbons." This is a praiseworthy quality in itself, but when we understand that John is "rustling the dough" long after many of us call it a day's work, that he finds time for various Tech activities and does not neglect the social side of life, yet never seems in a hurry, we can only admire his ability and wonder how he does it.

We see "Gibb" at his best perhaps, when he is telling a story or taking part in one of the chemists' numerous discussions, for we then realize that no one could take his place among us.





ELLIOTT EUGENE GILMORE.

"Gillie"

Δ T Civil.

Born, July 21, 1890, Omaha, Neb.

Prep., Omaha High School.

From the sage brush of Nebraska wandered this precocious youth in search of greater things.

"Gillie" received the inspiration to become a Civil Engineer when but a child, through eating a quart or so of Portland Cement. Surviving, he was advised to take up this kind of work in order that his system might never feel the want of proper nourishment.

He was not satisfied to patronize home industries but boarded a passing cyclone and stopped only when his carpet bag caught on the pinnacle of Boynton Hall at dear old Worcester Tech.

As an Astronomer "Gillie" was there, except once, at which time, being wrapped in a deadly slumber from overwork, he heeded not the whir of the alarm, with the result that he was severely censured in the presence of his trembling fellow sufferers, unaccustomed to profanity.

In token of appreciation for the fine physique with which an outdoor life on western prairies had endowed him, he has deigned to award his Alma Mater with some of his surplus energy by becoming a member of the football squad. Exit Gilmore with a broken nose, and a string of burning monosyllables trailing behind.



Sore and despondent, seeking to drown his remorse, he turned to the Muses and found solace in becoming a music master. One after another the mandolin, violin and clarinet have tolerated his Orphean touch only to be cast aside for instruments of greater volume.

On the Hill, "Gillie" is characterized by his genial smile and his *sangfroid* in time of crisis.

His one ambition is to develop his home town into a real live city.



PAUL WILLIAM GLOVER.

"Mits"

ΦΓΔ "Skull Civil.

Born, March 13, 1892, Lisbon, N. H.

Prep., Holderness Academy, Concord.

Paul came to us from the wilds of New Hampshire beautiful in the freshness of his youthful innocence, preserved in the academic seclusions of Holderness and of Concord Academy, from which institutions Paul graduated with highest honors—baseball and football. Then looked Paul toward pastures new. Glance at his countenance now!

Opportunities leaped upon Paul. Opportunity after opportunity for two opportunities. So when "Charlie" told him he could choose between going to Worcester Tech and investigating New Hampshire wood lots and other lore in Charlie's Chinese Mercedes, Paul nobly and unhesitatingly chose the former as offering the broader field, for Paul craves experience. And occasionally he gets it. So down he came to Worcester.

Immediately popular with his intimate associates, the name of "P-a-a-a-u-l" became a by-word in the vicinity of "99." Among the fellows who know him best he is affectionately known as "Mits." For explanation of this discrepancy we can but refer the reader to him, as it is a long story.

"Mits'" career in the pursuit of happiness and a degree has been an eventful one. He is one of the best outfielders it has ever been Tech's good fortune to possess and he has always been prominent in the life of his circle. His conscientious efforts and hard plugging work during the last two years have gained him the respect and envying admiration of those of us who have watched his battle for a degree with our class, and if any man ever deserved one through sheer hard work it is "Mits."



But we love him still, (much better still) for "Mits" has bad habits of getting gay of an evening, and on his return, tipping the beds of a quietly sleeping house. And we do not hesitate to predict for him the highest success, even in such measure as we would wish it for him, which is some success.



FRANK ANDREW GRAY.

"Frankie"

A T Ω Mechanic.

Born, Jan. 13, 1893, Providence, R. I.

Prep., Lebanon High School.

Aftermath Board.

Four years ago there came from the hills of New Hampshire a youth, wise in the ways of the world, so much so in fact that he could have been put in a refrigerator to keep the rest of the green stuff fresh; but now, what a change. Four years in the big city can do much, and they have made Frankie a man well learned.

His motto is "Women, Wine, and Song, but the greatest of these is Women." Frankie's success with the fair sex has been appalling. It has become the habit when greeting him to say "Who was she?" instead of "How are you?" but just the same his life has not been wasted by these frivolities.

As a business man, few can hand out a better line of talk than "Frankie." His latest book on how to run an automobile has made him famous, and his stories on camp life in the hills of New Hampshire bid fair to bring him much renown.

But with it all he has been a good friend to us all and we know that success is stored away for him somewhere. As we remember him, we will think of a man always ready to lend a hand when called on and always with a greeting to remind us that things are not as bad as they might be.

We can safely assert that he has dealt with a greater variety of commodities than a country storekeeper, and has engineered more deals than a railroad magnate.





ALMERN FREDERICK GRIFFIN.

"Griff" "Fred"

Ψ Υ at Wesleyan. Civil.

Born, Dec. 3, 1892, Renssalaer, N. Y.

Prep., Albany High School.

Aftermath Board, Commencement Week Committee.

"Griff" joined us in our Sophomore year with the idea of getting the training of a civil engineer. We were very sorry to learn that he did not do this in order that he might benefit mankind, but just that he might make a "pile" quickly and easily. His object in doing this was to satisfy his desire to invest his profits in a sheep farm in South America. Fred still believes there is more money in sheep raising than in engineering. He is getting experience in the care of lambs while he is pursuing his studies at Tech. "How can you tell?" Why, haven't any of you fellows seen him with his little "lamb" down in a Main Street jewelry shop? He may be seen here any afternoon (except Sunday) between five and six o'clock.

I'm sure we all wish "Griff" success in his farming undertaking. If, however, his ideas fail to materialize, he can take up his old summer job of road building. It may be said that, without a doubt, Fred has had the supervision over some of the best built roads in New York State. This would be a life job for our old classmate, for as soon as a mile of his road has been finished the first part of the stretch is badly in need of repairs. We often wondered how he got away with it all. It may be accounted for, we venture to say, by his excellent "line of talk." He could almost make a professor believe the earth was square.



As possessor of some good gray matter, a warm heart, and a most contagious grin, "Griff" holds a high place in our estimation.

If "Griff" couldn't make a success of sheep raising or road building we would suggest that he try a job as travelling salesman for a dry goods firm. He could fill this position admirably because of his ability as a talker and his faculty for making lady friends. "Say, I think this—now,—wouldn't be such a bad idea, would it?"



FRANKLIN CORNELL GURLEY.

"Girlie" *"Frank"*

Σ Ξ T B Π Chemist.

Born, May 31, 1891, South Willington, Conn.

Prep., Willimantic High School.

At first we were tempted to spring that old one till Gurley showed up, but it seems better to work one of the endless changes on that old gag and say that the town must have been on the map in order to produce such a man.

Quiet and self contained, it took us a long time to get acquainted with Franklin, but those of us who did worm our way into his confidence feel amply repaid for our trouble.

There is no doubt about it, Gurley was cut out for a chemist and he is one—a real one, one of "Hughie's" finest. We don't know anything very bad about him except that he is a tennis enthusiast, a shark, a tango artist and a "fusser." This last is a discovery which was made comparatively recently, but his work has been verified by competent authorities in the same branch of science, so all doubt on that point is dispelled. It is only just to say that Gurley's name isn't at all descriptive; we might have thought so once, but "to err is human" and now none of us would think of spelling it in any but the correct way.

Gurley is one of those boys who took foundry instead of surveying. It is hard to get a good mental picture of him, pounding sand or making cores, for the laboratory (especially Organic) is his natural element. He and "Stew" were collaborating (more lab, you see) on a thesis which, judged by its bad smells, must have given marvelous results and afforded "Hughie's" sensitive olfactory nerves a veritable symphony in smells



Franklin is a frank, straight-forward fellow whom we all like, and you will like him,—when you get acquainted.



ROBERT EDWARD HANCOCK.

"Bob"

A T Ω "Skull" Electric.

Born, Oct. 28, 1889, Erving, Mass.

Prep., Orange High School.

Business Manager Aftermath, Advertising Manager Tech Show (3)

In proportion to his size, Bob is the most popular man in the class with Worcester's fair sex. You would never suspect it, though, as he always professes to have absolutely no acquaintance with the species feminine. However, if you were to follow him on the right evening, you would realize what an able bluffer Bob is. Furthermore, bluffing is not the only accomplishment he hides behind his semi-serious countenance, for he is an artist of no mean ability. In his Sophomore year he designed the Tech Show poster; and this last year when there was a cash prize for the best designed poster he literally "went to it," and produced the best poster that Tech has ever had. Also, many of the cuts in recent Aftermaths and in the Tech News were the product of his able hand.

Bob is likewise popular with his classmates and has proven his worth on more than one occasion. His business ability is unquestioned, and any enterprise in which he is interested is sure to be crowned with success. He has always taken an active part in Tech and class activities and his good services will always be remembered. His classmates wish him the success that he deserves and feel sure that he will attain it.





ALBIN HEDLUND.

"Al" "Hed"

Φ Γ Δ Civil.

Prep., Worcester English High School.

Glee Club (1), (2)

Al first saw the sun in Sweden, but after a year and a half in that country he discovered that the United States had a little on Sweden in the educational line, and decided to come to Tech.

During Freshman year he fooled all the instructors and drew quite creditable marks. However, deception is short lived and by the middle of Sophomore year they began to find him out, and handed him an E in Physics and an F in Qualitative. Just to show them that he was the original come-back kid, "Hed" spent a very profitable and enjoyable summer at the Harvard Summer School, where he learned to break glassware and throw sponges. Incidentally he learned enough chemistry to pass the make-up in the fall, and after taking all the physics make-ups possible he passed that course. This little encounter with the faculty seemed to teach Al a lesson, for since then he has reserved more time to thumb his text books and has done himself credit.



In the drafting room Hed has been a clever boy, especially with electric light bulbs and erasers, as well as in lab with water and wet towels, doubtless due to his Harvard training.

Al has warbled in the Glee Club at various times and has always been a loyal supporter of all Tech activities. He is always ready with a laugh when one is needed and his cheerful face and hearty laugh are known all over the Hill.



ERNEST REYNOLDS HEDSTROM.

"Heddy" *"Ernie"*

Σ Ξ Γ Β Π Mechanic.

Born June 10, 1891, Worcester, Mass.

Prep., Worcester English High.

"Heddy" hails from the distant settlement of Belmont Hill. He first enrolled with 1913, but when half way through, perceiving what a greater honor it would be to graduate with 1914, he conveniently became sick and dropped out for a year. For this display of wisdom, and for consistent work in all his studies, he was elected to Tau Beta Pi in his Junior year.

"Heddy" early became one of our most faithful and devoted track men, and has always been a leader in the cross-countries, as well as a scorer in track meets. His daily recreation this year has been to lead Hosmer around the board track for fifteen minutes every afternoon.

He is a veritable storehouse of information on any subject from German to Design, and an ever-present help in time of trouble. When it comes to a speedy manipulation of the sliderule, he is in a class with Al Vose.

Ernest R. claims that he doesn't like the girls, but nevertheless he has been known to spend seven nights a week toboganning up at Green Hill, and to take a trip out to Holden on Sunday. "There's a Reason."

In whatever line of work he goes into after leaving Tech, we feel assured that, with the same quiet perseverance he has shown here, he will attain his goal.





ELWOOD NORMAN HENNESSY.

"Bud"

Electric.

Born July 30, 1891, Westboro, Mass.

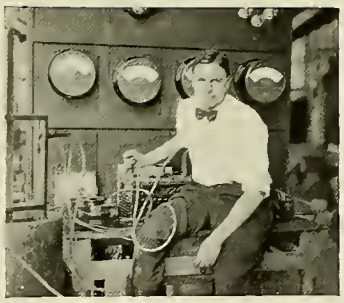
Prep., Westboro High School.

Orchestra (1)

"Bud," as we affectionately term him, has been to us a source of unvarying delight and pleasure, in the *naivette* of his artless questions. Questions, which have been, from time to time, construed by the moulders of our intellectuality to be fraught with schemes of diabolical cunning, traps to ensnare them, and topple the entire structure of science, which they have reared by their indefatigable efforts, down about their heads, crushing them beneath a colossal heap of Economics maxims and Mechanics laws.

In his quest for knowledge, "Bud" has not retired from the lesser activities of Tech life, nor has he modestly kept his "light," as we may say, "hid under a bushel," rather than this, he has "blown his own horn" on many occasions, chiefly however in the Tech Orchestra, and in the embryo band which has led the "faithful" on their annual march to Holy Cross.

"Bud" entered this mundane career by way of Westboro, a hamlet on the B. & W., about 12 miles east of Harrington Corner, and since that time he has had so much experience chasing trolleys on the aforesaid line that he developed great ability as a runner. He went out for the relay team, but owing to a swelled head, analysed as an attack of the mumps, he severed his connection with the team and has since confined the scope of his athletic tendencies to the cross-country runs and a daily rush for the above-mentioned trolley.



As an electrical engineer "Bud" has departed from the mere dogma of the science, and his new system for driving alternating current machines on a three-wire direct-current line is, to say the least, bizarre.



HARVEY FRED HILLMAN.

"Freddy"

Θ X Mechanic.

Born April 27, 1891, Pelham, N. H.

Prep., Nashua High School.

We suppose that Freddy had to be born somewhere, but why he chose Pelham, by gosh, it is hard to guess. According to gossip he made quite a commotion with his pink and white complexion, and he was some cute kid. Anyway, Freddy managed to stay in Pelham long enough to break all the hearts of the country lasses there, when he started out looking for new conquests and arrived in Worcester. Here it seems that he met with much success, although at one time his career was nearly blighted when a certain boiler-maker got the mistaken idea that Freddy wanted all the girls in Worcester.

After this Freddy decided that he ought to travel a bit, so when a life on the ocean wave was suggested he fell in with the idea at once. One night the inhabitants of Boothbay Harbor were rudely awakened from their sleep by the crying of what was thought to be some great sea monster. Armed with guns they manned the boats, determined to capture it. But alas, it turned out to be only Freddy paddling contentedly about singing "Juanita." Singing is not quite the proper word, but the English vocabulary contains no word which would adequately describe it.



It is hard work to get ahead of Freddy, though, as "Red Mac" found out. It happened that "Red" thought Freddy wasn't showing much interest in his course, so one day he asked him why he didn't ask some questions about it, to which Freddy replied that he didn't know enough about the course to ask questions.



ASA HOSMER.

"Seed"

Mechanic.

Born Sept. 11, 1892, Baldwinsville, Mass.

Prep., Templeton High School.

Football (3), (4)

This interesting character dropped in on us from "Bingville" a few years ago, with plenty of the hayseed of that enterprising metropolis clinging to him, and the "Seed" part of it still sticks to his name.

He became famous during the first year on account of his star work on the Freshman football team, while for the past two seasons he has been a "regular" on the second varsity line-up.

"Seed's" scholarship record has not been of the best, but like Grape Nuts, "There's a Reason" why his name does not appear on the honor (?) roll. He always had a great weakness for widows and has managed to become acquainted with more than the celebrated Heinze's 57 varieties of that species in the past four years. Notwithstanding this, and the time spent in shuffling the pasteboards with such sharps as "Diddle" and Bowker, the united efforts of the faculty have succeeded in making a good engineer of him.

When the Rifle Club was organized, another diversion was added to the list and for a time this sport held the center of the stage, until the Emmet Guard's Meet occurred, when we saw him in a track suit.

The "Seed" already has a position in view, and with the same energy and perseverance that he has shown in football, we feel sure of his success.





LAWRENCE FAY HOWARD.

"L. F." "Howie"

T. B. II. Civil.

Born July 17, 1893, Princeton, Mass.

Prep., Worcester English High School.

"I say, L. F., what's the matter?"

"Oh, someone has hidden my bag, but I know who did it. You wait until tomorrow, I'll get him."

Sure, the next day L. F. proceeds to "get" every man in the division—perhaps he did get the right one.

It was not ever thus with L. F. When he first came to Tech we knew him as a quiet, ambitious, and conscientious, yes, very conscientious young man. So much so in fact that he would no more go into a class without his "lesson" than he would go "fussing" of an evening: that is to say, until his Senior year. Then he indulged in great dissipation and fell completely for the wiles of the women. Now, it is impossible to keep him away from her, even for one night. Once in a while, however, when on the Hill, his old time devotion to his studies returns to make him very business-like, especially in Framed Structures.

There is also another phase to L. F.'s nature, as he is often engaged in a game of "Kelly" pool, in the Y. M., of course, or in a game of cards in the lunch room, where he is to be found from eleven to twelve every day in the week, except Sunday.



Earnest, sincere, and true, success surely awaits him.



LAWRENCE AUSTIN HOWARD.

"Howie"

T B Π Chemist.

Born June 10, 1892, Keene, N. H.

Prep., Murdock High, Winchendon, Mass.

Baseball (4)

Keene, N. H., settled back to the old routine; L. A. Howard had left for Winchendon. For a few short years this was a big place. "Gosh, wrang it! I'm going to Worcester Tech." Thus was it decreed that Winchendon should sink again into oblivion, until "IT" should return.

Nobody knows just why "Howie" came to W. P. I., but, at any rate, to the lot of the chemists fell this combination, acrobat, orator and student. Though a man of harmony in each short, sweet snatch of song, his was the discordant voice in each of the warm discussions which helped enliven "lab." His scornful "For Crimo's sake!" was the signal for many a hot debate; his withering, sidelong glance of scorn usually ended the argument. Some of us remember too, that, just once, in German II, "Howie" tried thus to wither "Pa" Adams. "Pa" didn't wither; "Howie" did.

We don't know much about him as a ladies' man, though discussions in "lab" have revealed a thing or two. We've often wondered why he's spent so many evenings in Winchendon, but we suspect now that it's because he's such a home-boy. We smiled, though, when "Howie" gravely assured us that he was going to dancing school simply to learn the new dances,—and we've smiled since, too. Neither did we know, till we found out from "Howie," that one could learn so many of the Worcester streets and by-paths simply by following the "Castle-walk."



One must have watched him long and closely to have known "Howie" even slightly. His love of argument—no matter what—, his fondness for bluffing and his ability to carry the bluff, his evident enjoyment of a good story and his aptitude for telling one, all combined with his versatility as a comedian, have served to bind "Howie" close to each of the chemists—before whom he performed—and to make him wondered at by the others—before whom he did not perform.



PAUL CROWELL HOWES.

"P. C." "Paul"

Α Τ Ω · Mechanic.

Born Sept. 27, 1891, New Bedford, Mass.

Prep., New Bedford High School.

Orchestra (1), (2), (3), (4)

When "P. C." first came to our midst he was one of the most verdant of the verdant. In fact this failing came near dragging him into matrimonial tangles before he had been here two months. If you don't believe this latter statement, ask him. However he has changed much since then, with the result that it takes a good man to put one over on him. Occasionally, though, he makes a "faux pas," the most recent one occuring when he asked "Charlie" in Hydraulics if a watershed looked anything like a snow shed. Paul never hesitated to ask questions in class, and many times, although some of his mates were wont to laugh, he was the only one who had the courage to ask the aforesaid questions which were uppermost, even in the minds of the all-wise mirthful ones. "P. C.'s" favorite occupation is describing the difference between two of the members of the clam tribe; namely, the quahog and the clam. His descriptions are more than eloquent, but there are still some of his listeners who are unconvinced.

His classmates will always remember him by the cheery "Hello, men!" with which he always greeted them, as well as the willingness he exhibited in helping others in their studies whenever the opportunity to do so presented itself, and above all the fact that he could be depended on to do anything that he said he would.





CLINTON CLARK HUBBELL.

"Willie"

Civil.

Born November 8, 1889, Wilton, Conn.

Prep., Central High School, Greenville, S. C. and Norwalk High School, Norwalk, Conn.

Sergeant-at-Arms of Class 3, (1), 4 (2)

Why, then, do we call him "Willie?" But why do we call Worcester the "Heart of the Commonwealth" or Tech "Hell?" Simple, and there you have it. It may be inexplicable, but it was inevitable, so let it pass. Suffice it to say that "Willie" he is and always will be to us.

The natives of that dreamy town of Greenville, S. C., suffered an incalculable loss when our hero, Clinton Clark, shuffled the Southern clay from his dainty feet and hot-footed it for South Norwalk, Conn. It was fore-ordained that he should come to Tech, for how else would Reddy have tolerated us all without "Willie's" eccentricities to keep the god of mirth in sway?

You can tell that "Willie" is bound for the noblest attainments. Even his gait proves it. You've noticed how he plugs along. And a good man will not stay long unknown. "Willie" was known to all by the middle of his Freshman year. For a while he was spouse to Chuck, but Chuck and "Willie" have vastly different temperaments, so to keep peace in the family they both chucked it.

Just when those trips to "Hamp" began is not recorded, but once begun they came oftener and were more prolonged. There's a cousin up at "Hamp," but rumors have it that the cousin is merely a very desirable means to a much more desirable end. As fate would have it, astronomy interfered with one very important visit, and of course astronomy had to lose. But Reddy was lenient.

"Willie" reached the zenith of his popularity in his Junior year. Then his fair name was commonly used by members of the theatrical profession. His election and re-election to the notable position of sergeant-at-arms are both indications of the consideration of his worth by his classmates.

Never is he so happy as when in the middle of a beautiful muss. Then he is in his element. And out of a few bent wires and pine strips he can concoct the most ridiculous looking, yet entirely feasible contraptions. You can bet he is always there with the practical stunts, and he has the examples to back him up. You've got to hand it to "Willie" when it comes to railroads. Like the best of men, you can bank on him.





EARL CHADWICK HUGHES.

"Cherub"

Φ Γ Δ Civil.

Born, Sept. 30, 1892, Worcester, Mass.

Prep., Worcester South High School.

Almost nine years ago something wandered into South High School here in Worcester. Somebody got a spit ball in the ear, somebody else found nothing under him where there had been a chair a second before, and others received similar tokens that trouble had arrived, and sure enough, the gentle Cherub had become a Freshman.

He has changed since then in these short years—truly he is a different person. He wears long trousers now.

His is a personality to admire, for just the opposite to a grouch, his ready and hearty smile is the means of keeping any crowd where he happens to be in an optimistic frame of mind. He has worked faithfully on the Hill, and yet has had his share of fun and good times, but never at the expense of his studies. His friends are many, his enemies none, his rivals exist, but that's the point, they are "his" rivals—what chance have they?

In school activities he has been a loyal supporter, and on one or two notable occasions even ventured into the ranks of the performer. Do you remember that cross-country run a couple of years ago when there came near not being any more Cherub. He is careless with his life like that. One time not so far back, when there wasn't much doing, he got into the actor game as the "Drummer Boy" in the play by that name. During the week's performance at the Worcester Theater, in a stirring Civil War prison scene he was shot eight times in the avenue. Think of it, boys of the Amen Corner, half-shot sixteen times. That's the life, "*n'est-ce pas!* Some shot, that man Hughes!





CHESTER MOORE INMAN.

"Chet"

Φ Γ Δ Τ Β Π Σ Ξ Mechanic

Born June 20, 1892, Worcester, Mass.

Prep., Worcester English High.

Track (1), (3)

By dint of hard work (we don't know whose, he never would tell) "Chet" finally got a diploma from English High and one dark night he slipped by the sentinel and got into Tech. "Chet" started right in trying to prove to the faculty that they ought to create a higher mark than "A." He is a very healthy sort of chap, never been sick but once and then he was sick abed for a week because he got a "C."

For nearly four years "Chet" has been spending all his spare time working on the invention of a springy spring for automobiles that won't break when someone gets in the back seat. This invention is nearly complete and he hopes by the middle of June to have his little-old-last-year's-Thomas-six equipped with them so he can take someone with him when he goes riding.

"Chet" used to try to fool us into thinking that it was studying until one o'clock every night that made him look so weary in the morning, but he always forgot to mention that he didn't start to study till—well it wouldn't be fair to tell that so we leave it to the imagination. Anyway, he doesn't sit up so late any more, but they do say that the parcel post receipts have been almost doubled, and that they have had to hire an extra carrier at South Hadley.





RALPH JOSEPH JENCKS.

"Ronsey" "Get Ready Jencks"

Φ Γ Δ Civil.

Born, April 4, 1892, Hubbardston, Mass.

Prep., Worcester English High School.

"Get Ready Jencks"—is the password by which this specimen of Sterling humanity is mostly hailed. The most famous thing this near Worcester boy does is to talk. You may not believe it, but get him well lubricated and the words will fly faster than Orville Wright ever hoped to see anything fly. Long ago, way back in Freshman year, it took a good man to get a "yes" or "no" from him, but now he is one of the best mixers in the class.

Here is a true example of the way our country boys grow up, drift to the cities for a while, get city ideas, and take them back home. "Ronsey's" hobby was to investigate Sterling for a water supply system, believing firmly that there should be some of the modern conveniences at his disposal when at home. But it is hard to make water run up hill from Lake Washacum, and the available supplies on the surrounding pastures the cows couldn't spare, so he had to give it up. Not daunted, he determined that at least he would have a shower-bath, so he bored a hole in the bottom of an empty cider barrel, which he set high enough out in the barn so that be could get under it.

Next he attached a coffe strainer to the hole and poured a few pails of water into the barrel and attached a sign—"To use the shower, stand beneath and pull out the stopper." Yea, verily, Prof. has said that it takes the country boy to do things.



Seriously speaking, Ralph has put in about as much real solid study as any man on the Hill. It doesn't come easy to him, but he has kept at it, and also has had an active, if not prominent, part in many Tech activities.



HAROLD EDMANDS JENKS.

"Arkansaw" *"Harold"*

Φ Σ Κ at M. A. C. Civil.

Born, August 10, 1888, Brockton, Mass.

Prep., Worcester South High School.

Class Will.

Shortly after the Pinchot-Taft squabble down in Washington some three years ago Harold decided to shake Amherst Aggie for Worcester Tech. Down there he was headed toward forestry, and although a great orator and a naturally bright politician, he decided there was too much unrest in U. S. forestry politics and thus the change to civil engineering.

Here at Tech he has worked mighty hard. ("Of course," you say, "He's a Senior Civil") —but even more so than that. Out at "Camp Steve" we shall always remember his cool, clear voice as it rang out in the stillness of the night, reciting for us "The address of the Arkansas Sorehead" or "Why a man can't enjoy the comforts of home in his window-seat in Jackson County."

Did you ever get Harold started talking billiards? Well, just try it some time, for he does like that game. Strangers to Worcester should consult him for the only good tables in town, he knows the hills and valleys, as well as the soft places in all the tables. When interviewing the said Mr. Jenks for this article the writer carelessly mentioned the word billiards—the monologue which followed will be found in a separate volume. The rest of the interview took place a week later, when it was learned that although not definitely settled, he had a couple of pretty good lines out for a position and expected to be well located in the Civil Engineering field before the summer is past.





EDWARD THOMAS JONES.

"Eddie" *"Jonesie"*

Δ T Civil.

Born Aug. 1, 1890, Hoosick Falls, N. Y.

Prep., Hoosick Falls High School.

Editor Tech News (3), (4); Vice-President Tech News Assoc. (4)

Truly an illustrious youth was born into this mundane sphere, a creature destined to be famous among men, yet, from all accounts, no fitting celebration was waiting to receive him. But, after he had carved for himself a place among the athletic heroes of his prep school, he turned to new fields of endeavor and Worcester Tech. Truly it was a day we all shall remember, for "Eddie's" laugh on certain occasions, once heard, can never be forgotten. It was during his first summer at Tech that he wrote from Vermont that he had made a most interesting physiological discovery. It was that in that part of the country children were born with glasses on. In his Junior year he bent all his efforts towards the election of "Teddie;" but even in his affluent position as President of the Progressive Club, he was unable to see his fond ambition realized.

It seems that "Eddie" has elected several studies outside of those offered in the curriculum of the Institute. These studies are reported to lead to the degree of "D. S.," and, judging from all reports, "Eddie" will take his degree "cum laude." The strange part of this course is that it requires a good deal of night work with frequent excursions to the "Beach."



But in spite of his one weakness,—girls—"Eddie" is a likeable chap; and in his future endeavors, wherever they may lead him (and his) we wish him the best of fortune and good luck.



HAROLD LIONEL KANE.

"Harold"

Θ X "Skull" Electric.

Born May 29, 1891, Cambridge, Mass.

Prep., Rindge Manual Training School.

Class Secretary (2), 1; Class President (2), 2; Football (1), (2), (3), (4); Manager Baseball (3); Athletic Director (2)

Harold Lionel Kane started out to be the class athlete but he changed his mind and gave it up at the end of his Sophomore year, when he went in for Worcester society, keeping this up to the finish. His excellent personality won him much popularity, so that there are very few girls in Worcester that don't know him. He always manages to get down town every afternoon for a few minutes at least, so as to give them the "once over," and it is very seldom that he goes down and comes right back; always gets delayed as shown in the picture. He likes variety and absolutely refuses to be tied down to any one girl.

Music is another of his fine points; he is an excellent pianist with his right hand, has a wonderfully developed bass voice when sleeping, but is at his best when dancing. He has made it a point to attend at least two dances a week ever since he struck the big town, and when White City is open this number increases to about five.

He sharked most of the courses at Tech, but was rather partial to Physics and three times out of a possible four he was invited to "pink teas" in that subject; however, he was there with the goods every time and showed them up. This simply shows that he can come back when there is need of it. There is no doubt but that he will make good after graduation wherever he settles down, and he will never be forgotten by any member of the class.





EUSTIS RUSSELL KARB.

"Russ"

Θ X Mechanic.

Born June 27, 1892, South Natick, Mass.

Prep., Natick High School.

Manager Glee Club (2), (3); President Musical Association (4)

"Useless Russ," as he is better known to some of us, came to us from where?—Russell only knew. He has tried in vain to convince us that we really should have heard of South Natick before. Times have changed since Russell came to Tech. Ask anyone now if they ever heard of Natick and they will answer—"Why yes, Karb comes from Natick." Likewise they will say that it was here that John Eliot preached to the Indians, and Russell's closer friends will also tell you of all the great athletes Natick has turned forth, for if there is anything Russell likes to do it is to tell about Natick's really great men. It is known that Russell himself used to be some athlete in his younger days. However since coming to Tech he has adopted a different branch of athletics, namely Spanish athletics, or bull throwing.

What Russell ever came to Tech for will always be a dark mystery, for he never does anything today that he can put off until tomorrow. Fact is, he rises early in the morning that he may have more time to stick around and do nothing. But he is not afraid of work; it is his greatest delight to lie down beside a big pile of work and go to sleep.



All seriousness aside, Russell is an ambitious youth. Bright and early Sunday morning he takes the train home that he may raise his voice in song, thus giving his aid to the noble uplifting of human souls. Russell is also in great demand for solo work and no doubt in a few years we will be speaking of Karb much as we now speak of Caruso, only to add with pleasure—"I used to go to school with Karb."



RICHARD LONG KEITH.

"Dick"

Φ Γ Δ "Skull" Civil.

Born, July 17, 1893, Worcester, Mass.

Prep., Worcester South High School.

Class President (1) 1, 2, (2) 1; Athletic Director (2); Vice-Pres. A. A. (3); President (4); Class Treasurer (3) 2; Track Team (1), (2), (3), (4), Capt. (4); Relay Team (2), (3), (4), Capt. (3), (4); President Tech Council (4); Aftermath Board.

Anyone who knows "Dick" feels that he has been personally benefited by having him as a friend. And "Dick" is a friend to everyone, too. His unassuming manner and cheerful disposition, coupled with plenty of real ability, have made him deservedly popular. Just look over the above list and you will realize the truth of this statement. Aside from the offices with which he has been honored, he has done much in bringing success to our Track Team, and has demonstrated many times that he is "there" when it comes to getting over the ground in fast time.

Aside from this, he has a great fondness for lively music and a smooth floor, where he can get around rapidly or slowly—according to the disposition of the fair one. Rumor also has it that "Dick" stars as a "fusser." Be that as it may, there are many nights when he is not to be found at the study table, and although he may be "thesing" at the Public Library, frankly we doubt it.

"Dick's" weak spot is in the drafting room, where his speed reminds us of the ancient story of the dark brown viscous fluid flowing on a positive grade.

We know that he will make good through his faculty for making friends and for getting along well with everyone.





WALTER JOHN KELLEY.

"Kell" "Walt" "Waltah"

"Skull" Chemist.

Born Jan. 25, 1892, Worcester, Mass.

Prep., Worcester English High.

Tech Show (2), Athletic Director (3), Class President (3), President Chem. Club (4), Aftermath Board.

"Kell" has been with us four years, and has been against us four years, for besides being a member of the class, he has been a participant in every debate and argument occurring within that period, he taking the opposite side in every instance. "Kell" is the greatest man at Tech for smelling out an argument. You and your fellow chemists might start a friendly argument in the eighth sub-cellar of the Salisbury Lab., with "Waltah" on the fourth floor up, thirty minutes away on the elevator, but he would certainly smell out the conflict, descend four steps at a time, and immediately enter the lists on the weaker side. Thrusting his jaw forward, and crooking his left arm for a kidney punch, "Kell" would argue with hands and mouth until each victim had beaten a disorderly retreat.



"Walt" has been prominent in many Tech activities, and his energy and impartiality have brought success to everything with which he has been connected. He has filled many positions in the Chemical Club, winding up with the presidency, and during his *regime* more cider and doughnuts were consumed than ever before.

His mellow baritone voice earned him a position on the Tech Quartet in his Sophomore year, and on the Chemists Quartet in his Senior year.

"As loyal as Kell" is the highest form of loyalty, be it to a "wiff" or a school or a belief. Whenever we think of a ready wit, a powerful right arm and an all-round able gentleman, we think of you, "Marse" Kelley.



CHARLES AINSWORTH KENDALL.

"Chuck" "Charlie"

Civil.

Born, May 4, 1892, Milford, N. H.

Prep., Quincy High School.

Charlie, known at Tech as "Chuck," is a product of the Granite State, and like the granite, was hard and durable, weathering all the storms of four years at the Institute. From his birthplace, Milford, N. H., Charlie later moved to Quincy, Mass, another granite producing section, and still seeking hard things he entered Tech and registered as a Civil. Woe be unto whosoever entereth Tech as a Civil.

Fearless Charlie would tackle anything from Bergwall down to "Reddy" Ives; and he surely deserves the title of Reddy's little goat-getter. Nevertheless "Chuck" at any time would argue that "Reddy" was the best Prof. on the Hill, and you couldn't convince him otherwise. Railroad Economics, Least Squares and Water Supply were naturally Charlie's favorite courses. He is a very energetic boy and to secure peace and tranquility in the drafting room one balmy afternoon, it was necessary to present him with a neck band, trimmed with studs and a lock.

As Freshmen, "Chuck" and "Willie" Hubbell roomed together until "Chuck" became involved in a love affair, being smitten by one of Worcester's fairest. This was too much for "Willie," so he moved to other quarters.

Charlie is a good mixer, quick thinker, a conscientious worker and stands high among his classmates. We all wish him the best of success as he goes out from Tech.





ARTHUR WILLIAM KNOWLTON.

"Salt" "Knowlt"

K Ξ A Civil.

Born Sept. 2, 1890, Boston, Mass.

Prep., Dean Academy.

This ancient mariner clears from Rockport, which is located at the jumping off place down on Cape Ann. He is a son of the sea, and, although he is far too modest to claim that he is an authority on the subject, we have yet to find the man who could give him points on sailing, motor boating, lobster catching or any other kind of navigation. He can spin many a yarn of life on the briny deep, and this accomplishment brought him the title of "Old Salt," later changed to "Salt," early in his Tech career. This name seems to fit him so well that you often wonder if he has any other, and we believe that even the folks at home have adopted it.

He cannot be classified as a strenuous fusser, but has averaged to get acquainted with about two girls per semester for the purpose of keeping his already wide knowledge of the subject up to date. He does this in order to always be prepared for an argument on "dames," which is the greatest enjoyment that he has in life. He likes an argument of any kind, however, and his sphinx-like expression and bursts of silence, when one tries to get him to commit himself or answer a question during an informal debate would drive a nervous man to drink.

His other favorite sports while at Tech have been blowing smoke rings and getting beauty sleep. At the former he is the undisputed champion of the Institute. For the latter, contrary to the general idea, he believes that the most effective time to accomplish results is between 2 A. M. and noon, or later, and he has often let Tech run for a week or so without him in order that he might give his scheme a good tryout.



"Salt's" future is, to say the least, problematical. The teaching profession at present has a strong attraction for him, as he figures that this would make a good job for a lazy man and also give him three months a year to sail his boat and sleep. However, we have a strong hunch that Salt is going to make good to a degree that will make some of his shark classmates and "Reddy" Ives sit up and take notice, for he is really there when it comes to head work, and as for being a good fellow, he never made an enemy in his life.



RODNEY ELI LANCEY.

"Rod" *"Clancey"*

K Ξ A

Born August 10, 1892, Townsend, Mass.

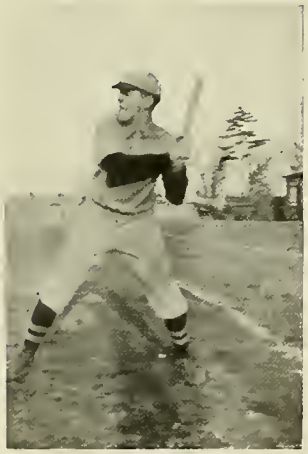
Prep, Townsend High School.

Baseball (1), (2), (4).

When Rodney first came down from Townsend tradition has it he carried his chattels in a large red bandana tied up crosswise. When he went back to see his girl, which he did nearly every week-end, he carried his earthly possessions in two suit cases and one small trunk tightly packed. "Clancey," as he is sometimes erroneously called, is the old caustic, bow-legged past-master at the national game, who hangs around the office when marks come out. Yes, bow-legged, and thereby hangs a tale,—to wit: When in his early endeavors toward fame on the diamond, his stooping figure with legs—legs akimbo—acted ever as a solenoid—sucking, as it were, the grounders right in between and through. Clancey is a good spender (on the B. & M.) and the B. & M. stock has steadily approached 35½ since Rodney stepped aboard the train with all his luggage.

The soil in Townsend is very fertile. *Humus* abounds—as one can well imagine, but for some reason—due to lack of superphosphates or something, only white beans will grow in that locality. This has been a large factor in inducing him to go to Tech rather than a school of agriculture.

He will die the death of a pessimist, we are sorry to say, brought on by a fruitless, beanless series of endeavors for fame. Not only as a ball player but as an arguer is Lancey noted since the reign of old King Sproat, late of Tech, under whose tutelage Rodney made rapid strides in exposition, narration and argumentation. But, to continue, Rodney says that they get ninety-eight cents, more or less, per K. W. H. in the vicinity of his birthplace, and hence his ambition will ever be to read meters in that municipality. He never smokes, but drinks like a squid, so he will make a good meter reader. He firmly believes in the old adage, "Whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well," and can be relied upon to carry this out with untiring perseverance.





ARTHUR RUSSELL LEAVITT.

"Archie" "Art"

T B II Electric.

Born, March 17, 1892, Manchester, N. H.

Prep., Manchester High School.

Mandolin Club.

From Manchester, N. H., "Not by the Sea," but from near Candia Village, where resides the true "Lorna Doone of today," ("Art's" first love), came our versatile classmate. Fruitless have been our efforts to determine more of his past, so characteristically retiring has been his nature. However, "Art" does not work in the dark, and we have learned that he came to Tech because of a love for Science. As a Freshman, he was one of our cross-country runners and finished well within the numeral-earning number, and then withdrew from an athletic future. "Art" is a true enthusiast. "Lead me to it" is his slogan, and the Wireless Club, as well as the Musical Clubs, have profited by his efforts.

As a student, quality has made his work of most value. His geniality and willingness to help others have made him a most valuable friend to the less fortunate, as well as a valuable classmate. "Art" is so quiet in the classroom, that but for his occasional outbursts of laughter we would not know he was around. It is rumored that our hero's theatrical tastes are becoming prominent, as he has been seen enjoying the comedy several times of late.



Our toast to the man in whom is embodied the friend as well as the student; to the true Esau of the Class, for whom we crave the best of protection. May he continue his upward climb, and may his work here at Tech, truly typify that which shall stamp him a success in the future. As a parting word, Archie, we all wish you Godspeed to the duty which we know you will accept with honor.



STUART GREENE LEONARD.

"*Stue*"

Electric.

Born, Nov. 17, 1892, Wilmington, Vermont.

Prep., Springfield High School, Vermont.

Rifle Team (4)

The first authentic record we have of Stuart's activities here at Tech is a poem written by him to show his Soph friends that his middle name didn't mean anything in particular. It runs something like this:

"The Sophs may laugh and the Sophs may make fun,
And even trim the Freshmen in the cross-country run,
But when it comes to winning a girl,—"

Here we stop,—but "Stue" didn't! He made a discriminating choice of Worcester's fairest almost the first thing he did on reaching town, and he has continued to monopolize Her with commendable regularity ever since.

He was always sharking something or other,—Math, Machine Shop, Abstracts, Design,—but why go farther? Design was meat to him. He alone dared defy the weary afternoons and intricate responsibilities of Alternator. Design. But the great big reliable machines he made, on paper, certainly were a credit to him. We may well expect to hear about other products of his designs in the future years.

"Stue" is some singer. If you don't believe it, go to the M. E. Church any Sunday morning or evening, and you will hear his voice rising above the noise of the rest of the choir. It seems he also taught a Sunday School class there before he became so busy.



Stuart is possessed of a steady nerve and a good eye, as we said before. His record as a marksman on the rifle team also proves this. His Freshman year he made his numerals in the cross-country runs. But he didn't keep up the good work, and it certainly was strenuous, so has since contented himself with tennis and canoeing.

"Stue" is neither a leader nor a tail-ender—just one of the "bunch."



LEO BERNARD LEWIS.
"Lefty" "Louie"
Φ Κ Ψ (Amherst) Mechanic.
Born, July 26, 1889, Hyannis, Mass.
Prep., Barnstable High School.
Football (1)

"Hey! anybody seen my slide rule? I just lost my cap and now I can't find my books. Some poor sucker has——!" O pardon me, dear friend, allow me to introduce Mr. Leo B. Lewis, more familiarly known as "Lefty," who has ceased to worry about the lost as long as his neighbor is willing to loan.

"Lefty" claims the little town of Hyannis as his birthplace and home, and reports that in the summer it is a real sporty place. After completing the course at the Barnstable High School "Lefty" went to Amherst for a year, where he lived a life of ease, as our neighbors are wont to do. "Lefty" had ambitions, however, and so in the fall of '09 he came to Worcester and Tech, where a man has a chance to work all night and get his hands dirty twice a week.

"Lefty" has been one of Tech's faithfuls, and every night during football season he might be seen practicing with the squad. In the season of 1910 "Lefty" was awarded a "W" for his work on the football team.

In the middle of the Sophomore year "Lefty" thought it advisable to leave Tech for a while for financial reasons, but a year later he was back at the old job, but this time with the class of 1914. Nearly every man has his hobby or plaything, and to serve this purpose "Lefty" brought back a motorcycle which had seen better days. In a trip to Hyannis it was necessary to stop every 1.2497 miles and shorten the driving belt by removing .4971 inches. By the time he reached his destination over 4 feet had been removed from the belt, the original length of which was about 6.2 feet. The troubles were too many and the return trip was made by steam.



Due to lack of excitement, one day "Lefty" accidentally set fire to his house, thus giving a chance for the Worcester Fire Department to do heroic work. For excitement this year "Lefty" has played the sport and has done his part towards keeping the Bancroft and "Ma" Day from bankruptcy.



KIRTLAND MARSH.

"Fat"

Mechanic.

Born, Feb. 25, 1891, West Newton, Mass.

Prep., Newton High School.

Tech News (3), (4), Business Manager (4)

"Fat," for his praenomen has rarely been heard on the Hill, has again shown that the prophecies of the folks back home have another time miscarried, for here he is still among us at the end. This result may be due to his abnormal capacity of extemporizing on the subject at hand, whether he knows anything about it or not. "Why-er" is known to every classroom with the resulting knowledge of the class that they are to be free for a time from the questions of the instructors. Some take a nap.

His method of exacting good behavior and work from the machines and experiments must be attributed to the common manner of dealing with certain foreign elements among whom he has worked in the summer time.



His untiring activity in the work of the Tech News has given to the school a paper to be proud of, for he was instrumental in obtaining enough ads in 1912-13 to increase the number of pages, and this year's work has given to Tech a paper which has not failed due to lack of funds.

And so with this knowledge of the time and energy he has given to the publication, the Class is certain when it predicts that he will be successful in whatever line of work he undertakes on leaving the Hill.



HOWARD STANLEY MARTIN.

"Howie" "Mart"

Mechanic.

Born, June 17, 1890, Worcester, Mass.

Prep., Worcester South High School.

Baseball (1)

The student who is pictured immediately adjacent to these words is hot stuff. Note the care-free expression on his noble brow. Ah, but that is mere bluff, my friends. Beneath all this outward calmness lie the deeply clouded furrows of care; and who is responsible for this dastardly deed, the kind reader will ask. "Piggy and his fiendish assistants," we cry in unison. It does not always rain roses in the life of the average Tech man. Sometimes it rains rain. However, be of good cheer. No fatal damage has been done to his sunny nature.

Martin was born in Worcester. Yes, sir, right here in the heart of the Commonwealth! And no one can say his career so far has been an uneventful one. When Martin was in high school, he pulled the lusty oar in one of the best crews the high schools ever had. This early love for the bounding billows has never forsaken him. If you should, by any chance, be at the Lake in the early hours of the morning and should see what appeared to be a fast motor boat appjroaching in the distance, don't excite youself. t is not one of Davy's new fangled contraptions. It is just Martin getting up an appetite for breakfast.



When you get right down to bed rock, this lad is a real sportsman. Who could be otherwise, who will sit for three hours over a hole in the ice while a measly six inch eel sucks his bait off the hook, semi-occasionally. For persistence and stick-to-it-iveness you must hand it right along to this local product. This is Martin's motto: "If you punch him in the eye and don't succeed, swat him in the slats."

Such virtues have their own reward and some day the good things of life will come Mart's way, like Senior Mechanics let loose from the Machine design. May his, "Hello, how's the boy?" often greet us in after life!



YI CHI MEI

Σ Ξ "Skull", Electric.

Born, Jan. 15, 1892, Tientsin, Province Chili, China

Prep., Nankai Middle School.

Treasurer of Y. M. C. A. (4); Cosmopolitan Club.

Our friend Yi Chi Mei is one of the chosen few who are sent to the United States by the Chinese Government to obtain a higher education, after having successfully passed a competitive examination. Mei came to this country in the late fall of 1909, and being too late to enter Tech that year, took a preparatory course at the Lawrence Academy, Groton, Mass., and in the fall of 1910 entered Tech.

During the four years on the Hill, Mei has made many friends as a result of his pleasant courteous manners and genial disposition. Being endowed with a good mind, he has been able to devote a considerable portion of his time to activities outside of his technical work, so the Tech Y. M. C. A., the Chinese Students' Christian Association, and the Chinese Students' Alliance have received his hearty, active support. He served one year as Treasurer of the Y. M. C. A., and also held the position of English Secretary of the Chinese Students' Christian Association. In recognition of his valuable services to the Y. M. C. A., he was elected to the "Skull" Society, and appointed one of the delegates to represent the Institute at the Student Volunteer Convention, held at Kansas City, Dec. 1913.



It would seem that a man who has so many irons in the fire as Mei has, would have no time for, or any inclination toward, any sentimental stunts, but that is not so. He is just as human as the rest of us in that respect, as is shown by his occasional week-end trips to Wellesley, Mass.

Mei expects to return to China after concluding his course here; and as to the work he ultimately expects to engage in, no definite information is as yet available, but it will not be in the line of engineering.



STUART PARMELEE MILLER.

"Stew"

Σ Ξ Chemist.

Born Oct. 25, 1892, East Hampton, Conn.

Prep., Middletown High School.

"Stew" first showed signs of his interest in chemistry when as a mere infant it was nearly impossible to separate him from his bottle. He is now a true "stinkpot chemist." If you don't believe it ask the fellows who eat with him, as he has been sharing his choicest productions with them. Their lack of appreciation only increased the pleasure of giving.

East Hampton is famous as a "bell town." Perhaps that's the reason "Stew" has had so little use for the Worcester belles. He is suspected of having a special reason for this avoidance of fair Worcesterites, but denies the charge. His only dissipations at present are playing rummy and eating chop suey. As the first provides the means for the second perhaps they are not dissipations at all. His misplaced eyebrow, his pompadour, and his ability to go through the winter without hat, overcoat or gloves have entertained us in the past, but as a rule he is quite safe and sane. He has a fondness for teasing and jollying, but his victims seem to enjoy it as much as he does. This is especially true of Nelson and Hiram who often adopt queer methods of showing their enjoyment.

During the Junior year "Stew" was chief extortioner for the Chem Club and he has been a strong supporter of that organization. His good nature and his readiness to help the other fellow, coupled with a liking for hard work, and lots of it, point to his success in his chosen profession.





GEORGE WASHINGTON NELSON.

"George"

Λ X A Electric.

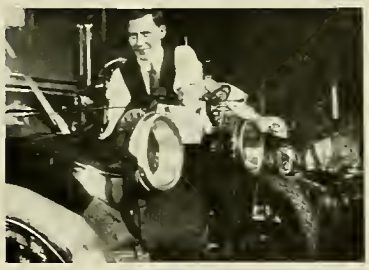
Born, Feb. 22, 1892, Worcester, Mass.

Prep., Classical High School.

Isn't it only proper that when a fellow is born on February 22 that he should be named George Washington? Anyway, that is how it happened, and since then George has striven faithfully to fulfill his mission of living up to the original G. W. standard, only according to modern methods. A blushing gradient, at the proper occasion, invariably indicated the extent to which his delicate conscience was disturbed. While at Classical High he started the most approved method for entering Tech, good work. Not a lack of intelligence, but youth, made him take a post-graduate year, so when he arrived with us he had a complete knowledge of everything, only to find out by four years' work that there is still a lot to learn.

He was initiated with the rest of us, that fall morning, at the flood in the Electric Lab. before breakfast; since then his course has been somewhat rocky, yet with a cheerful nature and perseverance he surmounted all, then tackled Thesis. It was his knowledge of Worcester's politics that kept "Jinny" good natured through more than one quiz.

George has one weak spot; he is a faithful electric, but just mention "Buick",—electricity is forgotten except for spark plugs, and in its place comes joy-riding, stubborn engine, no gasoline, blow outs, and possibly a girl. At least he was seen at the Tech Mixers with somebody's sister.



In spite of his quiet nature he is ready at any moment to stand up for his rights, mix in a rough house, or argue until a decision is reached.



NELS ALBIN NELSON.

"Nels" "Nellie"

Chemist.

Born, June 15, 1893, Fitchburg, Mass.

Prep., Fitchburg High School.

Nels is an infant. He wears a number eleven shoe and a size nine hat, but still he is an infant. We have "Jinnie" Haynes as authority for the statement. And he has a title, too, for all his earlier papers are signed "Nels A. Nelson, Chemist." Lately he has shown a tendency to drop the title, probably on account of doubts instilled in his mind by "Hughie" and others as to the validity of his claim upon that honor.

As a pillar of the church Nels is second to none. He is looked up to with great awe by the many little Sunday School scholars in whom he has tried to implant high ideals by his noble example and able expounding of the gospel. But if those trusting little pupils of his could hear the language that he uses to his brothers in Div. C they would be disillusioned, for he is subject to ungoverunable ravings, when he uses such vulgar expressions as, "Who in Hades—," or "What the Hakes—" (whatever that is.)

Among the Senior chemists Nels will always be remembered for one particular adventure. Who of those that heard it can forget the piercing shriek that rang out upon the stillness (?) of the qualitative lab. "Help! Help! S'phuric acid in my eye!" How quickly did "Stuffy" White go to the rescue with a young fire stream which he shot into that eye with excellent aim, only hitting Nels' ear once.



Nels is in search of an ideal, going first with one girl and then with another, trying to find one that just suits. His theory is that the best is none too good because this marriage business is "pretty fussy" stuff.

But, after all, we have got to give him credit. Go it, Nels, we're with you.



ASA PRESCOTT NUTTER.

"Calorie"

Δ T Mechanic.

Born, May 22, 1892, Swiftwater, N. H.

Prep., Plymouth High School.

First to see the light of day in Swiftwater is bad enough but when they thrust that good old appellation of Asa on, it is sufficient to make any one pull rope and dig for the bright lights. Why Asa picked Worcester can only be fathomed by the fact that, being used to the vagaries of the B. & M., he just naturally drifted off at Lincoln Square.

During his first year "Calorie" contented himself with "Ma" Day's and then graduated to a certain resort by the Lake where Neophites of uncertain age were very easily to be found. However he soon learned the art of pacing trolley cars to Greendale in order to get Sunday suppers thrown in, nearly always walking home to save the Worcester Consolidated the extra load. However, due to international difficulties and troubles that arise in the lives of all our great celebrities, Asa has at last broken away and now writes with commendable regularity to Northampton.

"Calorie," with his great affinity for negative heat, together with "Hungry John" has been experimenting on the effect of low temperatures on steel and as a side line running a "soda fountain" for the dispensing of cough syrups, etc., principally the latter. Learning from "B. A." the effect of cylinder oils on boilers and the use of the same in the preservation thereof, Asa has taken a position with the firm of Joshua Nutter & Co., and hopes soon to be able to turn out spindles back in Swiftwater.





DONALD WILLIAM ORMSBEE.

"Nemo"

Λ. T. Ω. "Skull." Mechanic.

Born, Feb. 16, 1914, Geneva, Ill.

Prep., Westfield High School.

President M. E. Society (4); Editor-in-Chief of Tech News (4); President of Tech News Association (4); Y. M. C. A. Cabinet (4)

Can't you see it is an argument? Well then, don't you know that it is Nemo talking? Four years ago Westfield lost her greatest "Mexican athlete," but Tech benefited by the loss. But as we see by the above list, "Nemo's" life has not been spent wholly in peddling "the stuff." A hard worker from the start, he has made good in places where head work is required and even though he is not built to shine on the gridiron his little star has twinkled in other lines. As Editor-in-Chief of the Tech News, he has developed the best paper that Tech has yet seen.

When it comes to the giddy whirl of society, "Nemo" is "there." He is a staunch supporter of the Bancroft, and few are the "nice" dances which are not graced by his presence.

The "fairies" have always been a strong temptation to "Nemo" and this last year they have caused him to spend much good time in Boston. Hard luck, they don't live in Worcester "Nemo" so they can be more convenient.



With "P. C." he has taken for thesis, a study of automobile efficiency. The competition for this thesis was very great, and we have not yet been able to find out how many cigars it took to fix "Davy." The only drawback to the thesis was that they had to work one Saturday.

Somewhat of a fusser; a sturdy disciple of the Boynton Hall Grill, etc.; a man interested in everything going and willing to help; these phrases might describe the man with the handsome eyes that has been with us for the last four years.



RAYMOND EGERY PARKER.

"Ray"

Civil.

Born, July 19, 1892, Oakham, Mass.
Prep., Grafton High School.
Glee Club (1), (2)

Where, Oh, Where did this man first appear? In the hill town of Oakham with its civic center of a Church, a library, and a wee, small store. But he came into the world in the middle of the summer on one of those quiet, soft blowing winds that frequent that district. Of course this manner of coming was suggestive of his future life, a quiet, uneventful, peaceful life.

But the Fates decreed it differently, for after a few short years, he went to that slow town of Spencer where he had his dogs and horses. It was here that the first great event happened. The cause was a dog. Ask Ray what he did to a man that killed his pet. But how long could a person who was decreed to be quiet stay there? So to the town of Grafton he went.

Here, regardless of how hard he fought against it, he was drawn into everything. Nothing of importance, (and he made everything important,) could go by without his being in it. And when he came to Tech did he stop for his studies? Not at all. Who did his problems? When did he study? Twice Told Tales.

Musically inclined he is. In the first two years at Tech he was a member of the Glee Club. And soon after he made an enviable record in a church of this city.

His qualities and accomplishments are too numerous to mention.

Did you notice those English "Siders?"

We shall see him at no future day the "Efficiency Manager" of a great shoe concern.





ARTHUR WARREN PETERS.

"Pete" "Chuck"

K Ξ A Mechanic.

Born, Nov. 27, 1888, Clinton, Mass.

Prep., Clinton High School.

Glee Club (1), (2), (3), (4); Business Manager Journal (4); Manager Musical Ass'n. (4); Tech Show (2)

This is "Chuck." Just how he got that name, no one knows, but we suppose that it was because his room-mate had monopolized the name "Pete," and there was nothing better left.

"Chuck" was born and brought up in the notorious town of Clinton and the results of such surroundings can still be easily traced in his modest and retiring demeanor. After absorbing a few bits of knowledge in the High School and the night schools of his native town, he took the family with him to Brown Station, New York, where he spent two or three years in getting some practical mechanical experience before thrusting himself among us in the fall of 1910. He immediately startled us with his brilliancy, and has continually demonstrated his abilities by keeping his name on the honor (?) roll of the Mechanical Department throughout his course at Tech.

"Chuck" has always taken pleasure in demonstrating his feminine beauties and was a signal success as one of the leading characters in the Tech Show in 1912.

"Chuck's" hobbies have been cutting classes and postponing Lab. Reports, and he has always been envied by his classmates because of the ease with which he got away with it.

His success in life is assured from the push that he has shown as the manager of the Tech Journal and the Musical Association. It has been largely due to his untiring efforts that the latter has had its busiest and most successful season in '13-'14, and "Chuck" now goes out into the cold world, leaving the impression that he will make good in anything that he undertakes.





HENRY EDISON PHELPS.

"Heinie"

K Ξ A Electric.

Born, March 15, 1893, Oxford, Mass.

Prep., Sutton High School.

"Heinie," to all appearances, was cut out to be a farmer, but early in life his parents noticed a phrenological protuberance which they considered a bump of inventive genius. So they named him Edison and later sent him to Worcester Tech to become a modern Electrical Engineer.

You can tell him by his smile and his tie. His smile causes him to appear at peace with all the world and withal quite benevolent. What about the tie? Oh, that little red tie that our "Heinie" wore! It was imported from Sutton when he first came here and has always stood him in good stead. It is now seen only on special occasions, and whenever he has it on one can imagine him saying, "A friend in need is a friend indeed."

"Hogs is Hogs," says "Heinie." We say, "Pigs;" "Heinie" says, "Hogs;" his father sells swine. Which is right? For all that, "Heinie" is a scout and after some of the rustic had been rubbed off he proved to be an A-1 Tech man. He has not missed a football or baseball game since he has been here. More men like this and athletics would not go begging for those dues.

If one can judge from his career in Tech one can not help but foresee a bright future before him. His steady-going habits and faithfulness to work are qualities that will make him a valuable man in his profession and the indications are that he will adhere to these qualities.



His bashfulness nearly overpowered him for three years but upon getting a bid to the Fusser's Union he rushed in headlong. "We are shy, we are sweet, but we get there with both feet" applies to "Heinie" now. He claims that he has not been out with the same girl more than twice and his "at home" nights are few and far between. We have heard of his "feets" of dancing in Oxford, Sutton, Gardner and, no doubt, in Lisbon, but for regular training he always returns to the old reliable cotillions at Ma Day's.

Ach, mein Gott, some day in Lisbon, vatt?
How about that, "Heinie?"
"Oh, that's Sauerkraut Day, are yer on?"



HAROLD LESHER PIERSON.

"Buck"

K Ξ A Chemist.

Born, Aug. 16, 1889, Norwich, Conn.

Prep., Norwich Free Academy, Chauncey Hall.

Who is "Buck" Pierson? Why he is that Senior, y'know, with the black hair and black mustache—Oh yes, I'd forgotten that he shaved it off because he didn't dare to go down to Norwich to see his girl with it. Yes, he's been a "married" man some time but that's another story. Surely you know him—calm, dignified, tall, good looking, strong, especially after an experiment involving the use of H_2S. Funny you never heard of him. Everybody I thought knew "Buck." He prep'ed at Norwich Free Academy and was some pitcher on its baseball team. Conscientious worker too is "Buck," always allowing a good "factor of safety" at midyears and finals, and has helped many a Freshie in his early struggles with chemistry. There isn't a more dignified man in the Senior class, but occasionally he has been known to drop said dignity and mix it up with that room-mate of his who came from the wild and woolly west and was an artist at the roughhouse game. He has been pretty quiet since that combination was broken up by "Buck's" contracting typhoid fever. The fever kept him out of Tech for a year but "Buck" has a strong come-back.





ALBERT BENJAMIN RANDOLPH PROUTY.

"Benjamin" "Prout"

Δ. T. Electric.

Born, Sept. 20, 1892, North Brookfield, Mass.

Prep., North Brookfield High School.

Albert—the sweet, childlike, visage of whom you see above — was the original "September Morn," having the rare honor of raising the birth-rate of the fair village of North Brookfield 100% on the twentieth day of September in the year eighteen hundred ninety-two. Benjamin preped at the High School of the same place and was 8.3333333% of the class of 1910. Of his early life there is little known to us. We can only judge him by his present condition, but we do know that he is well known to the police of one city and is one of the most daring drivers in the local auto world. He is also interested in the opposite sex and, in order to fit himself for his years of existence as a struggling electric, took a course at the W. D. S. S.

It is rumored that he is to publish a thesis on the "Theory and Practice of Fussing." When that sweet voice giggles "H's trying to kiss me," Prouty is around. Of his future success we have small fear. Externally sober and serious, he has that underlying humor which will make all difficulties seem easy to overcome and will give us another name to add to those which make the term "E. E." have a personality all its own.





PHILIP WOODWARD PROUTY.

"Phil"

Κ Ξ Α Mechanic.

Born, Nov. 20, 1891, Holyoke, Mass.

Prep., Holyoke High School.

Tech Show (2); Secretary Dramatic Assoc. (3), (4)

Phil is a quiet, unassuming sort of a chap and very amiable. His particular taste is for candy and a magazine. It has been amusing to see him munching candy while quietly reading a magazine and displaying a countenance which was wonderful for its expression of satisfaction and delight. While thus occupied one would never think that his composure could be shaken, but the uneasiness occasioned by the passing of one of the gentler sex causes a decided change in his manner, and declaring that he knows the young lady, he is off in a cloud of dust. Returning later, he claims having had a good time and numerous good things to eat. According to him she is some girl, but he will not impart any information as to who she is.

Phil learned to be at peace with the world and to leave femininity alone while he was still in high school, but here at Tech the fair ones have him capering and gambolling like a lamb. This brings to the attention of those interested a clipping from the Holyoke *Transcript* which came out during the Christmas recess of 1912, "Mr. and Mrs. (name withheld), announce the engagement of their daughter Evelyn to Mr. Philip W. Prouty." This was some shock, but probably explains why Phil was invariably to be seen in Worcester during the first few days of every vacation.

One peculiarity which has not yet been mentioned is this youth's fondness for walks between 11 P. M. and 1 A. M. This hour of the night is certainly a peculiar time to be taking a constitutional, but what else can it be called? We would advise him not to be meandering about Holyoke at such hours, as there is a possibility of falling into one of the canals for which that town is noted.





DONALD PURRINGTON.

"Don"

Δ. T. Civil.

Born, April 7, 1890, Haydenville, Mass.

Prep., Northampton High School.

Glee Club (1), (2), (3); Leader (3); Y. M. C. A. Cabinet (3); President Y. M. C. A. (4)

"Don," the man of many accomplishments, fusser, singer, business man, Y. M. C. A. worker and erstwhile student; as all of these he had made his mark, and it is assured that one who has had such varied experiences will be successful in whatever line he applies himself.

He first came to Tech as a member of the class of 1913, but perceiving his mistake, took advantage of sickness to join us. This period was not entirely lost, however, for it is said on good authority that the ministering angels at the hospital shed many a tear at his departure. Later he put such experience into practice and was successful as a "chorine" in the Tech show. Lately, to keep his hand in, as you might say, he has been seen with several of Worcester's "Dearies" his favorite being one of the auburn haired type. Still, his thoughts always return to the one at home, and almost regularly he is missing on week ends.

With the rest of us he has had his little disagreement with the profs, but peace was soon declared and there have been no further engagements. Although, as with many of us, he has never allowed his studies to interfere with the regular college course, his ability is undoubted. The measure of his future success can easily be foretold by the staunch and lasting friendship of all those who have come in contact with him.





EDWIN WINSOR REED

"Win"

Σ A E "Skull" Mechanic.

Born, April 14, 1891, Worcester, Mass.

Prep., Worcester South High School.

Relay Team (4); Track Team (3), (4)

In his early 'teens Reed was known to his numerous female associates by the name of "Winsome Winnie." Whether or not this cognomen grew out of admiration for that winsome smile to which we are all so well accustomed, we have been unable to determine, but the theory seems plausible enough. After coming to Tech and giving up somewhat the society of the "bunnies," he succeeded in losing that appropriate nickname and to us he is now known as "Win."

There are but few things "Win" has not shown us the why and the wherefore of, in his sojourn at the Institute. One of his favorite pastimes has been to start an argument in a recitation and thereby accomplish the double result of amusing the class and taking up valuable time in a most satisfactory manner. There's no doubt that many a Mechanic has been saved from getting screwed in Hydraulics by "Win's" ability along this line.

He has always shown a disposition to take full advantage of chance opportunities and a notable instance of this was his attempt to bribe Charlie to put him through Hydraulics. Charlie, himself, vouches for the story that after "Win" had accommodated him with the loan of some gasoline when stuck on the road, "Win" attempted to prove that a gallon of gasoline should be equivalent to a "B" in Hydraulics. Charlie, however, took his Calculus under other than the present Math instructors, so he couldn't see how to juggle differential equations in that manner.

In track Winsor showed his true caliber. It was hard and consistent training that made him such a valuable man on last winter's relay team, and most of the victories won by the team were directly due to his running. If the spirit "Winn" has shown himself to possess in track stays with him we have no hesitation in predicting a most successful future.





CARL HARRINGTON RICH.

"Carl" *"Richie"*

Civil.

Born, Dec. 17, 1892, Hallowell, Me.

Prep., Worcester South High School.

Truly the state of Maine produces big men,—for example, witness the above. Carl spent but four years in the quiet little town of Hallowell, on the Kennebec River before coming to Worcester, but during these four years he acquired all the habits of the natives and perhaps chief of all, the aversion to work until necessary. Concerning his first few years in Worcester, we know very little, for he is of a quiet, retiring disposition, taking all fortunes and misfortunes in a philosophical manner. High school proved to be one grand slide for him, which we can tell by his nightly sliding expeditions during the winter months. After graduating from High School, crying for new worlds to conquer like unto Alexander the Great, Carl decided to take a chance on Tech. Here he quickly showed his engineering ability. We think that he gets his ideas while sitting in the corner grocery store at night, a habit he acquired in infancy in the rustic town of Hallowell. At present he is working on a stress slide-rule, and when he finds a race of people with four hands he is going to put it on the market.

The greatest trouble he has had since entering Tech has been in avoiding the wiles of women, all because of his wavy locks. His one bad habit is his love of the filthy weed. This has been shown frequently in the drafting room, for when Carl smells the aroma of one of the Square R's from the office, he begins to fidget and is soon headed for the basement. In spite of this bad habit, he is a man who is never too busy to help another and a man from whom one need never hesitate to ask for help.





GEORGE ROSS.

"*George*"

"Skull" Civil.

Born, Oct. 12, 1890, Kensington, Conn.

Prep., Lewis High School, Southington, Conn.

Baseball (2), (3), (4); Capt. (4)

George hails from a little hamlet by the wayside that is known by the name of Berlin. Every so often George has to pack his grip and go home to straighten out affairs in Berlin and see that things are running smoothly. To get a good idea of his importance in that little town one must know that George's presence is necessary to form a quorum and that during his absence affairs are practically at a standstill. Whenever Berlin can spare him George is on the job in the drafting room upholding his standing offer to "beat up" anyone who desires that little favor, or who offers himself, for we'll have you understand that next to running Berlin, George dearly loves to rough-house. Whenever he gets restless or nervous it is his delight to muss up some unsuspecting and too industrious neighbor. He early won his fame when on that glorious day he led the Civil football team to an overwhelming victory over the Mechanics. Out of the raw material at hand he whipped a team that was worthy of its name. There is another side to George's life that we feel duty bound to expose. Rumor has it that he is very popular with the girls, having one to call on every night and two of them to take care of on Sundays. Any other spare time he gets he spends playing penny ante.



Another peculiar gift of George's is his genius for inventing puzzles. Instead of studying design he lets his mind run in this direction and lately, by a superhuman effort, he has achieved a puzzle that no one can solve successfully. We don't believe that he can solve it himself. George is some ball player and has pitched on the varsity for two years.

George was wished on to us at the beginning of the Junior year and since then his chief occupation has been "goat getting."

A true friend, and a loyal Tech man—we are fortunate in having him as a classmate.



HARRY MORSE SAWYER.

"Harry"

Φ Τ Δ Τ Β Π Σ Ξ Civil.

Born, July 13, 1891, Lowell, Mass.

Prep., Lowell High School.

Tech Show (3), (4)

One year behind the counter showed Harry the error of his ways and he started for Tech, with the idea that a little knowledge would be a large asset in bucking this cold and cruel world.

It looked at first as if he was destined to become one of the grinds, but he soon proved to us that the term "Shark" would better describe his qualities. Nevertheless, he failed to show his usual speed in Summer Practice, where accuracy according to Prof., is most highly essential. Stricken with a severe case of hay fever, he would upset the transit and shake the rod so that a reading to the .0000 decimal was impossible.

His ability as an indoor athlete is not at all marked, in fact he showed very poor form when it came to catching Tungstens out of the air in the Senior Design Course, and once he suffered a reprimand from the Head of the Dept. for letting them get by him.

However, when it comes to fussing, we have to hand it to Harry for he's there, no obstacle is too large for him to get around. In fact, it is rumored that his attractions be-Holden for four years by a bevy of damsels have at last appreciated and we are looking forward to results.

Last, but not least, come his virtues which are many, and we shall all remember him as a fellow who was always willing to do his share of the work, and to lend a helping hand to his fellow classmates.





WALTER EATON SPICER

"Spike"

Κ Ξ Α Electric.

Born, March 9, 1890, Roxbury, Mass.

Prep., Springfield Central High School.

Tech News (1), (2), (3); Subscription Manager (3); Tech Show (2), (3); Stage Mgr. (3)

Walter, "Walt," or "Spike" as he is better known has always made himself a necessary fixture, wherever he has happened to be because of his overflowing good nature and fund of good stories, the latter usually enlivened by a dozen or more "dem it's" or an oft repeated "tee hee," like a high school girl's. This last failing was undoubtedly occasioned by reason of his association with numerous Worcester "enfantes." According to his own say so, his record stands at seventeen refusals since the beginning of the year, little matters, which if successful, would have placed him far ahead of Nat Goodwin or behind the bars.

He claims that the most important period of his life was his birth, while the next in importance was the week in January, 1913, which decided him to graduate with 1914. However, he is at the present anticipating another period which is apt to prove fatal, but he will not indulge in particulars because there is a one, only one, besides himself who is concerned. In his list of important periods there should be mentioned a little trip to Lake Quinsig *via* Edgemere with the Mannlicherfestenschutzentrinkengesellschaft at which time he learned several things that are not taught on the Hill to unsophisticated sophomores.



In spite of his failings, "Spike's" landladies will all insist that he is the most popular fellow in the neighborhood if popularity is measured by perfumed letters and telephone calls. Also his willingness to help any one in trouble or be helped as the case may be is testified by "Charlie" Adams who was blessed with our genius for one whole year. We all join in with praise and respect for his stick-to-it-iveness, his whole-heartedness and unfailing good nature.



WILLIAM WARD SPRATT.
"Bill"

Σ Ξ T B Π Electric.

Born, Feb. 20, 1893, Southbridge, Mass.

Prep., Hitchcook Free Academy, Brimfield, Mass.

Cosmopolitan Club; Glee Club (1), (2), (3), (4); Y. M. C. A. Cabinet (4)

"Bill" Spratt's life on the Hill has been so full of attainment, excitement and romance that, in order to compile successfully a brief yet complete history of it, one shall need the joint services of a Tech Professor, the Statistician of the local Y. W. C. A., and the Sporting Editor of the Boston American.

William Ward Spratt was born a New Englander, of Canadian-American parentage. As a boy he was known for his unusual intelligence. After finishing his course at the H. F. A. (for explanation, see above; but don't confuse this with the Heroic Fussers' Association,) he visited Canada, intending, perhaps, to give his future children the benefit of a parentage like his own.

While yet of very tender age, poor Bill became a victim of Worcester Tech in the fall of 1910. Shortly afterwards, so shortly, indeed, that he had scarcely learned to designate our learned professors by their respective illustrious and convincing nicknames, Bill fell once more a victim,—but this time a victim of Worcester's fair maidens. He has since been seen around the Y. W. C. A., the Normal School and the City Hospital. He has not yet explored the suffrage organization.

For three summers he denied himself the comfort of a vacation and undertook various jobs of engineering value. During the spare time, he learned the "New Dances."



Bill partakes in many departments of Tech activity. When it comes to real work, he has a characteristic like that of a compound generator. His courage and enthusiasm increase in direct proportion with the difficulty of the task at hand. And he can keep cool, too. He never overlooks small things. It always fills us with wonder and awe to see our friend reading off the eleventh significant figure on an ordinary eight-inch "slip stick" with great dignity. A few glorifying predictions for his future constitutes too weak a praise for Spratt. He deserves the faith of every classmate and of the Alma Mater and he has it.



FRANKLIN HIRAM STEELE.

"Frank" "Hi" "Steelie"

Chemist.

Born, April 13, 1892, Bristol, Conn.

Prep., Bristol High School.

Orchestra (1), (2), (3), (4)

When "Hi" made his first appearance in our midst he was one of the most innocent of all the multitude which has climbed the well-worn path to Boynton Hall. Sad to relate, his education has embraced many lines, besides Chemistry.

As a Freshman, "Steelie" won his numerals in the cross countries and then withdrew from that field of activity only to appear in another branch of Tech athletics which also requires good wind, namely, the Orchestra. He plays the cornet and has played it well and faithfully throughout the four years.

When "Frank" began to enlarge his vocabulary, learn to smoke and become proficient in those various accomplishments which are important factors in a technical education, although not in the curriculum—when he picked up these various branches of science, he also experienced his first affair of the heart. Inasmuch as he has artfully confined his attention to one locality it is hard to say when the first affair terminated and the second began, likewise the third. We also have Frank's word that there is a little girl in Bristol, and why should we doubt the statement? Now we are wondering about these frequent trips to Webster, (not the Unabridged.)

"Steelie" made us all work in Organic Lab, where he served as an efficient pacemaker. Of course we kicked, but it might have been due to the fact that we were just a wee bit jealous of his ability in that line. It is said on good authority that Frank was a grind during the first unsophisticated years, but no one can truthfully accuse him of that heinous offense now, for he only uses his room for much needed sleep.



In short, "Steelie" is quite a shark in Organic, and, in spite of the fact that he is a "fusser," "par excellence" he is one of the boys.

"My Friend." "You Great Big Cheese."



HARRY DELOS STEPHENS.

"Steve" "Stephanie"

Chemist.

Born, Dec. 25, 1890, Riverton, Conn.

Prep., New Hartford High School.
Worcester Academy.

Steve first appeared in Worcester after four years at New Hartford High School, to finish up at Worcester Academy. Finding the climate, theatres, etc. (not to mention the girls) very much to his liking, he decided to take the Chemistry course at Tech, thus showing at the outset of his career his exceedingly good common sense and ability to "seize" a good thing when he "sees" it.

Steve is a quiet, golden-rule-following sort of a fellow and a living exponent of calmness and serenity, the ordinary trials of an existence at Tech never being sufficient to ruffle his smooth temper. The slights and simles of Fortune he viewed with equal indifference, and she, fickle dame, rewarded Steve by carefully piloting him across the dangerous shoals of mid-years and finals.

The "chickens" by no means make up the shortest row of Steve's wild oats, though his natural modesty might lead one to think so. So extremely unassuming is Steve that when he takes his daily constitutional down town to "look them over," he gets on the other end of a corncob, keeps on the yellow shirt, and the brogans, maliciously to dilute his charms and keep the "yeux doux" off himself. That's Steve in a nutshell: to see, not to be seen. Harry's modesty almost conceals his sterling qualities from those who know him little, but the pity is that it also conceals abilities and accomplishments which even his best friends have never discovered.



Who knows that he is a star tinkler on the mandolin? Who knows that some of the choicest efforts in this volume are his, yet not appearing over his name?

Come, "Steff" old boy, you're caught with the goods, and we hereby inflict on you our everlasting appreciation. O. don't blush so!



ARTHUR LINCOLN THURSTON.

"Mike" *"Spooks"*

Θ X T B Π Mechanic.

Born, Sept. 7, 1891, Portland, Me.

Prep., Portland High School.

Aftermath Board, Commencement Week Committee.

A. Lincoln, alias "Spooks" or "Mike," was born on a beautiful "September Morn" and has been beautiful ever since.

"Mike's" accomplishments are many. Having witnessed a performance by Thurston, the magician, at the Franklin Square, he had visions of his name in bright lights on Broadway and has ever since tried to amuse us with his near tricks, but he lacks Punk's "Scuse me" when they don't work. We are still marvelling at the wondrous imagination of Billy Shakespeare since he must have written that well known phrase, "tripping the light fantastic toe" without having seen "Mike" revelling at Eagle Hall.

In the snapshot below entitled "OH, the life on the ocean wave" we find "Mike" at his best as his motley crew, Pete, Ab, Freddy and Russ, can well testify. With the exception of being nearly run down by "the schooner that passed in the night" in Portland Harbor he may well make claim to the title of veteran captain, for he very cleverly dodged sunken ledges and kept his crew hard at work. Please note that it was the crew that worked, for if ever there was a lazy person that person is "Mike." We asked him why he didn't form a branch of the "We-won't-work-will-we?" society and he drawled, "Aw, it's too much work."



Then you ask, "How did he make T B Π." Well that is where "Mike" has it on the rest of us for within that head which has to be supplied with made to order hats is a bunch of gray matter that has kept the name A. L. Thurston on the honor roll here at Tech and we hope it will in the world of hard knocks soon to come.



HAROLD LESLIE TILTON.

"Tillie" "Chick" "Tilt"

Α Τ Ω, Τ Β Π, Σ Ξ Civil.

Born, Sept. 16, 1891, Fitchburg, Mass.

Prep., Fitchburg High School.

Editor-in-Chief Aftermath; Orchestra (1), (2), (3), (4); Class Secretary (4) 1; Author Tech Show (3); Commencement Week Committee.

No doubt that was a touching moment when what's-his-name blurted out, "A horse, a horse, my kingdom for a horse," but far more heart-rending is the sight of our "Tillie," up to his ears in work, and hopelessly moaning, "O, what I'd do for a little fussing tonight."

Although "Tillie" is one of our sharks, he firmly believes in the adage, "there's no time like a good time." When you've got the blues, just watch his beaming countenance "beam,"—it's catching; or get him to scratch on his big fiddle, and you'll promptly forget your worries. When he gets really enthusiastic, he will indulge in, "By Jinx"!, which he often follows up with such worthy remarks as, "I'll finish this darn job or bust my suspenders," or (his favorite expression) "Please pass the fudge; it's good."



Behind those soulful eyes, "Tillie" hides a lot of gray matter which asserts itself especially through his pen,—except when he employs it in writing those letters which are distinctively affairs of the heart. It was "Tillie's" masterful pen which perpetrated the corking Tech Show of Junior year, and it was then that we first learned to value "Tillie" at his true worth. That cheerful good nature which, by contrast, makes his moments of seriousness so imposing, wins him the friendship of every acquaintance.

Rise, gentlemen, I give you the best of comrades for a frolic, a fight, or a hard day's work, our genial Editor-in-Chief!



GILBERT SANFORD VERNAM.

"Gilbert" *"Tau"* *"Gib"* *"Hoyle"*

K Ξ A T B Π Σ Ξ General Science.

Born, April 24, 1890, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Prep., Brooklyn Manual Training High School. Cosmopolitan Club, President Wireless Assoc. (3), (4)

We wonder what would happen to Tech if "Tau" should accidentally get to class on time in the morning. The uninitiated might believe that his absence at roll call was due to an inclination to sleep. We on the inside, however, believe that it is caused from habit. What caused this habit? Why, don't you know? Every month or so "Hoyle" must needs return to his native haunts, always getting back to work from two to three days late. He never gets caught up—that's all! Can you guess what the attraction is? Well you ought to see her!

"Gilbert," "Gib," "Hoyle," better known as "Tau Vernam," the Brooklyn wonder, stands alone as the unexplainable exception to Newton's third law; that is, the producer of results without exertion. "Tau" simply can't help but get along; solving impossible problems, and mystifying professors, in spite of deliberate attempts on his part to get at least one condition.

"Tau" entered these classic walls with the class of 1913, but soon saw the error of his ways; and after learning all that Tech could teach him, left for a year (but not for Faculty reasons), which he spent teaching the N. Y. T. & T. Co., the art of successful engineering. "Shooting trouble" for the telephone Co., however, was not the height of his ambition, so he returned to Tech for his sheepskin.

When it comes to good fellowship there is nothing to be said other than to call attention to his honors. We all look to him with honor and respect, and say, "There is a man!"





ALFRED HAZEN VOSE.
"Al"

T B Π Mechanic.
Born, May 12, 1892, Manchester, N. H.
Prep., Manchester High School.
Commencement Week Committee.

This bashful youth first made himself known to most of us when the Manchesterites left their quarters at 5 Home St., in the spring of 1912. Since that time Al has come more and more into the light until now as we are about to leave the Institute he is one of the popular men of the class.

He succeeded in maintaining his position on the Honor (?) Roll of the Mechanical Department until the Lure of the Lake was too much for him to resist; it was the Lure of the Lake rather than the Lady of the Lake that enticed this Honor-man, I say Lure, not Lady, for in justice to Al we must admit that he generally went "without." He showed his good business head when he hired his canoe for the season for $6, and received $25 worth of its use in the first month.

It seems pitiable that a fellow with so many good qualities should become so degenerate as to pilfer a bottle of stale catsup from a poor, hard-working landlady, or to attempt to spirit away Prof. Nelson's Ale, but such are the astounding facts. Judge not too harshly but try to overlook some of these things as we have done, for after all Al is a faithful member of our Y. M. C. A., which is cover enough for many sins.

He has industriously spent his summers as millwright, carpenter, machinist and foundry hand with the Amoskeag Mfg. Co. Rumors from Manchester are to the effect that this concern employing 16,000 hands anxiously awaits his graduation from Tech so that he may become Chief Mechanical Engineer of this, the greatest textile plant in the world.



Here is to the man who, we know, has the goods with him all the time and who we know will have the greatest success; may he have it soon.



HERBERT HIRAM WENTWORTH.

"Hi" *"Hub"*

Θ Χ Σ Ξ Τ Β Π "Skull" Electric.

Born, July 15, 1892, Fryeburg, Me.

Prep., Fryeburg Academy.

Class Vice Pres. (3) 2; Advertising Manager, Aftermath; Orchestra (4)

About four years ago there was a new burg discovered on the map. It was called Frye-burg, Maine, and was discovered when Coombs passed around the registration slips and Herbert H. Wentworth signed up. In Massachusetts, "frye" means small but up in Maine it means fight, so if you want to start anything, just say something about Fryeburg, turn around and you'll find "Hi" right at your elbow or coming your way with an awful peripheral velocity.

Up there in the wilderness, "Hi" learned about all there was to know about automobiles, but very little about girls; however he has developed wonderfully since he has been here. He found out that autos in Worcester were very expensive and that women were cheaper, so he has gone in for the fair sex now. There is one habit, however, that we have been unable to break him of; when we asked him what they did up in Maine for excitement, he replied, "In summer we fish and sleep, and in the winter, well there ain't much fishing." "Hi" absolutely cannot get up until fifteen minutes before his first class, no matter if it is an eleven o'clock; he sleeps with a "Big Ben" right beside his pillow, but someone has to go in every morning and shut it off or it would ring all day. In spite of the fact that he hates to begin work he is a hustler when he gets started, but it is easier to start Davy's oldest Franklin.

However, in his slow quiet way he has made many friends both at Tech and around Worcester. He walked right into all of the honorary and otherwise societies on the Hill and no one dared to kick him out, and we admit that when he has attended all the meetings of said societies he has done a pretty fair day's work. As advertising manager of the *Aftermath* he used the same tactics and more than made good and there is no doubt but that he will show the same ability in whatever he takes up, at any rate it will take a mighty good man to show him up.





HENRY COWELL WHITLOCK.

"Whit"

Δ T Civil.

Born, Dec. 19, 1892, West Hartford, Conn.

Prep., Naugatuck High School.

"Oh, that's easy. All you have to do is—" and then "Whit" nonchalantly explains some "straight dope, clear as mud" which he obtained from Prof. Allen.

"Whit" might be termed a "Man of Mystery." He has moved along in his classes without any visible effort, and yet with more success than many who very obviously "grind."

He is somewhat inclined to hide his light under a bushel, but when that renowned Civil team was organized, he could not conceal the fact that he was some football player. It is reported that there are other fields in which he shines, but he would not tell our reporter about it. "Whit" should by this time be an accomplished mandolin player, as he has been picking on it in his spare moments for four years, and sometimes succeeds in getting a tune.

When it came to selecting a thesis subject, he decided to test current meters for "Charlie" out at Chaffins.



Rumors are rife to the effect that he has trained "Charlie's" hens so that they lay fried eggs for "de gang's" dinner. "Whit's" greatest diversion on the Hill is M. E. Lab. After he has tamed Prof. Nelson and Harlan F. Stuart and the machine so that they perform to suit him, he says, "Speed it up, gang, we want to go home at 2.30."

May "Whit" always be the cheerful, imperturbable, happy-go-lucky classmate that we have known.



CLAYTON ROBERTS WILCOX.
"Clayt" "Red" "Rookie"
Θ X Electric.
Born, June 18, 1891, Middletown, Conn.
Prep., Meriden High School.
Tech Show (1); Aftermath Board.

Clayton stepped off the train from Meriden just twenty rods below the station so he could get a good start in the big city. So he came in with a rush and has been in high speed ever since. His surplus energy and willingness for work made him an exceptionally good rookie, so he married the name "Rookie," and hasn't been to Reno since.

Without any doubt "Rook" is the original speed artist in any task he has given to him but his real *forte* was not discovered until he struck Electric Laboratory. Since then the Department has hired an extra man to run around and close circuit breakers, when "Rook" takes Lab. We are glad to announce at this time, however, that he has solved that problem himself by means of a special clamping device that is guaranteed to hold closed the most obstinate circuit breaker.

Socially speaking, Clayton Roberts is "some" boy. For references in this regard inquire of Wellesley, Smith, etc., etc. Conversation was never known to wane in his company, and sometimes we are almost inclined to believe that he enjoys telling of his experiences and laughing at jokes (especially his own.) Speaking of laughing, why "Clayt" would be a fat man if he didn't laugh so much and wiggle his off foot when "narrating." But the world likes a jolly man and "Rook" is always welcome with his good humor and omnipresent smile. We apologize for the absence of that grin in the snap shot, but we simply had to show "le grand mustachio."



Always ready to do more than his share of work or fix up any quarrel, "Clayt" will long be remembered as one of the boys by his numerous friends, and the fellow who beats him to any thing he wants will "sure have to go some."



SIH-ZUNG YANG.

T B II Electric.

Born, January 9, 1894, Shanghai, China.
Prep., Nanyang Middle School (Shanghai)
Class Sergeant-at-Arms 4, (1)
Cosmopolitan Club.

Yang Sih-Zung (as it is said in regular Chinese style) graced our class with his membership at the beginning of the Sophomore year. And a most distinctive member has he been. Coming to this country in 1910, Yang first took up his abode at Columbia, in New York City. He outgrew that institution by the end of his Freshman year, and migrated still further east to Worcester Tech, to take up a more strictly engineering course. Considering that he stood highest among the four or five hundred Chinese fellows who took the government exams with him in the summer of 1910, in competition for a scholarship for an American education, it is not surprising that he is among the honor students of our class.

Yang—the word is pronounced half way between "Young" and the way it is spelled—has an unassuming, but extra attractive personality. He is one of the star abstracters in the electric division, and can hold the complete attention of the class while abstracting an article that is dryer than a Unitarian sermon.

Yang has an eye for art, and perhaps that is why he has taken in so many of the classic dances at the Worcester theatre. His artistic ability extends even further, however, for he is an adept at photography, and has even dabbled in color photography, with considerable success.

After his return from Kansas City, where he represented the Institute at the Student Volunteer Convention in Dec., 1913, Yang tickled thousands of Worcester church people by his concise five-minute sermons on foreign missions, given at some church every Sunday morning, noon and night. Preacher, Photographer, Statesman, Orator, as well as Engineer. Yang Sih-Zung has been a credit to Tech, and will surely be a recognized authority when he returns to his native shores.

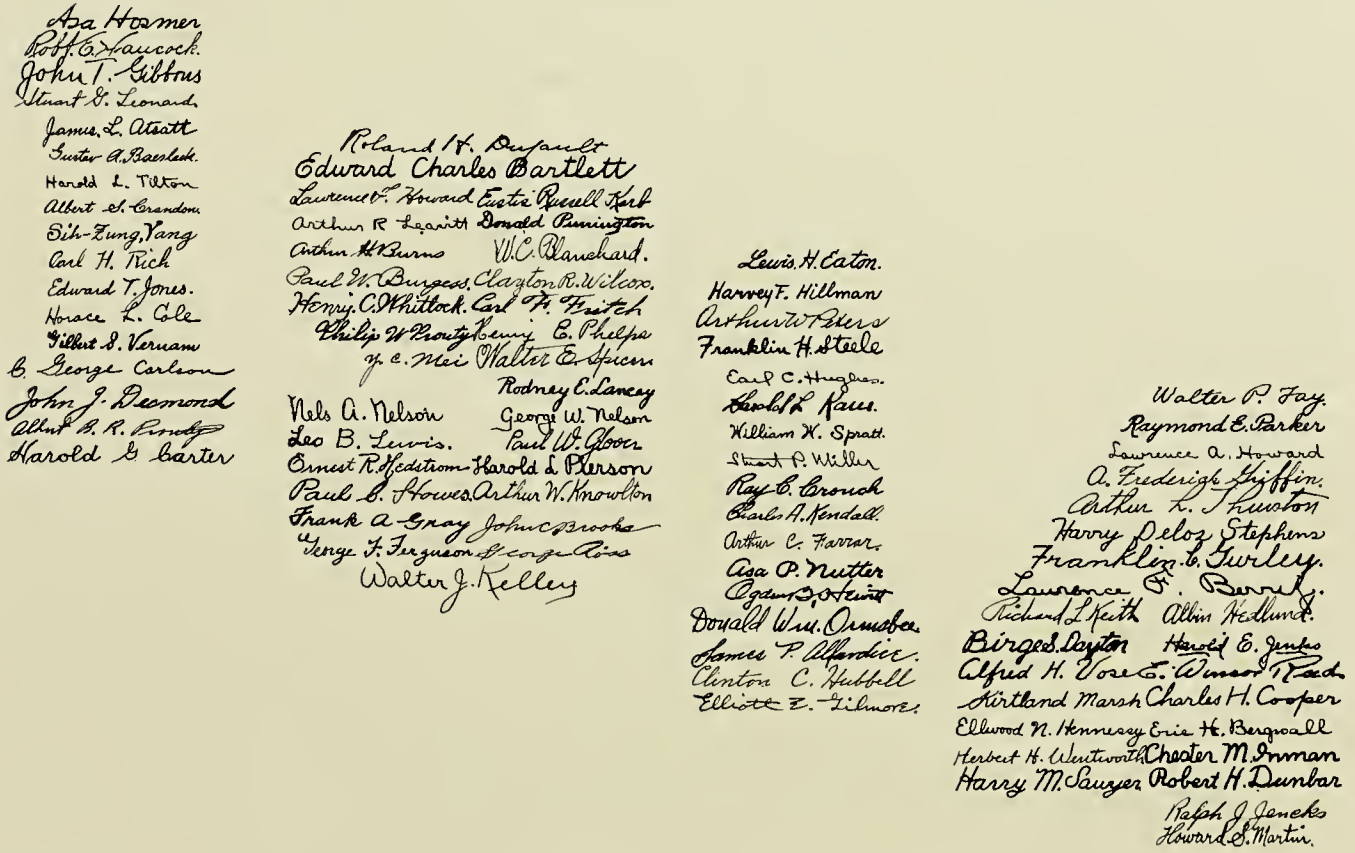




In Memoriam

RALPH HENRY BELLOWS

BORN JULY 2, 1892
DIED JULY 11, 1911


Asa Hosmer
Roff C. Hancock
John T. Gibbons
Stuart S. Leonard
James L. Atsatt
Gustav A. Baenteh
Harold L. Tilton
Albert S. Crandon
Sih-Tung Yang
Carl H. Rich
Edward T. Jones
Horace L. Cole
Gilbert S. Vernam
C. George Carlson
John J. Desmond
Albert B. R. Purdy
Harold G. Carter
Roland H. Dupault
Edward Charles Bartlett
Lawrence C. Howard
Eustis Russell Kirk
Arthur R. Leavitt
Donald Pennington
Arthur H. Burns
W. C. Blanchard
Paul W. Burgess
Clayton R. Wilcox
Henry C. Whitlock
Carl H. Faith
Philip W. Crosby
Henry E. Phelps
J. C. Mei
Walter E. Spicer
Rodney C. Lancey
Nels A. Nelson
George W. Nelson
Leo B. Lewis
Paul W. Glover
Ernest R. Hedstrom
Harold L. Pierson
Paul S. Howes
Arthur W. Knowlton
Frank A. Gray
John C. Brooks
George F. Ferguson
George Ross
Walter J. Kelley
Lewis H. Caton
Harvey F. Hillman
Arthur W. Peters
Franklin H. Steele
Carl C. Hughes
Harold L. Kaus
William H. Spratt
Stuart P. Miller
Ray C. Crouch
Charles A. Kendall
Arthur C. Farrar
Asa P. Nutter
Agnew B. Stewart
Donald Wm. Ormsbee
James P. Allardice
Clinton C. Hubbell
Elliott E. Gilmore
Walter P. Fay
Raymond E. Parker
Lawrence A. Howard
A. Frederick Griffin
Arthur L. Thurston
Harry Peloz Stephens
Franklin C. Gurley
Lawrence E. Berry
Richard L. Keith
Albin Hedlund
Birges S. Dayton
Harold E. Jones
Alfred H. Voss
Elmer Reed
Kirtland Marsh
Charles H. Cooper
Ellwood N. Hennessy
Eric H. Bergvall
Herbert H. Wentworth
Chester M. Inman
Harry M. Sawyer
Robert H. Dunbar
Ralph J. Jeneks
Howard S. Martin



Class of 1915



The Class of 1915

We have successfully passed through those childish stages of the Freshman and Sophomore years, and although somewhat depleted in number, we are coming to the close of our Junior year with that "fine dignity" so characteristic of work well done. "Seniorship now looms up before us and, although the gulf that separates has no real charms, we trust that through the grace of old "King Final" and the "Powers-that-be," we may be allowed the privilege of entering those noble ranks next September.

This class might well be termed, "The Livest Class on the Hill," for in all the Tech activities, whether it be athletic, social, musical, religious, literary, dramatic, or what not, you will find our representatives "close seconds" if not the leaders. As the chronicles of our Freshman and Sophomore years have already gone down in the "Archives" of Tech, it is only of this past year that I will relate.

The first semester started off with the election of Barnes, Adams, Roy and "Bob" Russel as Class officers. Soon after this, Gleason, Haselton and "Nitch" Warren were elected to engineer the Freshman-Sophomore Rope-pull, which they did with fine success.

The football season opened with Howard Barnes as captain, but early in the Fall he had the misfortune to injure his knee, making it necessary for him to withdraw from the "Gridiron," and "Buck" Kelley, previously of this class, acted as captain during the rest of the season. Our class was well represented on the squad, several of our men receiving their "W," and "Nitch" Warren, manager of the team and one of Tech's most loyal boosters of athletics, deserves much credit.

The Half-Way-Thru Banquet, which was held Saturday evening, November

22, at the Sterling Inn, was a grand success and before the evening was over, it was discovered that several members of the class possessed, in a marked degree, qualities that closely resembled those of "Dan" Webster. Ah! but one monent,—lest my meaning be misconstrued, let it be known that this was no "Bacchanalian Fest." "Nitch Warren was the Toastmaster of the evening and "Prof" Jernburg will be tying bow-line knots with cast-iron eyebrows for a pastime long before any of those present will have forgotten it.

The newly organized Rifle Club and the various musical clubs have been well aware of our presence on the Hill, Davidson being treasurer of the former and "Bones" Whiting, manager of the Mandolin Club. "Bob" Russell, acting in the capacity of President of the Y. M. C. A., and chairman of the committee in charge of the Tech Mixers, won sizable quantities of fame, and it was only by a close margin that he missed instituting "Tango-teas" at Tech.

In track we were equally well represented, one of the most notable of these "Celeb's" being "Blondy Gerald, who, after winning all three cross-countries on the Hill, went down to Fitton Field and won the Holy Cross-Tech Cross-country, thus evening up for the defeat in football. Our relay team was strong as usual and made a fine try for the Class of 1890 cup, losing only by inches to the Sophomore team.

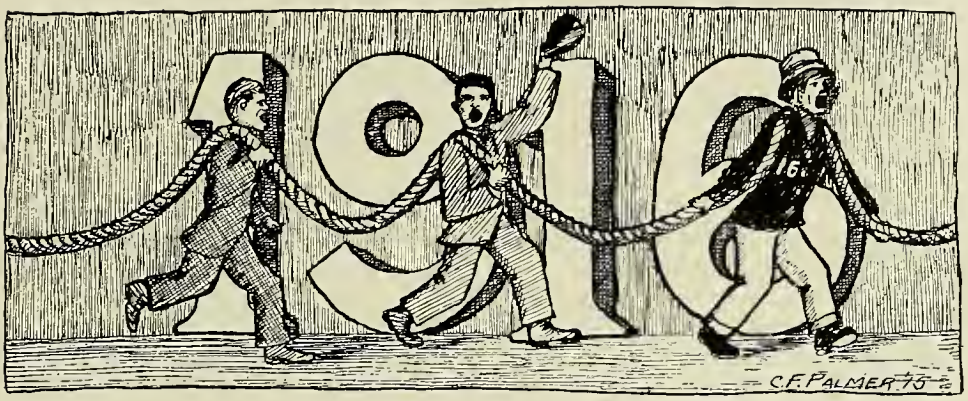
At the first meeting of the second semester, the reins of leadership were handed over to "Bob" Russell, Barnes, "Jig" Bond and Hapgood, and in spite of the fact that "Jimmy" Miller seconded his own nomination for Vice-President, the class meetings have acquired a parliamentary dignity that would make Blackstone smile with pride.

Neither is our class wanting from a literary or dramatic standpoint, two of the offices on the Journal and five on the News being held by members of the 1915 Class. The Tech Show this year, which ranks second to none with those of previous years, is the work of Windsor Reed Davis, and many ot the cast and also of the officials were 1915 men.

Due to lack of space much of importance has been omitted, but it is with this fine record to leave behind us that we seek admission to the rank of "Seniorship."



Class of 1916



The Class of 1916

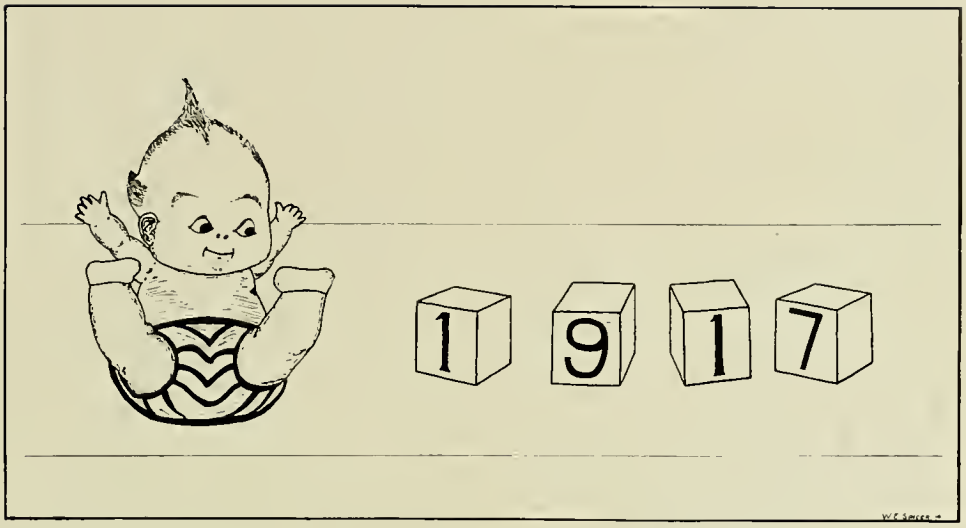
The class of 1916 entered the Institute, as do all other classes, ignorant of the ways and customs of Tech. These were soon learned, however, and the class proceeded to lower the colors of the Sophomores in the cross-country runs and the rope-pull, but were vanquished in the football game. The Freshman caps were then put aside with apparent joy, but in reality somewhat reluctantly on account of the many acquaintance made by means of them. In the spring the Freshman banquet was held and was well attended.

The ranks were thinned but little in June 1913, and a very large percentage of the class returned to resume work in September. Rules were made for the incoming Freshmen and they were obliged to obey them, as do all Freshmen entering the Institute. 1916 showed its originality by furnishing hats instead of caps to the incoming class. It also was the first class to have the honor of pulling a Freshman class through the Pond. In the football game 1916 was also victorious, but in the cross-countries were beaten by a small margin by 1917.

The midyear examinations were put aside with average success, the class losing but few men. After having advanced nearly two years in the course at the Institute, the Sophomore class hopes to continue in its present standing and gain new laurels in the future.



Class of 1917



The Class of 1917

It is for the purpose of impressing on the minds of those who have never heard of us the fact that there exists such a body as the Class of 1917 that this article is dedicated.

A first look at the crowd of unsophisticated Freshmen who gathered in Boynton Hall to register on September 16 would have almost tempted one to laugh, for such an ungainly gathering of beings one could hardly imagine. But under the careful supervision and advice so gratefully handed out to us by the "wise and learned" Sophs we have at last begun to assume a more dignified and worldly bearing. Subsequent training under the watchful direction and correction of various members of the Faculty has laid bare to us the fact that there yet remain things for us to learn. During this gradual evolution and development, some rather startling events have taken place and some good "material" has been brought to view.

The first brilliant social event of the year was the Freshman Reception at President Hollis's house, one which will long be remembered for the good time it afforded. But the first real "event" of the year was the Freshman-Sophomore rope-pull. Previous to this year, it was the Sophs who needed the bath, but this year the Freshmen decided to have a little variation. However, we shall have to admit that the Sophs had a fairly good team and although they may have needed the bath more than we did, we let them off easy.

But they were not so lucky in our next encounter in the cross-country runs. Here our individual stars had a chance to shine and two victories decided the event in our favor. Our hopes began to rise. Perhaps we would not have to wear our brilliantly colored head-piece till "mid-years," and so everybody concentrated their efforts to bring forth a football team worthy of note.

At last the much-longed-for event arrived. Comparing the teams as they lined up before the game, the "wise ones" predicted a 70-0 game for the Sophs. Surely they had the material, with the majority of their men varsity stars, while the Freshies could boast of only one varsity man. But here is where the result of the ducking became apparent—the Freshmen held the Sophomores to a 12-0 vistory!

This second defeat did not dampen our ardor and we again went after things as before. Track was the next sport to demand attention and here again some of the Freshman "material" was brought to view. Three Freshmen made the varsity relay team and were point winners in the indoor meet at the Armory. In the inter-class relays, the Freshmen were again rather unfortunate in having one of their men stumble, losing the race to the Sophs again.

We have two crack shots on the Rifle team, a new addition to the Institute this year, and if the latent ability in the class is brought to light, we shall probably be well represented in baseball.

The Freshmen Banquet is scheduled to take place on the 9th of April at Putnam & Thurston's. With "Pa" Adams as toastmaster and President Hollis as one of the principal guests, everything bids fair to make it one of the best Freshmen Banquets yet.

But whatever individual honor these achievements may bring to the Class, there lurks behind it all a feeling of loyalty to Tech which we hope will ever continue to increase and reflect fame on her noble name.





W. P. I. Athletic Field, August 11, 1913



W. P. I. Athletic Field, May 26, 1913

Alumni Field Developments

During our Senior year it has been our privilege to see more changes made in the topography of Tech Hill environments than any other graduating class.

The digging, by the Alumni Secretary, into the pockets of the alumni has resulted in the digging out of part of Tech Hill, and what has been the dream of students for the past twenty-five years for an athletic field has become a realized fact.

On Commencement Day, June 12, 1913, the Alumni Secretary, at the dinner, announced that the total pledged had reached the $200,000 mark, this being made possible by the generous gifts of several alumni.

Immediately after Commencement the actual construction work was commenced by Varnum P. Curtis, '01, the contractor. The changes that have taken place, along Park Avenue during the year are hard to realize, until one has actually visited the place.

The low swampy land next to Park Avenue has been drained and filled, by cutting into the hillside making a splendid football field within a quarter mile track, and in addition a baseball field north of the track. When finished, there will be no finer field in New England, and by proper fencing, and the planting of trees and shrubs, it will become a beauty spot of nature. An ornamental iron fence is to be erected on Park Avenue and Institute Road, back of which will be a Japanese privet hedge which, when full grown, will serve for a screen.

The Class of 1913 have provided for one set of gates on Park Avenue entrance. The accompanying pictures show the progress of the work during construction.



W. P. I. Athletic Field, December 1, 1913

THE AFTERMATH, CLASS OF 1914

Through the liberality of alumni the Miller property at the corner of Park Avenue and Institute Road has been purchased, and will in time be given to the Institute by the Class of 1887.

Mr. Harry Worcester Smith of that class has already given money for the entrance gates, so that by next Commencement there will undoubtedly be a beautiful approach to Alumni Field from the southwest.

While it will not be our privilege to see the gymnasium erected, we are glad to think that it probably will be erected this coming year.

The Executive Committee of the General Alumni Association, after looking over the various graduates who were connected with firms of architects, selected with the approval of the Trustees, the firm of Hewitt and Brown of Minneapolis, Minn., as architects, Mr. Brown being a W. P. I. '98 man.

The design cannot here be shown, but from preliminary sketches made, it will be in keeping with the more modern gymnasiums, containing swimming pool, rifle ranges, bowling alleys, ample locker rooms for student and varsity teams, together with a general gymnasium room, and rooms for special work.

With the field and gymnasium as the generous gift of the alumni, we almost wish that we could return and enjoy these privileges which cannot but be, when rightly used, a great boon to Tech activities in all athletic lines.



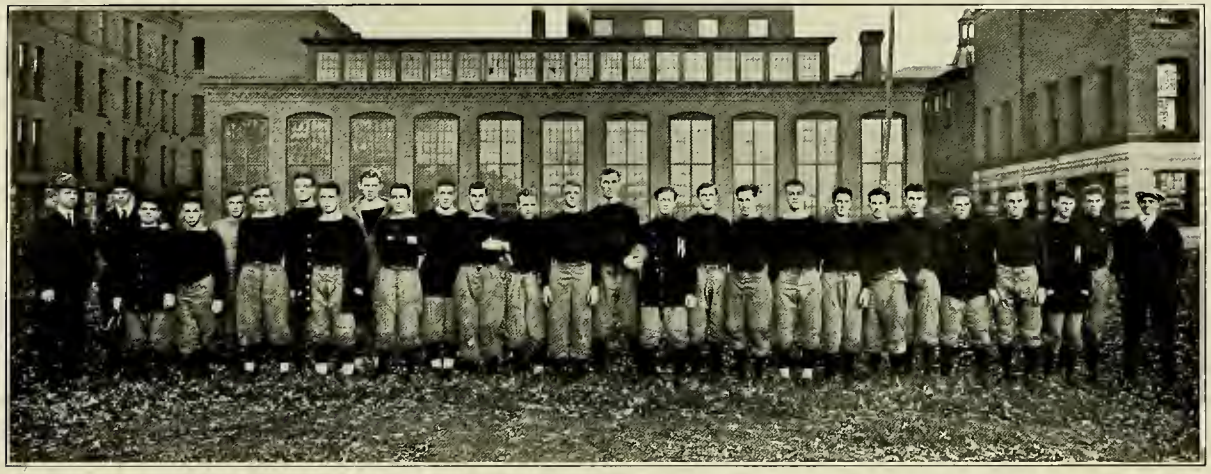
Tech Athletics

The light of a new day is about to dawn on athletic activities on Tech Hill. With the grass already springing up on our new athletic field and plans being drawn for the new gym, our dreams of the past are about to be realized. At the same time there has developed in the last year a heartier co-operation between the Faculty and students. The interest of the Faculty has been shown in the arrangement of a new schedule which allows more time for practice and gives better conditions for out-of-town games. It is now up to the students to continue and extend the good work they have done during the past year by backing the teams with personal attendance at games and financial support.

But to insure financial support why not add the athletic assessment to the tuition and give the students tickets to home games? This would do away with all confusion and uncertainty in the collection of athletic dues and insure attendance at home games. Moreover, the athletic association would know at the beginning of the season just what it had to do with and could arrange the schedule accordingly.

With new facilities, with the deeper interest on the part of the Faculty, and the growing Tech spirit among the students, there is no reason why Worcester Tech should not compete with any college in its class and compete successfully.





The Football Squad

Football



CAPT. KELLEY

Looking back upon the past football season, one sees very dubious scores, indeed. The team was defeated in every game and the only real excuse we have is that Dame Fortune failed to smile on us even for a brief moment.

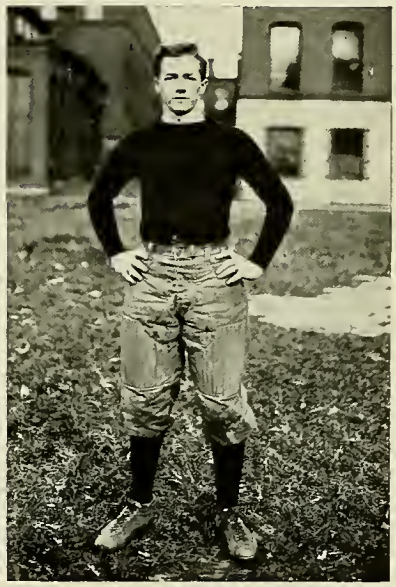
The men came back before school opened and everything looked bright. Although one could see at a glance that we had changed from one of the heaviest college teams to one of the lightest, we had enough varsity men left to make a good, smooth running team.

The team journeyed to Springfield first, with high hopes. We outplayed the training school men from the first whistle and in five minutes Stone carried the ball over on a fumble, for a touchdown. Camp booted the ball between the uprights for the first score of the season. The highest point in our course of success had been reached, as on the next play Captain Barnes was so injured that he never was able to play again the entire season. To follow this up Higbee and Lewis, old varsity men, the former Barnes's running mate in the backfield and the latter a fast, hard-tackling end, were injured so that their 1913 football careers were over. The rest of the season was played with a patched-up team. Trinity administered a bad beating the following Saturday. On account of one of the Norwich men being killed, they cancelled their schedule so we were forced to lie idle the next week. New Hampshire State and Boston College were next during the following two weeks and Tech was outplayed in both games.

On finding that Barnes would be unable to play again, Kelley, the scrappy little 125-pound quarter-back was elected captain. The Amherst game, during the first and last quarters, showed Tech at its best, but the other two quarters were bad enough to let Amherst run up a large score.

The next week, we lost a purely hard luck game, and it was the hardest one to lose of the year. For four long quarters Tech outplayed, outclassed and outgeneraled Rensselaer on a field of mud and slime. Four times some Tech man was loose and in a position to score only to slip in a six-inch puddle of mud. With twenty seconds left, the ball in Tech's possession in midfield, it certainly looked like a tie game. Kane attempted to punt, it was blocked and under cover of darkness a Rensselaer man slipped across our goal. Holy Cross, the following week showed superior training in every department and with but a flash here and there of excellent playing, Tech fell before its old rival.

Tom Coyne has been elected captain for next year and, losing but two men by graduation, we expect to see a great improvement in the season of 1914.



CAPT. BARNES

"W" Men in Football

H. F. BANAN
W. J. BECKER, Jr.
H. H. CAMP
T. A. COYNE
J. J. DESMOND
J. W. GLEASON
H. L. KANE
L. M. KELLEY, Jr.
F. S. STALLKNECHT
E. J. WARREN
E. J. WIEDERMANN





1914 Track Team

Track Team

R. L. Keith, Captain

W. H. Pike, Manager



The first day of 1914 saw a goodly number of candidates out for the first Relay Team practice. "Charlie" was on hand, although it looked until well along toward the end of the season as if we would not be able to pay him for his valuable services. There were more men than ever out for the class and varsity teams this year and they were mostly under-classmen, which fact looks good for next year's team. The first race was down in Boston, where Tech raced Wesleyan on January 24th at the Coast Guard's meet. There was plenty of material to pick from and very little time for the coach to size the men up, so that it was only after difficulty that Reed, Warren, Moulton, and Keith were sent down to run in that order. It was Reed's first relay race, but at the crack of the pistol he was off like a flash and took the first corner and handed over a lead to Warren which had only to be increased a bit for a decisive victory for Tech.

At the Irish-American games in Boston on January 31st, W. P. I. raced Boston College. Captain Keith was ill at the time so that Reed, Warren, Moulton and Russell were our representatives. Everything went smoothly, with Tech in the lead by 20 yards until our third man fell down on a corner, thus causing a loss which could not be overcome and B. C. won by a few yards.

The following week at the B. A. A. games in Boston, Tech defeated "Amherst Aggie" and Boston College in a triangular 390 yards race, which left no duobt in the minds of the spectators as to which was the best team. Boston College was beaten by many yards and the Aggies by still more, so that Reed, Warren, Russell, and Keith brought home some more cups.

In the meantime those men who hadn't made the varsity team were steadily training for the class teams. All classes were well represented every afternoon at practice and plenty of enthusiasm was evident in the preparation for the fight for the Class of '87 trophy.



Relay Team

On February 20th, Francis, Powers, Russell and Keith put up a good fight against a half-mile relay team of Trinity's down in Hartford Armory, and lost by a bare three yards. At Providence the following night the varsity team had the best race of the season against the Harvard 1917 team at a 320-yard distance. The Harvard Freshmen had been cleaning things up all season and looked for an easy victory with Worcester, which looked very probable when their time of three minutes and nine seconds was compared to ours of three minutes and fourteen seconds for 3390 yards at the B. A. A. games. Reed, Warren, Keith and Quimby set out to win this race, however, and it didn't take long for Win Reed to show that he had something on the first Harvard man. Win handed over a lead to Warren and Warren sped like a deer around the best indoor track in New England, handing to Keith a lead of fifteen yards. Keith passed 25 yards to Quimby, our freshman representative, and then the fun began, for he was pitted against Teschner, Harvard's fourth man, who was picked as one of the three best indoor runners of the season by many coaches and newspapermen. Quimby was running the first big race of his life and flew over the ground, but the experience and ability of Teschner showed itself as gradually he pulled up on Quimby until at the tape they both went across the line within a few inches of each other, Teschner staggering into the arms of his supporters. The race was finally given to Harvard after a five minutes debate by the judges. There never was a clearer case to call a tie, at least, and the audience around the finish line who could see the finish well were all with us as they showed by their expressive, but not polite way of receiving the judges' decision. It surely was "some" race; a better fight was never put up by any one than was exhibited by our boys that night, and they showed their ability to be good losers at the same time.

The class relays next took our attention and after many postponements the day arrived and the sides of the track were well lined with enthusiasts.

The Junior team beat the Seniors badly, as was expected, but, the Sophomores, who were doped to be the losers came across with the first surprise of the series by defeating the Freshman team. On the day for the finals the Sophs sprung their second surprise when contrary to all the laws of "least squares" and probability, they trimmed the Juniors in a well fought battle over the 330 yards of board track, thereby capturing the class of '87 trophy. Cleveland, Royal, Chandler and Moulton were the boys who turned the trick for 1916.

The last indoor varsity race of the season was with Holy Cross at the Armory meet here in town. Holy Cross evened up for her defeat last year by Tech by coming in ahead of us this year for a clean cut victory.

More men were out for the varsity team this year than ever before, the men took six trips instead of the usual two or three, and on account of the competition it was

necessary to shift the line-up of the varsity nearly every race so that a place could be made for a man who had proved himself the better man for the place.

Due to the generosity of the Dramatic Club in furnishing the money, it was possible again this year to send our relay team down to the University of Pennsylvania Relay Games at Philadelphia. This meeting of track athletes is about the best known of any throughout the United States, and the colleges from California, Virginia and Oxford (England), came all the way to join colleges not so far away in competing for the honors. The Tech boys this year had for their opponents in the relay race: Washington and Jefferson, Dickinson, Lehigh, Rutgers and Ohio Wesleyan—and all of them except the last college we have never competed against. Tech drew the pole and Win Reed started for us. He handed the baton over to "Nitch" Warren fully five yards clear of the second competition. "Nitch" just naturally opened up our lead to 15 yards, "Bob" Russell furthered the good work by making it a 20 yard lead, so that "Dick" Keith, running anchor for us, finished a good 30 yards to the good and four happy youths stalked up to the prize headquarters to claim a silk banner for Worcester Tech and incidentally four gold watches. The time was 3 minutes 36 seconds. Over 17,000 people filled all the stands watching the races.

The first outdoor meet of the season was upon us almost before we realized it. Only two weeks were available for try outs and practice before the team started sixteen strong for Troy, N. Y., where we defeated the Rensselaer Polytechnic boys 74 1-2 to 51 1-2, outclassing them in both the field and the track events. The track was still soft from the spring rains so that no fast times were made except in the 100-yard dash. Warren, Reed and Stowe were the largest point winners, while Bob Chandler, Tom Farnsworth, and Francis won their "W's" for the first time. Reed won the 220-yard dash after a good fight, was a close second in the 100-yard dash, and a tie for second in the broad jump. Stowe won the shot put and hammer throw. Warren took the 440-yards. Francis took the two-mile, Burgess the high jump, Chandler the discus throw, Coneen the pole vault, Tom Farnsworth the high hurdles and second in the 220-yard hurdles, Powers second in the 880 yards, Keith second in the one-mile and two-mile, and besides this we picked up our share of third places.

At the present the only other meets scheduled are the class meet, and the triangular meet with Colby and Holy Cross. It is doubtful if the latter meet will take place, but Tech should make a good showing if it does.

More men should be out for the Track Team and put good consistent training into it so that next year the coach will have more material to work with. We want a team that will start things off in the new field next year with a victory for Tech.

"W" Men of the Track Team

R. L. Keith, Capt.
E. W. Reed
E. T. Warren
R. H. Russell
J. W. Moulton
W. H. Pike, Mgr.
I. L. Stowe
J. H. Conneen
C. H. Burgess
R. K. Chandler
T. W. Farnsworth
A. W. Francis

W. P. I. Records

EVENT	RECORD	HOLDER	YEAR	DATE
100-yards dash	10 1-5 s.	H. L. Dadmun	'91	1891
		S. A. Davis	'08	1908
220-yards dash	23 1-5 s.	H. L. Dadmun	'91	1891
440-yards run	51 s.	H. L. Dadmun	'91	1891
880-yards run	1 m. 59 1-5 s.	H. L. Dadmun	'91	1891
1-mile run	4 m. 24 2-5 s.	R. L. Keith	'14	1911
2-mile run	9 m. 57 s.	J. W. Armour	'13	1913
120-yards hurdles	16 1-5 s.	O. W. Lundgren	'97	1895
220-yards hurdles	27 1-5 s.	J. W. Cunningham	'12	1912
Shot put	43 ft. 3 3-4 in.	C. C. Clough	'14	1913
Pole vault	10 ft. 7 in.	C. E. Barney	'10	1908
High jump	5 ft. 7 1-2 in.	L. W. Stanton	'03	1903
		H. F. Taylor	'12	1911
Hammer throw	133 ft. 8 in.	J. D. Power	'13	1912
Broad jump	21 ft. 9 in.	C. A. G. Pease	'10	1908
Discus throw	111 ft. 6 in.	C. C. Clough	'13	1911





1914 Baseball Team

Baseball



CAPT. ROSS

"Play Ball!" These words once more resound on the Hill. They are words that bring joy to the loyal Tech fans, who have been anxiously waiting since school began in September. It was no mere rumor, but an entire possibility that Tech would not be represented on the diamond this year. Until March there was more or less doubt concerning the advisability of continuing this branch of athletics at the Institute. Then, however, at a joint meeting of the council and athletic directors an organized movement was started that put baseball on a working foundation.

On that foundation a schedule of nine games was decided upon. Francis McKeon was re-engaged as coach for a second season. Through the courtesy of the Worcester Trade School their gym was secured for preliminary battery practice and several promising candidates responded to a call. After the Spring recess a large squad reported on Alumni Field to Coach McKeon and Captain Ross. Seven of last year's veterans were back,—Captain Ross, Lancey, Kelley, Gardner, Atkinson, Stone and Glover. These, with a wealth of new material, assured a very promising team.

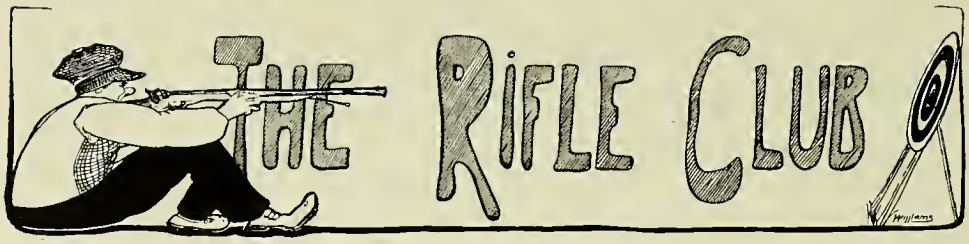
At the present writing only one game of the schedule has been played, but it has been credited as a victory for Tech. On April 11, as a result of team-work and efficient coaching, W. P. I. won from Lowell Textile by a score of 15 to 9. This is a very good start and prospects all indicate a very successful season. The remainder of the schedule, yet to be carried out, is:

April 18.—Norwich University at Northfield.
April 22.—Worcester Academy at Worcester.
April 25.—Stevens Institute at Hoboken.
May 2.—N. H. State College at Durham.
May 6.—Trinity College at Hartford.
May 13.—Boston College at Boston.
May 16.—Norwich University at Worcester.
May 23.—Rensselaer Tech at Troy.





Rifle Team



Officers

Treasurer—Graham N. Davidson, '15
Secretary and Team Captain—Clinton S. Darling, '17.
President—Carl F. Fritch, '14.

Team

L. R. Hathaway, '16.
S. G. Leonard, '14.
W. B. Anthony, '16.
H. F. Banan, '16.
M. M. Smith, '15.
H. R. Parmelee, '17.
E. L. Bragdon, '16.
G. N. Davidson, '15.
C. F. Fritch, '14.
Capt. C. S. Darling, '17.

A new organization has entered into the life on the Hill, and in a surprisingly short time has become one of Tech's recognized activities. In fact, the rifle club seems to be more firmly rooted here than many an older institution.

Last fall a few students interested in rifle shooting talked over the possibilities of starting a club. The prospects looked decidedly small; but, determined to do their best, an organization was formed with thirty-six charter members. The club affiliated itself immediately with the National Rifle Association of America, and entered an indoor team in the Intercollegiate Championship Series.

There was, however, no available range for shooting, and the club officers were unsuccessful in their attempt to secure one. After considerable persuasion, the school authorities permitted the construction of a range in Boynton Hall basement. The men "got busy." With club money, club labor, and club brains, a two-point, fifty-foot

range was designed and built and equipped. While the conditions were far from ideal, this home-made range has served to furnish a place for the club's eighty-nine members to recreate themselves during a spare hour or free afternoon.

The team is the most important part of the organization so far as spreading the school's name is concerned. This comprises the ten best shots of the club, the personnel varying somewhat during the season. Practically all the men who made the team were new to rifle shooting; yet they developed into practically the best team of Class C in the intercollegiate league. Of the nine scheduled matches, six were victories, three defeats. and in a post-season match a local infantry company was defeated on its own range by a large score. Prospects for next year point to a winning team, particularly if the movement to award letters to the team members is carried through.

THE SCHEDULE.

W. P. I.	893	Oregon Agricultural College	891
W. P. I.	889	University of Pennsylvania	916
W. P. I.	904	University of Missouri	884
W. P. I.	902	Kansas Agricultural College	910
W. P. I.	913	University of Arizona	839
W. P. I.	921	Louisiana State University	869
W. P. I.	927	University of Illinois	940
W. P. I.	917	Penn State College	Forfeit
W. P. I.	939	Notre Dame University	932
Total -	8,205		7,181



Tech Council

The Tech Council

IRA N. HOLLIS, (ex-officio) President of the Institute.
GEORGE H. HAYNES, Faculty Member.
ANCEL ST. JOHN, Faculty Member, (Council Secretary).
RICHARD L. KEITH, Senior-at-Large, (Council President).
ALBERT S. CRANDON, President 1914.
ROLAND H. DUFAULT, Senior-at-Large.
CHARLES B. HURD, Junior-at-Large.
ROBERT H. RUSSELL, President 1915.
CEDRIC A. STONE, President 1916, (Council Treasurer).
THORTON R. STENBERG, President 1917.

To the class of 1913 belongs the credit of having taken the first steps toward the formation of the Tech Council. It was a committee largely made up of members of that class that drew up a constitution for a Tech Senate in the Spring of 1913. The fundamental consideration underlying its every clause was the representation of *activities*. As a result, the list of representatives was necessarily long, and no satisfactory line could be drawn between activities deserving, and those not deserving a voice in the Senate. On these grounds, the constitution was not ratified when submitted to the class of 1914. But this class immediately shouldered the responsibility which its action had brought upon it, and early in the Senior year set to work on the construction of a Council, this time with a view to representation of men and their opinions, as distinct from activities and their interests.

Membership in the Council was to be as follows: The President of the Institute (ex-officio), two members from the Faculty, two Seniors-at-large, one Junior-at-large, and the Presidents of the four classes. This constitution was promptly ratified by all classes, and the representatives elected.

The first question with which the Council had to cope was the important one of Athletics. It was decided that Football and Baseball should be maintained through the coming seasons, and by a vigorous campaign for funds, the Council succeeded in collecting far more of the Athletic dues than has been collected in recent years.

Many pertinent questions, more or less important, will be threshed out by this deliberative body. As a link between the various activities, as a meeting-ground for students and Faculty, and as a focus for all things connected with Tech, it is certain that the Council will promote a wholesome Tech spirit and become a permanent and important factor in the life at the Institute.

The 'Orrors of Organic

Or Preparing Preparations

With the Aid of Hughies' Helping Hand

A Breezy Burlesque by B. Bunsen Burner. Music by Heisa Nutt.
Scene—Organic Laboratory.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

The Man Higher Up Walter Lovesa Genius.
A. Guff Giver Tom Johnus Ribbons.
Stockroom Strong Frankly Hedont Squeal.

(NOTE.—In translating from the English manuscript the plot was lost and detectives were immediately put upon its trail. It has been discovered in a nearby cemetery and is now being dug up for the author. Needless to say it is a dirty one.)

Opening Chorus.—(Senior Chemists, led by quartet of Kell, Howie, Mike and Gibb). "There's a flea on the back of Mary's Lamb."

(At crescendo in second verse T. M. H. U. quietly opens the door and steps softly up behind "Guff").

T. M. H. U.—(To "Guff") "Er——Ah, what is this in this here flask of yourn?"

(The throbbing melody ends with marked diminuendo).

Guff—I dunno.

T. M. H. U.—Why, it's ether.

Guff—'Tain't either.

T. M. H. U.—Well, what did you put in it?

Guff—Nothin'; that ain't my flask.

T. M. H. U.—(assumes role of detective) Yes, yes, I got you Steph, that is a saturated solution of lineoleum and you have a flame in close proximity to it.

Guff—I know it, I put it there myself, tra la la.

Chorus—He put it there himself, tra la la.

T. M. H. U.—Has not the realization permeated your noble bean that this mess is not only inflammable but combustible and for that reason all bunsen burners, blast

lamps, blow pipes, Meker or Teclu burners, matches and bonfires should be removed to a remote distance therefrom?

Guff—Aw, cut it out, there is about as much chance of that stuff catching fire as there is of you loosening up on that air tight, fire-proof, anhydrous, double-jointed, back-action stock room system of yours.

T. M. H. U.—Shut your face, you create a draft which endangers that line of fuzz which, blighted in its youth, can never become a good coffee strainer. I don't like it and I am going to screw you this month anyway.

Guff—Go as far as you like, the roof is the limit and this is a dam high building.

T. M. H. U.—Well, we will let it go at that, I've got to go and bawl out "Stockroom" now. Mr. Strong what are you doing?

"Stockie"—Nuttin old top, I was thinkin.

T. M. H. U.—Yes, I noticed that you were in distress.

Stockie—If you were bright enough I'd ask you a riddle which I made up over to my girl's house the other night.

T. M. H. U.—I'm as sharp as Steele, SHOOT.

Stockie—Well, if all "youse guys" in the chem. department had a feed together down at Mutt's Cafe, could you tell what Freddie Bonnet?

T. M. H. U.—Why, something Sweetser of course. That is pretty "Punk." I could only see the point with my pocket "Mike" croscope and even that had hardly "Power" enough.

Stockie—That's pretty good for an old "Duff"er, but you didn't guess the "Hull" of it. I wonder if this will "Pierce" your Ca CO3 dome? Before you get your desserts you would have had a "Stew," a "Bird" or perhaps a little (?) "Piggy."

T. M. H. U.—That's pretty "Rawson," where is your "Gray" Matter? But we have been at this "Long" enough. I've got to "Gallup" up on the platform and make the announcement which I came in here to enunciate to this bunch of friggers.

(Mounts platform) Er——Ah—Ugh, All stock room orders shall hereafter be made out in quadruplicate, one copy for the stock room, one for the general office, one for muh and the fourth shall be filed with the janitor.

(Entire Chorus) Hail To The Kink.

(Echo) —T' Hell With The Kink.

Lights are slowly dimmed to simulate the ending of the day's work in the twilight and T. M. H. U. mounts the throne (waste jar) where he is crowned with a dessicator, the entire company singing—"That Dirty Old White Coat Our Hiram Wore."

DRAMATICS



The Dramatic Association

In the last part of the year 1911 a temporary Dramatic Association was formed to take care of the first annual Tech Show. The following year saw the Association established on a firm basis. A constitution was drawn up, amended, and finally accepted. Since that time the Dramatic Association has become one of the most important of Institute activities.

The financial aid rendered by the Association to the Institute Athletic teams and school organizations is surely a proof of its financial success. It has helped nearly every organization on the Hill,and the present development of the *Tech News* is due largely to aid received from it.

The membership is limited, only the managers of the Show, and such men as have managed or been members of a Show Cast being granted full membership.

Members of the Association

1914.

W. C. Blanchard, Jr.
W. B. Brown
W. P. Fay
R. E. Hancock
H. L. Tilton
O. G. Hewitt
E. C. Hughes
W. J. Kelley
S. P. Miller
C. R. Wilcox
A. W. Peters
P. W. Prouty
H. M. Sawyer
W. E. Spicer

1915.

Frank Aiken
G. S. Atkinson
G. V. Raynsford
J. H. Roy
W. S. Jewell, Jr.
M. G. Steele
M. M. Smith

1916.

W. J. Becker, Jr.
L. M. Kelley, Jr.
G. H. Upton
C. E. Thurston

Officers of the Association

President, Winthrop B. Brown.
Secretary, Philip W. Prouty.
Vice-President, Cedric E. Thurston.
Treasurer, Myron M. Smith.



Tech Show Cast

Tech Show

The Fourth Annual Tech Show was presented in Tuckerman Hall, March 26th and 27th, and was unanimously agreed by all to be the best ever produced by the Dramatic Association.

The play was a four-act comedy entitled, "Lost—A Fortune," and was written by Winsor R. Davis, '16. Into it were interwoven many humorous episodes of college life, and the author certainly deserves the credit of writing the best Tech Play ever. The synopsis of the play is as follows:

Merry Haskell, 1914, Editor of the *Tech News*, good fellow, and richest man on the Hill, finds that he has so much money that it actually stands in the way of his marriage to pretty Dot Burton. Of course Dot has an Aunt, a mercenary old soul, who is doing all in her power to "land" Merry. For this reason Dot refuses to encourage Merry, or to aid her Aunt in making the match.

Ray Russell is Merry's roommate. His case is far from an unusual one. He loves Ruth Rockman, whose father, an old grad, is a wealthy railroad engineer. Being a fellow in very moderate circumstances, Ray realizes it is a case of making good before he can "go to father." While at Tech he has worked out a certain railroad invention, which he hopes to sell to Mr. Rockman.

The play opens in a fraternity house, on the last day of Commencement. The fellows are gathered in Merry's room, talking over the dance which is to be held that night. During the conversation a plan is suggested to straighten out Merry's love troubles. An article is to be printed in the*Tech News* stating that Merry has lost his entire fortune. Miss Walker, the Aunt, will withdraw her approval of the match, Dot will find herself no longer coerced, and can say "yes," with a clear conscience. Merry agrees to give it a try.

The plan works well at the dance, but the next morning when the paper appears, there is trouble. Joe Pitman is the trouble maker. He is Ray's rival and has a deep-seated grudge against Merry. By changing a few words in the article before it was sent to the printer, he made an entirely new meaning to it, and gets Ray and Merry into difficulties. Dot and Ruth read the paper, and show it to their guardians. All four leave in anger. Ray and Merry find the brief notes which the girls have written, but attribute them to a different cause.

The last scene is laid in the White Mountains, where Mr. Rockman is building a railroad. Several Tech students are in his employ, and Ruth has some of her girl friends visiting her at the hotel. Joe, who has stolen Ray's blueprints, has nearly succeeded in selling the invention to Mr. Rockman. Ray and Merry, who are staying at the latter's summer home, nearby, appear at the hotel, and things begin to untangle.

Throughout the play runs the rivalry of two freshmen for the favor of a fickle maiden, May B. Later by name. An absent-minded colored servant helps to complicate matters, and incidentally to straighten them out. A real English Lord again gets into the matrimonial column, and the charming(?) Miss Ann Ghora Getter seconds their best efforts to furnish the comedy of the play.

The parts were all exceedingly well taken, Deming holding first honors in carrying out the comedy of the play. Others deserving especial mention are: Wellington, Haselton, Drayton, Upton, Bird, Jewell, Jacoby, and Sessions.

Management

General Manager, Frank Aiken.
Assistant Manager, Wendell P. Morrison.
Business Manager, Myron M. Smith.
Assistant Business Manager, Harold A. Cleveland.
Advertising Manager, Cedric E. Thurston.
Assistant Advertising Manager, Leon W. Dunbar.
Stage Manager, Joseph H. Roy.
Assistant Stage Manager, Lawrence C. Jones.
Head Coach, Frederick A. Carroll.
Assistant Coach, James F. Crotty.

Musical Numbers.

Act 1.—"Money, Money, Money." { Music—A. L. Miller, '15. Words—W. R. Davis, '16.

Act 2.—"Here's to Tech." { Music—F. M. Taylor, '15. Words—L. D. Wood, '16.

"La Tango Espanol." { Music—A. L. Miller, '15. Words—W. R. Davis, '16.

Act 3.—"I'll Lend You Anything I've Got." Von Tilzer

Act 4.—"Can't You Hear the Bell, Bell Boy.' { Music—P. B. Deming, '17. Words—W. R. Davis, '16.

Scenes.

ACT ONE—Room of Ray and Merry. Nu Psi Fraternity House.
ACT TWO—Drawing Room of Nu Psi Fraternity.
ACT THREE—Same as Act Two.
ACT FOUR—Lawn in front of Deuceova House, Summit of Mt. Climit in the White Mountains.



Cast of Characters.

MERRY HASKELL—Senior and richest man on the Hill, Editor of the Tech News.....Ralph A. J. Wellington, '17.

RAY RUSSELL—His room mate, Senior, and Captain of the Baseball Team Merton L. Haselton, '15.

JOE PITMAN—Senior, Manager of Tech News, with grudge against Ray and Merry Charles O. Drayton, '15.

AB ZINT MYNDE—A useful article around the home.....Percival B. Deming.

HARRY MYERS } Freshman in Love with May { Lewis E. Jacoby, '17.
LARRY BYERS. } { Winfield S. Jewell, '15.

MR. CORNELIUS ROCKMAN—Old Grad, father of Ruth, owner of Busted and Maimed R. R. Albert Willard, '17.



DEAK WESCOTT
LES CASTLE
DON BRIDGES
PETE CLEAVES
} Members of Nu Psi {
Harry M. Sawyer, '14.
Eugene W. Densmore, '17.
Arthur L. Miller, '15.
Donald B. Maynard, '16.

FRANK MOWER—Staff of Tech News, Joe's Confederate..... Richard M. Thackeray, '16.

LORD HELPUS Arthur C. Bird, '17.

DOROTHY BURTON.....George H. Upton, '16.

CLARIBEL FOSTINA WALKER—Dot's Aunt and Guardian..... Raymond Spaulding, '16.

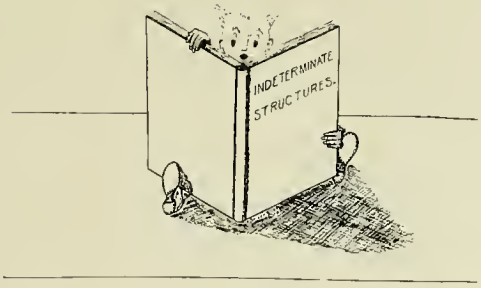
RUTH ROCKMAN—Dot's Chum.....Myron M. Smith, '15.
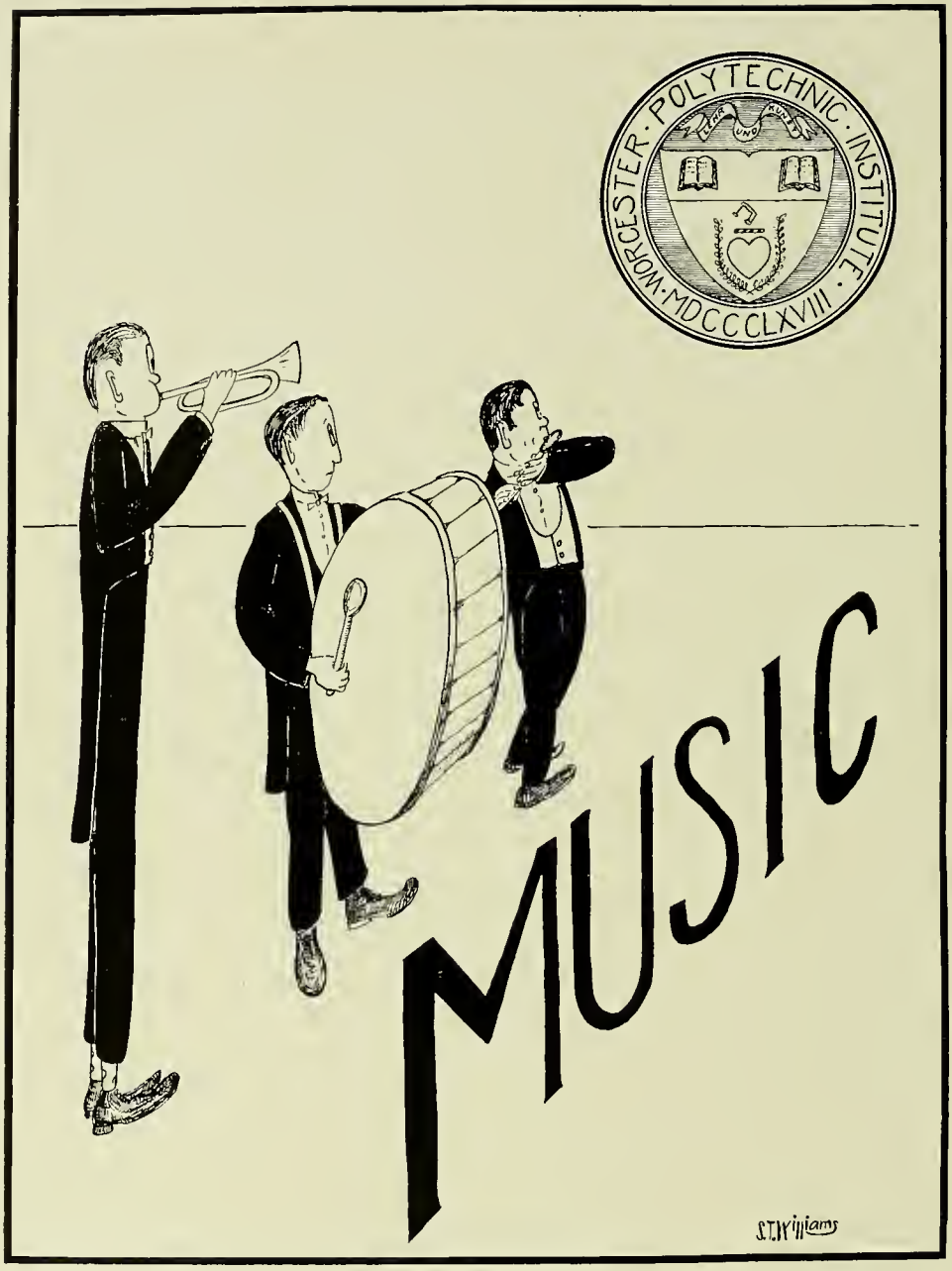
MAY B. LATER.....George V. R. Raynsford, '15.

ANN GHORA GETTER (A "fleur de mur") — Contributors to Nu Psi social life — William V. Sessions, '17.
GRACE MOORE — Contributors to Nu Psi social life — Cleon A. Perkins, '17.
GLADYS CANBY — Contributors to Nu Psi social life — David Wyman, '16.
POLICEMAN, GUEST Oliver N. Hollis, '17.
EXPRESSMAN Richard M. Thackeray, '16.

Quartette in Act 2.

First Tenor, G. W. Browne, '17. First Bass, C. Le R. Storms, '16.
Second Tenor, H. B. Trull, '16. Second Bass, L. D. Wood. '16.




WORCESTER · POLYTECHNIC · INSTITUTE ·
MDCCCLXVIII
MUSIC
S.T. Williams



Glee Club

THE AFTERMATH, CLASS OF 1914

For several years the Musical Association has enjoyed a very precarious existence at Tech, but the past year has been the best in its history. The year 1912-1913 was marked by a great improvement over the previous years and at the annual business meeting of that year changes were made that put the clubs on a firmer basis. At the opening of the present year it was thought advisable, in view of the exceptionally good material at hand, to procure the services of a professional coach. This move was undertaken with some misgivings on account of the added expense but has been justified by the success of the organization. The director obtained was the best that could be found and in Dr. A. J. Harpin as director of the Orchestra and Glee Club none were disappointed. Mr. H. B. Wood was obtained as director of the Mandolin Club and has done well. The financial condition of the Association is better than ever before and a goodly surplus will be handed over to the next year's management.

Many engagements have been secured this year, ten in all, in which one or all of the clubs have taken part. The year opened on December 18, 1913, when the combined clubs gave a joint concert and dance in the Electrical Engineering Hall and the audience were well pleased, especially those who came "with." The next appearance was at the Barrett & Snow Agency annual banquet in the State Mutual restaurant when the Glee Club and Orchestra helped to make the evening a success, January 7, 1913. Another banquet engagement was at the Bancroft Hotel when the Southern New England Textile Union gave their banquet. By this time a good reputation had been established in Worcester and the following engagements were booked. A Cabaret show given by the Women's Auxilliary of the Masons in Mechanics Hall, February 13, 1914; a joint concert at the Park Congregational Church, February 26, 1914; Orchestra music at a banquet given by the Worcester Automobile Club, March 17, 1914; the Worcester Chamber of Commerce Minstrel Show, April 14-15, 1914. Joint concerts were also given at West Boylston, January 30, 1914, and in South Framingham, May 4, 1914. Besides this many engagements have been filled by groups from the Mandolin Club, and Orchestra and by a double quartette from the Glee Club.

This year an innovation has been started which, it is hoped, will be made an annual event. This is a joint concert given by the Musical Associations of Clark College and Tech, which will be given some time in May.

The Musical Association.

President, E. R. Karb, '14. Secretary, H. G. Olson, '16.
Vice-President, M. G. Steele, '15. Treasurer, C. L. Storms, '16.
General Manager, A. W. Peters, '14.



Orchestra

The Glee Club.

Director, Dr. A. J. Harpin.
Leader, J. L. Weaver, '16.
Manager, E. H. Francis, '16.

First Tenors

A. H. Cheever, '16.
M. E. Hanson, '17.
H. E. Doyle, '17.
A. W. Peters, '14.
L. A. Gardner, '17.
F. P. Church, '15.
G. V. R. Raynsford, '15.

Baritones

W. W. Spratt, '14.
R. E. Crittenden, '15.
R. N. Hunter, '15.
A. E. Becker, '16.
R. E. Lamb, '16.
A. E. Poirier, '16.
C. L. Storms, '16.
H. S. Freeman, '17.
P. J. Matte, '17.
W. W. Parks, '17.
J. E. Padgett, '17.
A. D. Wassall, '17.
T. R. Stenburg, '17.

Second Tenors

P. B. Deming, '17.
F. D. McCutcheon, '17.
W. H. Colburn, '16.
E. H. Francis, '16.
L. C. Jones, '16.
L. M. Krull, '16.
E. E. Royal, '16.
H. Trull, '16.
C. B. Reed, '17.
R. C. Bowker, '15.
M. G. Steele, '15.
T. R. Stenberg, '17.

Bassos

R. W. Bartlett, '16.
E. R. Karb, '14.
F. N. Meyer, '15.
W. B. Burgess, '16.
H. L. Davis, '16.
U. J. Lebourveau, '15.
C. A. Thrasher, '16.
L. D. Wood, '16.
K. B. Lawton, '17.
W. I. Stearns, '17.
H. B. Quimby, '17.
R. H. Page, '16.
J. P. Comstock, '16.



Mandolin Club

The Orchestra.

Director, Dr. A. J. Harpin.
Leader, H. G. Saunders, '16.
Manager, C. G. Carlson, '14.

First Violins
H. G. Saunders, '16.
P. W. Fletcher, '17.
A. L. Ball, '17.

Second Violins
H. L. Cole, '14.
H. G. Olson, '16.

Piano
C. G. Carlson, '14.

Cello
H. L. Tilton, '14.

Flute
A. A. Smith, '16.

Piccolo
G. E. Gay. '17.

First Cornet
P. W. Burgess, '14.

Second Cornet
F. H. Steele, '14.

Trombones
M. L. Haselton, '15.
H. H. Wentworth, '14.

Drums
H. M. Toombs, '16.

Mandolin Club.

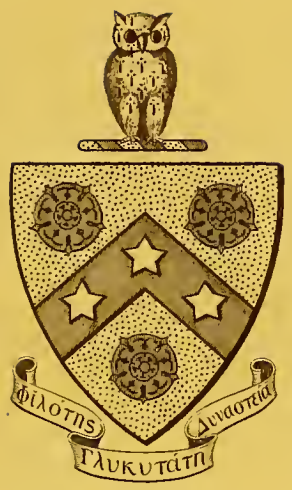
Director, H. B. Wood.
Leader, M. M. Smith, '15.
Manager, D. F. Whiting, '15.

First Mandolins
M. M. Smith, '15.
D. F. Whiting, '15.
D. F. Miner, P. G.
W. H. Colburn, '16.
M. E. Hanson, '17.

Second Mandolins
R. M. Thackeray, '16.
R. H. Dunbar, '14.
A. R. Leavitt, '14.

Guitars
W. B. Scott, '16.
H. B. Wood.


FRA ITIES


ΦΙΛΟΤΗΣ
ΔΥΝΑΣΤΕΙΑ
ΓΛΥΚΥΤΑΤΗ



Phi Gamma Delta



Phi Gamma Delta

Phi Gamma Delta

Pi Iota Chapter

Established November 20th, 1891

Active Members.

1914.

Paul W. Glover.
Albin T. Hedlund.
Ogden B. Hewitt.
Earl C. Hughes.
Chester M. Inman.
Ralph J. Jencks.
Richard L. Keith.
Harry M. Sawyer.

1915.

Robert H. Russell.
Myron M. Smith.
Winfield S. Jewell.
Maurice G. Steele.
Benjamin B. D'Ewart.
Franklin A. Bent.

1916.

Robert K. Chandler.
Harold A. Cleveland.
George H. Upton.
Theodore E. Kloss.
Raymond L. Spaulding.
Adolphe E. Becker.
Charles L. Storms.
Winsor R. Davis.
Everett H. Francis.

1917.

Ralph A. J. Wellington.
Percival B. Deming.
John R. Wheeler.
C. Albert Willard.
Frederick S. Stallknecht.
Thornton R. Stenberg.

Chapter House, 99 Salisbury Street.



Sigma Alpha Epsilon


ΣΙΓΜΑ ΑΛΦΑ ΕΨΙΛΟΝ



Sigma Alpha Epsilon

Sigma Alpha Epsilon

Massachusetts Delta Chapter

Established March 10th, 1894

Active Members.

1914.

Edwin Winsor Reed.

1915.

Howard Charles Barnes.
John Henry Conneen.
John Donald MacIver.
Mark Samuel Patterson.
Alfred Wallace Pride.
Irving Leslie Stowe.
Sidney Thaxter Swallow.
Charles Arnold Underwood.
Edwin Taylor Warren.

1916

Edward Lloyd Barker.
Leslie Jasper Chaffee.
Joseph Mitchell Chandler.
Raymond Sawyer Medbury.
Alvin Leslie Sherwood.
William Conrad Thurston.
James Carl Walker.

1917.

Harold Baker Ellis.
Paul Wayland Fletcher.
Floyd Douglas McCutcheon.
Donald Kettell Otis.
Richard Harvey Pinney.
Clarence Allen Ruddell.
William Richard Tinker.
Ralph Sutcliffe Ward.
Allan Dexter Wassall.

Chapter House, Humboldt Avenue.



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ELLIOTT N PHILA



Alpha Tau Omega



Alpha Tau Omega

Alpha Tau Omega

Massachusetts Gamma Sigma Chapter

Established November 27, 1906

Active Members

Graduate Student

Selden Thornton Williams.

1914.

Carl Fowler Fritch.
Frank Andrew Gray.
Robert Edward Hancock.
Paul Crowell Howes.
Donald William Ormsbee.
Harold Leslie Tilton.

1915.

Ralph Herbert Crippen.
Graham Noble Davidson.
Philip Lawrence Donovan.
Thomas Webster Farnsworth.
Merton Luther Haselton.
Harrison Warner Hosmer.
Edward Russell Nary.
Frederick McClellan Taylor.
Cedric Errol Thurston.

1916.

Leon Winfield Dunbar.
Ellsworth Allen Frazee.
Gordon Carleton Garland.
Fred Amos Garnsey.
Leander Russell Hathaway.
George Wesley Hayes.
William Earle Shumway.
Cedric Andrew Stone.
William Spaulding Warner.
Laurence Dresser Wood.

1917.

George Raymond Bailey.
Arthur Crines Bird.
Fred Burch Carlisle.
Richard Mellen Daniels.
Clinton Stowell Darling.
Alfred Warren Jordan.
Kirke Brooks Lawton.
Glendon Miller Pomeroy.
Carlos Greeley Wright.

Chapter House, 24 Institute Road.



Theta Chi


1856



Theta Chi

Theta Chi

Epsilon Chapter

Established, 1909

Active Members.

1914.

Edward Charles Bartlett.
William Clinton Blanchard, Jr
Ray Clark Crouch.
Harvey Frederick Hillman.
Harold Lionel Kane.
Eustis Russell Karb.
Arthur Lincoln Thurston.
Herbert Hiram Wentworth.
Clayton Roberts Wilcox.

1915.

Frank Aiken.
George Sawin Atkinson.
Charles Osgood Drayton.
Warren Luther Ellis.
Walter Prince Kramer.

1916.

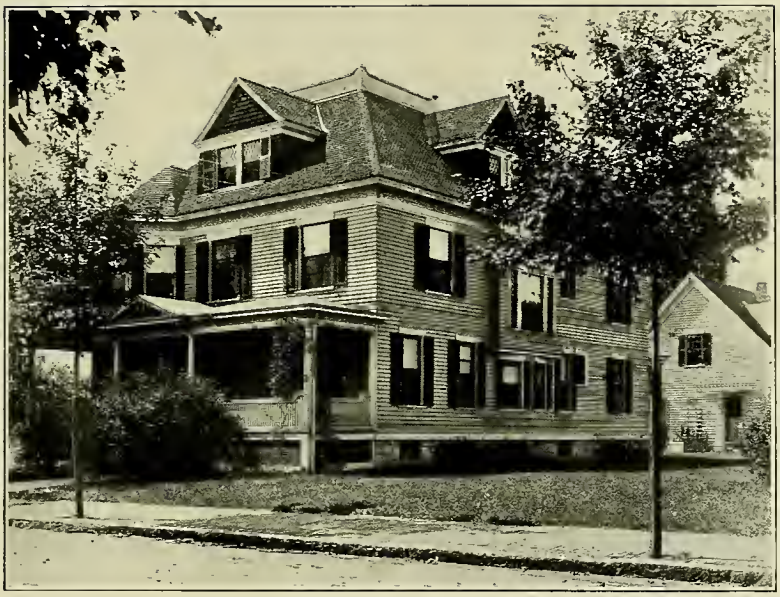
William Joseph Becker, Jr.
Harold Hill Camp.
Lawrence Goodrich Drury.
Alfred Chipman Fenn, Jr.
Arthur Ellsworth Gorman.
Donald Brown Maynard.
Eric Harry Fors.
Wendell Phillips Morrison.
Harold Gardner Saunders.
William Hall Turnbull.
Monroe Whitney Tuttle.

1917.

William Herbert Green.
Peter Richard Knapp.
Hermon French Safford.
Russell Howard Smith.

Chapter House, 1 Lancaster Terrace.


ΚΞΑ
ΠΘ



Kappa Xi Alpha



Kappa Xi Alpha

Kappa Xi Alpha

Founded in 1902 as Theta Chi

Active Members.

1914.

Lewis Henry Eaton.
Arthur William Knowlton.
Rodney Eli Lancey.
Arthur Warren Peters.
Henry Edison Phelps.
Harold Lesher Pierson.
Philip Woodward Prouty.
Walter Eaton Spicer.
Gilbert Sanford Vernam.

1915.

Clarence Francis Alexander.
John Edwards Allen.
John Milton Bond.
Frederic Pettigrew Church.
Arthur Hooper Gerald.
Joseph Ernest Roy.
Donald Fairfax Whiting.

1916.

Carl Hastings Burgess.
Elmer Henri Gardner.
Lawrence Clark Jones.
Valentine Brousseau Libbey.
Albert Eugene Luke.
Joel Lincoln Manson.
Philip Pierce Murdock.
Ellery Eaton Royal.
Harris Earl Whiting.
David Wyman.
Richard Wilfred Young.

1917.

Alfred West Francis.
Leland Adams Gardner.
Richard Davis Lambert.
George Louis Roy.

Chapter House, 11 Dean Street.



Delta Tau


ΔT



Delta Tau

Delta Tau

Local Established 1906

Active Members

Post Graduate

Edmund K. Brown.

1914.

Carl G. Carlson.
Elliott E. Gilmore.
Edward T. Jones.
Asa P. Nutter.
Albert B. R. Prouty.
Donald Purrington.
Henry C. Whitlock.

1915.

Arthur R. Cade.
Charles H. Coolidge.
Edward W. Norton.
Carl F. Palmer.
Warren H. Pike.

1916.

Hollon L. Davis.
Herbert G. Olson.
Winfield M. Putnam.

1917.

Harry S. Cushman.
Robert C. Hanckel.
Philip C. Mirick.
Rupert C. Pomeroy.
Leon H. Powers.
Philip C. Pray.
Alfred E. Robinson.
Roger A. Woodbury.

Chapter House, 143 Highland Street.



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ENGD BY ELLIOTT, PHILA.



Lambda Chi Alpha



Lambda Chi Alpha

Lambda Chi Alpha

Pi Zeta

Established June 5, 1913

Active Members

1914.

James Loring Atsatt.
Arthur Hobart Burns.
Harold Goddard Carter.
Birge Stillson Dayton.
Frederick Widmer Eaton.
Arthur Clarence Farrar.
George Washington Nelson.

1915.

Herbert Edward Drake
Albert Stanley Goodrich
Fritz Nicholas Meyer
Harold Bruce Stewart

1916.

Robert Whitney Bartlett.
Clinton Eugene Brown.

1917

Irving Cutts Eaton
George Aloysius English
Hedges Spelman Freeman
John Joseph McPadden, Jr.
Hubert Hale Frary.
Earl Clarke Pierce.
Raymond Winfield Tash Ricker.
Charles Austin Thrasher.
James Lawrence Weaver.

Zeta House, 54 Fruit Street.

Society of the Sigma Xi

Worcester Chapter

Established May 7, 1908

Active Members

Faculty and Instructors

Charles Metcalf Allen.
William Warren Bird.
Frederic Bonnet, Jr.
Thomas Roland Briggs.
Peter William Brouwers.
Edmund Karl Brown.
Arthur Dexter Butterfield.
Daniel Francis Calhane.
Levi Leonard Conant.
Herbert Kimball Cummings.
Alexander Wilmer Duff.
Arthur Woolsey Ewell.
Arthur Willard French.
David Lamprey Gallup.
George Henry Haynes.
Ira Nelson Hollis.
Albert Wallace Hull.
Howard Chapin Ives.
Walter Louis Jennings.
Harry Bernard Lindsay.
Morton Masius.
Raymond Kurtz Morley.
John Harland Nelson.
Joseph Oliver Phelon.
Clarence Albert Pierce.
Henry Robert Power.
Carleton Allen Read.
Albert Sutton Richey.
Francis William Roys.
Donald May Russell.
Alton Lincoln Smith.
Harold Babbit Smith.
Laurence Lesure Steele.
Harland Francis Stuart.
Robert Chauncey Sweetser.

Graduate Members

Edward Irving Comins.
George Irving Gilchrest.
David Goodale Howard.

Students of the Senior Class.

Edward Charles Bartlett.
Lawrence Frederick Berry.
Horace Lee Cole.
Albert Seabury Crandon.
Roland Hubert Dufault.
Walter Phillips Fay.
Franklin Cornell Gurley.
Ernest Reynolds Hedstrom.
Chester Moore Inman.
Yi Chi Mei.
Stuart Parmelee Miller.
Harry Morse Sawyer.
William Ward Spratt.
Harold Leslie Tilton.
Gilbert Sanford Vernam.
Herbert Hiram Wentworth.


THE SOCIETY OF THE SIGMA XI
1886



Tau Beta Pi

Tau Beta Pi

Massachusetts Alpha Chapter

Established May 14, 1910

Active Members

1887.
Joseph O. Phelon.

1893.
Arthur D. Butterfield.

1894.
Charles M. Allen.

1903.
Carl D. Knight.

1904.
Francis J. Adams.

1910.
Herbert K. Cummings.

1912.
Edward I. Comins.
Geo. L. Gilchrest.
Dean J. Locke.

1913.
Peter W. Brouwers.
Edmund K. Brown.
Harry B. Lindsay.
Donald M. Russell.

1914.
Edward C. Bartlett.
Paul W. Burgess.
Horace L. Cole.
Albert S. Crandon.
Roland H. Dufault.
Walter P. Fay.
Carl F. Fritch.
Franklin C. Gurley.
Ernest R. Hedstrom.
Lawrence A. Howard.
Lawrence F. Howard.
Chester M. Inman.
Arthur R. Leavitt.
Joseph W. Legg.
Harry M. Sawyer.
William W. Spratt.
Arthur L. Thurston.
Harold L. Tilton.
Alfred H. Vose.
Gilbert S. Vernam.
Herbert H. Wentworth.
Sih-Zung Yang.

1915.
Ralph H. Crippen.
Frank Forsberg.
Frederic H. Hapgood.
Clifton P. Howard.
Charles B. Hurd.
Harry H. King.
Douglas F. Miner.
Robert H. Russell.





Skull



The Skull

Senior Society Founded 1911

1914.

Carl F. Fritch.
Paul W. Glover.
Robert E. Hancock.
Harold L. Kane.
Richard L. Keith.
Walter J. Kelley.
Yi Chi Mei.
Donald W. Ormsbee.
George Ross.
Edwin W. Reed.
Herbert H. Wentworth.

1915.

Frank Aiken.
George S. Atkinson.
Howard C. Barnes.
Arthur R. Cade.
John H. Coneen.
Ralph H. Crippen.
Merton L. Haselton.
Robert H. Russell.
Myron M. Smith.
Edwin T. Warren.



Cosmopolitan Club



Cosmopolitan Club

The Cosmopolitan Club

Worcester Chapter of the Association of Cosmopolitan Clubs

Affiliated with Corda Fratrea, Federation Internationale des Étudiants

Officers.

Douglas F. Miner, President.
Joaquim R. Junqueira, Vice-President.
Max W. Tucker, Recording Secretary.
Horace L. Cole, Corresponding Secretary.
Dick Wong, Treasurer.

Honorary Member.

Dr. Levi Leonard Conant.

Active Members.

Dwight Emerson Allen.
Willard Bullock Anthony.
Gustav Adolph Baeslack.
Albert Lloyd Ball.
Dr. Frederick Bonnet, Jr.
Horace Lee Cole.
Prof. Zelotes Wood Coombs.
Vincente Diaz.
Dr. Alexander Wilmer Duff.
Dr. Arthur Woolsey Ewell.
Wai Fung.
Dr. Walter Louis Jennings.
Joaquim Reis Junqueira.
Leo Bernard Lewis.
Yi Chi Mei.
Douglas Fuller Miner.
William Ward Spratt.
Max Winfield Tucker.
Gilbert Sanford Vernam.
Harold Steinmetz White.
Dick Wong.
Sih-Zung Yang.
Yuen Kwan Huie.
Max Brownell.
Arthur Rosson Cade.

The Cosmopolitan Club

The Worcester Cosmopolitan Club was organized in 1908, having for its main purpose "to cultivate social intercourse among students of different nationalities at the institute; and thereby to foster the spirit of universal brotherhood."

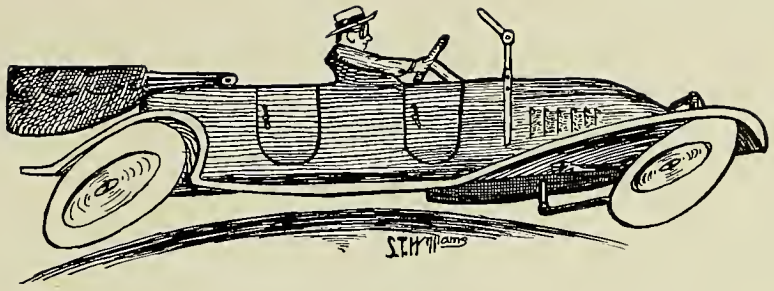
In 1909, the Club was granted a charter and was made the Worcester chapter of the American Association of Cosmopolitan Clubs, which now has a chapter in nearly every important institution of learning in the United States and Canada.

The cosmopolitan movement among the students, although of comparatively recent origin, has assumed a world-wide importance in its attempts to bring students of all nations to a better understanding, to facilitate foreign study, to encourage the study of international relations and to promote world peace.

To bring our ideals to realization, this Club welcomes not only Tech men of foreign nationalities, but also all Institute students and Faculty who are interested in the movement. Each month a social meeting is held at which some member of the Faculty, or foreign exchange professors, or other men of note are invited to give interesting talks to the members of the club and their guests, ample facility for illustrated lectures being provided for in the club house.

This social programme, along with Student Congresses, international correspondence and the annual convention is the humble attempt of our organization to carry its simple motto: "*Above all Nations is Humanity.*"

Club House, 2 Hackfeld Road.



"Our Baby"

No doubt old Paul Revere was there
 In showing signs of speed,
As he tore along through the countryside
 In our nation's time of need.

And Sheridan's mount won great renown,
 As at a later date he bore
His master o'er the broad turnpike
 To the midst of the battle's roar.

But these brave men are dead and gone,
 Their fame is growing dim,
Their record's broken every day
 By a buggy made of tin.

You hear a roar and see a flash
 And smell an awful smell,
Behind a tree you quickly dash,
 And softly mutter——!
How fast doth Davy Gallup!

Extracts from the Diary of Howe E. Didit
1910 - 1911

Sept. 13—Just arrived in town and got a room, without having to show our minister's recommendation. The landlady says she can tell by my looks that I will be just the kind of a fellow she wants. There is one window on the south side of the room, gaslight, a closet that has three hooks in it, and she says that in cold weather we can get warm water two stories down. And all for only $3.50 per week. She says she wouldn't let anyone else have it for such a price.

Sept. 14—Went up to Tech and registered today. A man named Engler spoke first. I am going to take an umbrella next time. Then a man in a tight coat spoke. His name was Coombs and someone said he was the President. Those Sophs turned down my trousers and made me pay 50 cents for a red button on top of a little gray cap.

Sept. 15—Have spent about half of that $450 the catalogue speaks of for books and lab. fees.

Sept. 17—Prof. Coombs ain't president! He teaches English. Says the first themes are due "today week."

Sept. 18—Y. M. C. A. Reception. I started towards it anyway. Those Sophs are a crowd of roughnecks. Wait until I get to be a Soph; someone will get his, for what they did to me last night.

Sept. 19—A fellow asked for my athletic dues today. When I gave him my last four dollars I thought he was going to faint. Wonder what surprised him so?

Sept. 20—Class meeting. R. L. Keith elected President.

Sept. 21—Say, what do these Profs think we are? One of them has assigned half the book already and says we'll have a little test tomorrow.

Sept. 26—Went out on Alumni Field to watch the football practice. Looks as if we might have a good team. Wish we had a good field and gym, though.

Sept. 29—First cross-country run. The Sophomores won, but wait until next time.

Oct. 1—Tech almost beat Trinity, but didn't quite.

Oct. 3—Went to Plymouth Church Social last night. Played games and had to draw for partners. Gee, what a prize-package was handed me! And she lived way down in Auburn, too!

Oct. 6—Prexy Engler's reception last night. The whole bunch turned out and we had "some time." They didn't pass around any smokes, but we had ice-cream.

The Senior in my house says all Tech men smoke, so I suppose I must learn. After the reception we paraded through Main St., cheering for 1914, and the Sophs didn't dare to show up.

Oct. 8—Social at Union Church. Not much class to the "bunnies."

Oct. 12—Had my first date tonight. Say, there are some nice girls in Worcester. She asked me in and fed me, too. I am going there again.

Oct. 13—Hurrah! We pulled the Sophs through the pond. I got blisters on my hands, but never mind, we trimmed them good. Gee, but they were sore! We will roll our pants up to our necks if we want to, now.

Oct. 15—Had another date. There are two classy girls in Worcester, anyway.

Oct. 18—Church Social. Don't remember what church it was. Don't see how the same bunch of girls can go to three churches. Sunday must be their busy day. Poor "feed"—no ice cream.

Oct. 21—Mass meeting to practice cheers for the Rensselaer game tomorrow.

Oct. 22—Trimmed Rensellaer 8 to 3 at the Oval today. Now I know we'll beat Holy Cross.

Oct. 27—Mountain Day, a holiday. Got up early and walked to Mt. Wachusett with the bunch. Got sore feet and got caught in a thunder shower, but had a great old time.

Nov. 3—Forgot my theme today and my conscience troubled me when Coombsie said, "I see the themes this week are coming in, apparently in large numbers and with commendable regularity." Say, but themes are getting to be a nuisance and I can't think of any more subjects.

Nov. 12—Hurrah! We beat Holy Cross 0-0. Well I guess we have got some team at Tech and some band too. The celebration afterwards was a real one. Got my only clean night shirt all muddy.

Nov. 14—I'll have to look out or I'll get screwed in Trig. Prof. sprung an exam today and I couldn't hit it. Too much fussing last night.

Nov. 16—Orchestra and Glee Club dance. I couldn't dance, but the fellows said the only way to learn was to go and try, so I called up a "bunny" and asked her to go. I guess she never will dance with me again. That shoe salesman was kidding me, when he said I only wear number "9's." "Ma" Day's for me.

Nov. 23—Got out at 12 o'clock today for Thanksgiving Vacation. Hooray! for a real dinner.

Nov. 28—Back again to work. Wish it was time for Christmas Vacation.

Dec. 16—Just back from dancing school. "Ma" says I am improving.

Dec. 23—Home, Sweet Home, for me. One whole week's vacation. I'm going to do a little back studying to get ready for mid-year's.

Dec. 29—Vacation almost gone, and I haven't cracked a book. Does me more good to see the girl anyway.

Jan. 2—Back again.

Jan. 3—Profs. are talking about exams.

Jan. 11—Gloom, deep, deep gloom. Exams begin tomorrow. Thought I might get out of the chemistry exam, but was told that my average was only 79.99, so I can't. Good night!

Jan. 12—"Coombsie's" English exam today. A regular Marathon. Wore out five pencils and used up four books.

Jan. 13—More exams.

Jan. 14—More exams.

Jan. 15—The last one. Going home to watch for the postman so Pa won't get my marks.

Jan. 17—Got by all right, that is, I only got two screws. Back to work. Went fussing tonight, but will start studying tomorrow night.

Jan. 18—"Some time" last night, and had to go again tonight. Absolutely the last time for a week.

Jan. 19—Alice called up, and as a special favor I went over. The fudge was pretty good, though.

Jan. 24—Tech Show Tryouts. They don't appreciate my dramatic abilities.

Jan. 28—Relay team beat Brown.

Jan. 29—Met a "peach" at "Ma" Day's. Only drawback was that she was married.

Feb. 7—The Institute lost one of its best professors and friends today by the death of Dr. Kinnicutt.

Feb. 22—Rumors that Prexy Engler has resigned. I'll bet "Coombsie" is the next president.

Feb. 29—"Roomy" and I had a rough-house, and I got a wallop in the eye. Say, ain't a black eye an awful sickness? Can't go out fussing and it hurts it to study.

March 7—The Seniors taught me how to play poker. I cleaned them out at first, but in the end they figured that I was 63 cents in the hole, and besides they used up all my "Prince Albert."

March 16.—Tech Banquet at State Mutual. I never before realized what a live place this is. The Profs. seemed almost human, too.

Mar. 27—Had an unexpected visit from the folks today. Got all the chorus lady pictures off the walls, except one, while they were coming up the stairs. Told them "Roomy" was the degenerate who smoked all the tobacco. Suppose I'll have to buy him a box of "two-fers" to square up now.



1914 as Freshmen

April 1—April Fools' Day. "Doc" Bonnet came across with an exam just because it was appropriate.

April 3—Spring Recess begins. Can't stop to tell about it, because I am in a hurry to see home and mother, and a real apple pie.

April 10—At it again. "Life is one d—n thing after another."

April 15—Make-ups. Went through two sessions.

April 20—Interclass Meet at the Oval. The Sophs won, but we weren't far behind.

April 28—Tech Show—"Eldern's Uncle," at the Worcester. The fellows made great girls. I could almost "fuss" them.

April 29—Hooray! Tech licked Rensselaer 11-2 this afternoon.

May 1—We have a permanent Student Secretary for the Tech Y. M. C. A. His name is Clarence P. Shedd. He looks like a live one.

May 4—Went canoeing at the Lake last night, and liked it well enough to go again tonight.

May 8—Went to the White City tonight. A student's life might be worse.

May 10—Lecture by "Piggy" Bird on the Mechanics Course.

May 11—Prof. French told us about reservoirs with big dams and other such things that civil engineeers do.

May 12—Prof. Jennings talked on chemistry.

May 13—Prof. Smith talked to all the young Edison.

May 14—Prexy spoke of the General Science Course. You get individual instruction there he said. None of the courses offer reduced rates or get up any real live competition. Guess I will be a Civil. No summer-practice this year.

May 22—Final exams begin today. Just finished another "Marathon" of "Coombsie's." Three to go.

May 28—Been too busy to write on this. They are all over. Here's hoping.

May 29—So long Tech! Home for mine.

1911-1912

Sept. 20—Sold Freshman caps in a. m. Registered 3:30 p. m. "Coombsie" licked his fingers and dealt out the slips. Nobody got a pair. I hear that some of my o'd bunch are at our infirmary (U. of M.)

Sept. 21—Turned down pants of six Freshies. Feel pretty big.

Sept. 22—Visited Tech Pharmacy. One of those Freshies felt bigger than I did.

Sept. 29—Helped "Coombsie" beat up Freshman today. From the bump on my dome, I gather he took me for one of them.



1914 as Seniors

THE AFTERMATH, CLASS OF 1914

Sept. 30—Went down town to look them over. Wonder if my option on Ethel's parlor is still good.

Oct. 1—Ethel's horse-hair sofa as slippery as ever. Some fudge, though.

Oct. 2—Flag at half mast. Prof. Hancock dead. A great loss to Tech.

Oct. 12—Mountain Day, walked to Wachusett,—not Burlies. Second from the end on the right. P. & T's. Wish Worcester's pavements did not consist wholly of warped planes.

Oct. 13—Looking for size 11 hat. Mine too small. Rope pull today. Up to my chin in mud. My gray suit, too.

Oct. 14—Polluted Salisbury Pond with a balky Freshman. A little consolation.

Oct. 17—Class election today. Dick Keith president again; Ed Pierce, v. p.

Oct. 25—Marks, pretty fair. Guess I'll send them to the governor, tickle him to see I'm getting by. Change running low.

Oct. 28—Father was tickled. Feed at Put's tonight.

Nov. 6—The wife teaching me how to play rummy.

Nov. 7—Rummy fine game. Replenished supply of Dill's today.

Nov. 8—Rummy till 2 a. m. Broke even.

Nov. 9—Rummy again. I think hearts is a better game. Borrowed a dime and dined at Mott's. Dodging the landlady.

Nov. 10—Gwendolyn says she had a good time at Ladies' Night in E. E. lab. G. is some kid.

Nov. 15—Watched football practice tonight. Team looks pretty good to me.

Nov. 17—Big Mass Meeting. All primed up for the Big Game.

Nov. 18—Rain. Game postponed. Bad dope.

Nov. 25—H. C. 35—Tech 0. "I told you so."

Nov. 27—Marks again. Guess dad isn't interested in marks. Ye gods, but that Physics!

Nov. 25—Home for some real eats. Who the ——! told Gladys about Gwendolyn?

Dec. 1—Broke away from Worcester. Tears on my vest. By heck, I've got to write to that kid hereafter.

Dec. 2—Wrote Gladys tonight, eight pages.

Dec. 3—Wrote Gladys tonight, four pages. Guess I told her all about it last night.

Dec. 4—Wrote Gladys a post-card.

Dec. 5—Will write Gladys tomorrow night.

Dec. 6—Musical Club Dance tonight. That Gwendolyn's sure some danseuse. Guess I'll hit the Hay, write Gladys tomorrow night.

Dec. 7—Halfway through! Told them that story about the newly married couple.



Senior Chemists

Dec. 22—Hocked my Tux and bought Gladys a pendant, only twelve "bones." Bought a Tech calendar for ma, sixty cents for the pesky thing. Home again.

Jan. 2, 1912—Back again.

Jan. 4—Marks again. Screwed again. Never again.

Jan. 22—Mid-years this week. So long, Mary, (and Gwendolyn).

Feb. 2—Get Friday afternoons off this half. Burlies with Steve today. Front row. Couldn't connect with the blonde. Feed at Jerry's.

Feb. 3—Hatchet face told us to make believe work today, so's the committee from the Legislature would give us $50,000. Squinted vigorously through the spectroscope, while they were looking, then I went on with my story.

Feb. 6—Change of officers, Kane president.

Feb. 22—Day off. Made up eight hours sleep, and stored up four hours more for future reference.

Mar. 13—Just got home from Tech Banquet. Great time. Consigned all my profs. to the "bottomless pit."

Mar. 30—Back to the huckleberry bushes.

Apr. 1—Trout fishing today. Got two bites.

Apr. 8—Guess my fancy is lightly turning to thoughts of love. More hash at the grub house. Filled up on 'shrimp wiggle" at Harriet's.

Apr. 9—Passed that make-up today, some relief.

Apr. 11—Made a big hit with Punk today. Told him about those two bites. Guess I'll get by physics now.

Apr. 19—Holiday. Marjorie and I went looking for Mayflowers. Found a nice place to sit. Guess flowers haven't come out yet.

Apr. 20—"Spring is here." I'll bet they're biting in that brook where I got two bites. B. V. D's. today. Feel like "September Morn."

Apr. 22—"Sprig has cub." Good guesser. Rotten cold. No ambish. Steve says, Jerry's got some good medicine. Punk must have forgotten about my two bites, screwed me in Physics, again.

May 1—Took Dot to Tech Show tonight. Got Bill to entertain her while I gave out programs. I'm sixth assistant manager. Guess Dot'll remember me for that Simmons Prom. Poor Bill don't know anybody at Simmons.

May 5—Couldn't fix it up with Gwendolyn for tonight. Kind o' sore about the Tech Show, I guess. Too bad, but O, you Simmons Prom.



Senior Electrics

May 12—Look lyike Marjorie wanted to see that Tech Show, too. O, they'll all come back sometime. Must be pretty near time for that prom.

May 14—Sufferin' caterpillars! she's invited *Bill* to the prom. I've got enough of these deceitful dames, I'm goin to grind for the finals.

May 27—Exam in Physics. That stuff is behind me. Three more coming, so help me doggie.

June 3—Think I squeezed by 'em all. Summer Practice and evening school (at the White City) for the next three weeks.

June 13—Commencement for 1912. Lucky dogs. Will I ever see that happy day? Here's hoping!

1912-1913

Sept. 18—Back with the boys again. Glad to see them but I hate to think of work. We're Juniors and we'll have a "half-way-thru" banquet—may be. Took down the assignments, but too busy getting started to study.

Sept. 19—Went to classes. Some of the stuff is too deep for me. Am afraid I'll have to study quite a little. Football men are out.

Sept. 23—Class meeting. Elected Kelley president, Fritch vice-president, Blanchard secretary, Keith treasurer, Warren sergeant-at-arms. Decided to have the "half-way-thru."

Sept. 28—Springfield Training School trimmed us 27-6.

Oct. 2—First student popular meeting, speaker Prof. Coombs.

Oct. 5—Trinity trimmed us 35-0. We'll win a game yet.

Oct. 8—Bull Moose meeting in Boynton Hall, some rooters if they are moose. Rope pull,—Freshmen win as usual.

Oct. 10—First cross country, Freshman win.

Oct. 12—Mountain day, went to Boston to see a friend. Union beat us by one point, 7-6. We had to play the referee too.

Oct. 15—The moose are still rooting.

Oct. 16—Second cross country run, Freshmen again.

Oct. 19—Lose again by one point to New Hampshire State, 7-6.

Oct. 20—Haven't been out calling till tonight. Went with my room-mate and met a peach from Pittsburg. She uses oil paints and the powder has salt in it.

Oct. 21—Now we're having Wilson rallies; don't hear of any Prohibitionists.

Oct. 22—Third cross country.

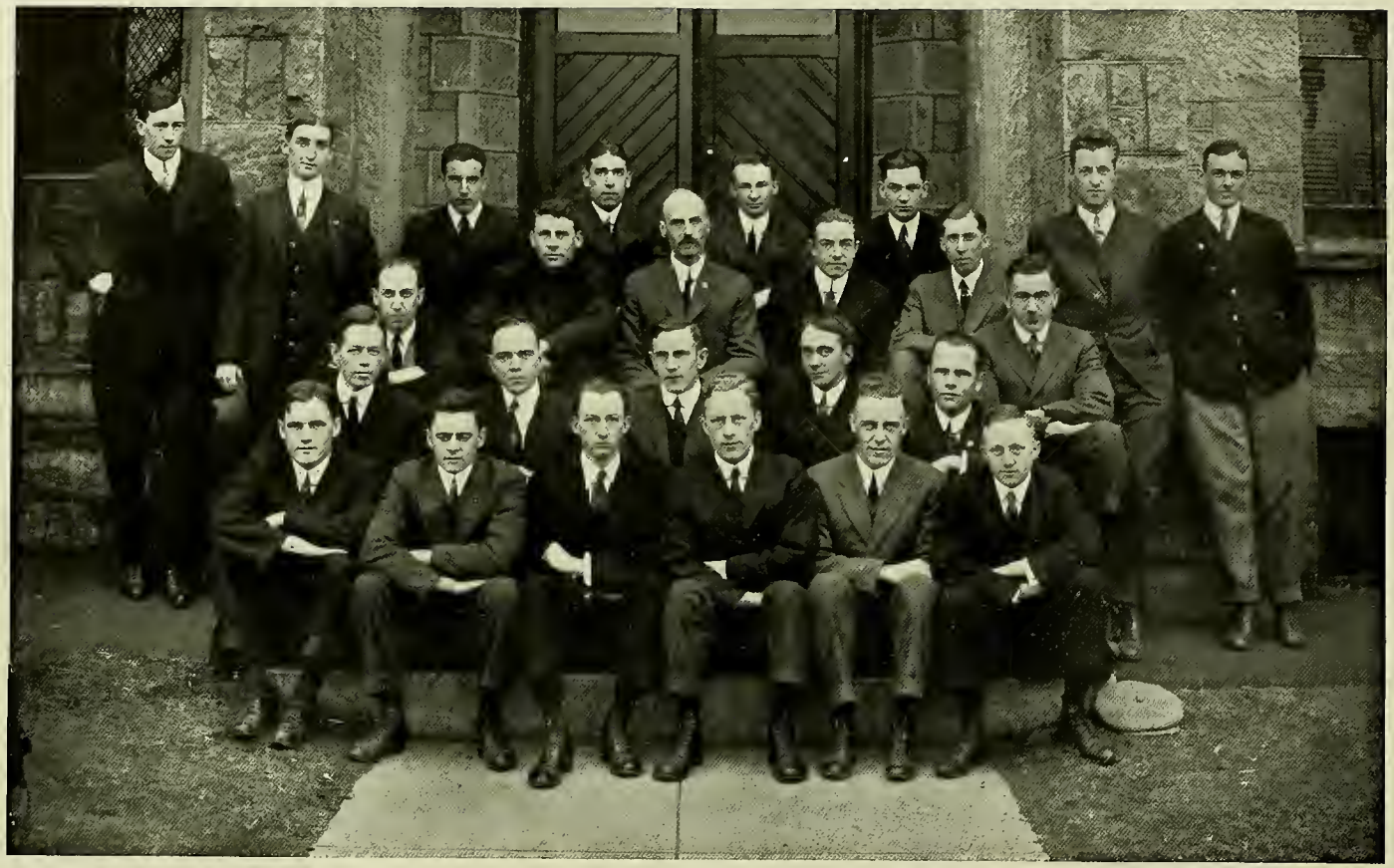
Oct. 26—Rhode Island beat us to the tune of 27-0. Not particularly good dance music.

Nov. 2—Rensselaer, 9; Tech, 0.

Nov. 4—Mr. Monroe took Chick's place or rather stepped into the vacancy, because



Senior Mechanics



Senior Civils

he never could fill his place. We held a class meeting and tried to get the other three-quarters of the class to go to a "half-way-thru."

Nov. 5—Voted for "Woody."

Nov. 6—Bull Moose wake.

Nov. 9—I knew we'd win a game. Beat Amherst 14-13. Some margin.

Nov. 15—Mass meeting. Went to "Ma" Day's dancing class. Got some of the holds down, but couldn't get the steps.

Nov. 16—Holy Cross, 27; Tech, 0. We should worry, some day our men will have a training table. Jack Donovan had a scrap with Holy Cross over their goat.

Nov. 20—I can hear that turkey crow.

Nov. 23—Civils and Mechanics played a scoreless game. Sophs beat Freshmen, 7-0.

Dec. 2—Back again. Haven't felt well for the last few days.

Dec. 7—Held our "half-way-thru." Only 49 there.

Dec. 9—We learned of Tech's legacy left by the will of the late Mrs. Harriet D. Brown.

Dec. 14—Bunch went down to P. & T's.

Dec. 15—Awful headache; went to church.

Dec. 21—Went to Boston for over Sunday. Details. Then went home.

Jan. 2—Nothing exciting happened although its nearly as lively as Worcester. Had good vacation. Glad to get back, though. I'm getting so I hate to leave the place.

Jan. 4—Took some make-ups. D——n the things.

Jan. 10—E. E. Society had lecture on Ozonators. There are still places in some of the buildings, where I wish they'd set a few to ozonating.

Jan. 12—Tech Show rehearsal. Bright outlook for show this year.

Jan. 13—I'd like to know if I got by those make-ups. Seems as though they could get the marks out in a week. Don't know whether its the Profs. or the office, but it's aggravating.

Jan. 15—Those mid-years start tomorrow. Good night, nurse!

Jan. 16—Period of seclusion has commenced. I never can tell how much I really know on an exam. paper. Daily work seems to be reckoned differently, according to the course or rather according to the instructor.

Jan. 17-23—Still secluded, my thoughts for the week would burn or badly heat the paper.

Jan. 27—*News* comes out with convalescent number. Some will and others won't. We'll have to wait a couple of weeks for marks, though. Meanwhile we continue as if nothing had happened.

New Fraternity at Tech. We're getting to be a big place.

Feb. 3—I see the *News* agrees with us as to the system of marks. Some system.
Feb. 7—We decided to have our *Aftermath* board selected from the divisions.
Feb. 17—Interclass relay won by the Sophs.
Feb. 22—We beat the B. A. A. in relay.
Feb. 24—Tech trims Holy Cross in relay. Glad of that.
March 17—The ice boat fell into the lake.
H. B. Woods has taken out a license.
March 24—Hon. C. G. Washburn announced the election of Dr. I. N. Hollis, Prof. of Engineering at Harvard, as our new president.
March 26—Tech banquet. Fine vacation coming.
March 29—Went home. Spring house-cleaning for a week. Mother's little helper lets the old man out, though.
April 7—Back on the job again, dear Alma Mater. Mechanics' Number of the *News* comes out. Others to follow.
April 11—Tech Show a big success. Most of the girls had their dresses on face front.
April 12—More make-ups.
April 16—Tau Beta Pi initiation. They asked me, but I couldn't join.
April 19—Interclass relay. Patriots' Day—a holiday. Of course it had to come on Saturday.
April 26—Training School beat us in baseball 11-7. Kelley and Crane played finely.
May 10—Tech wins triangular meet at Troy. Union second, R. P. I. third. One good turn deserves another.
May 12—Tech Senate coming.
May 17—Lost to Norwich 2-1, eleven innings. Big preparations for Commencement. They are to give the Tech Show over again during that week.
May 19—Exams only a week off.
May 26—Contract for the new athletic field awarded to V. P. Curtis. Tech Senate postponed till next year, 1914 gets the job. With Prexy Hollis helping, we ought to have a good one. Exams began today. Shall be glad when summer shop begins. We'll have our nights off, anyway. Shall be too tired during shop to write, but suppose Commencement will be about the same as usual. Hope I'll be here for graduation next year.

1913-1914

Sept. 15—Landed in Worcester on the 2:25. Bunch of familiar faces, good old

friends. Things seem more serious now. Guess I must pass up some of the frivolities and assume the responsibilities of a Senior.

Eept. 16—Went to "pink tea" this morning. Feel that three years' experience has done me good, for I wasn't fussed a bit. Hit it good. Now to keep up to snuff and no more make-ups.

Sept. 17—All met in chapel to register for the last time. President Hollis gave us a good spiel and "Coombsie" was there to lend color. Rest of day spent in greetings and talking over old times.

Sept. 18—Things started on the jump as usual. Summer never affects the efficiency of Tech.

Sept. 20—Freshmen had their reception at Prexy's. It was not so long ago that I went over.

Oct. 1—Collection of athletic dues began today. New system started. Promises to make things snappy. Feel it my duty to pay up. Will do it tomorrow.

Oct. 3—Class meeting. Kell called the meeting to order. Proceeded at once to the election of class officers, which resulted as follows: President, Carl Fritch; Vice-President, Eddie Bartlett; Secretary, "Chick" Tilton; Treasurer, King Blanchard; Sergeant-at-Arms, Willie Hubbell. Carl has certainly won this honor by his faithful work and interest in every event of the class. All the other officers are more than worthy.

Oct. 9—First Cross Country. Freshmen look good.

Oct. 10—Home for Columbus Day. Going to take advantage of every vacation by going home. Who knows where I'll be next year?

Oct. 14—Time flies and eternity shortens and still we linger.

Oct. 21—Rope Pull. For the first time Sophs win. Hope this means Tech vitality is increasing.

Oct. 25—Holy Cross game postponed on account of rain. We're all ready.

Oct. 29—First Aftermath meeting this year. "Tillie" gave us the dickens for not writing anything over summer.

Oct. 30—Last Cross Country. Freshmen get the cup.

Oct. 31—First Tech Mixer. They're worth having, too.

Nov. 1—Hallowe'en Party at D. S. Sure handy to have them near.

Nov. 14—E. E. Dance. Electrics gave us a classy time. Hope that the other departments get busy. Got to visit "Ma" Day to get in Mike Dufault's class.

Nov. 16—Over to Prexy's this afternoon. That's a grand custom he is introducing. It is going to do a lot toward forming a great unity between Faculty and students. Mrs. Prexy is O. K.

Nov. 18—Signed up for Ma Day's class for new dances. Can't really afford the time, but social duties are heavy.

Nov. 20—More bull from "Tillie" on *Aftermath*. We sure must get busy though.

Nov. 22—Holy Cross game. Less said the better.

Nov. 26—Home for Thanksgiving. Another chance to see the folks at home, and to enjoy a good feed.

Dec. 4—Ma Day had us in line. We broke ranks and did some real dancing.

Dec. 11—Tech show trials. Guess we Seniors won't show up much. We'll give the Juniors a chance to do something.

Dec. 18—Glee Club concert and dance. A big success. Our representation on both clubs is something to be proud of.

Dec. 24—Christmas vacation. Ten days for society. Variety is the spice of life. That heretofore distant goal, the receipt of a sheep-skin, seems nearer now.

Jan. 2—No "pink tea" for mine this time. Have lived up to resolution. God help the other fellow.

Jan. 16—Tech Mixer. More popular than ever.

Jan. 19—Mid-years. Dn't seem so bad after all. It sure pays to be faithful. Nevertheless, no shows this week.

Jan. 27—Hooray! Got by them all. Say, it looks as if————————

Feb. 9—Class elections. Jinny gave us a good talk on the responsibility of the secretary, and our own responsibility in choosing him. As president, Crandon will make a corker and the class certainly made a wise selection. Mike Dufault was elected Vice-President by a big margin. Mike deserves it. Cole was made Secretary. He is a conscientious chap, an able fellow, and he will represent us well in years to come. We must all help him. As treasurer, Eddie Bartlett will shine. Eddie can handle the coin all right, and for one thing, he's bound to Worcester. Willie Hubbell was unanimously elected sergeant-at-arms.

Feb. 16—Y. M. C. A. Bible Study banquet. A fitting end to a very successful Bible Study year.

Feb. 20—Civil dance. Long waited for, much heralded and greatly appreciated. "Some dance."

Feb. 27—Last Tech Mixer. An enjoyable series.

March 1—Picture Committee appointed. Everybody wondering who will do it. Some have decided opinions, too.

March 10—'Whistling' Bushong chosen. Pictures being taken with commendable regularity.

March 20—As I remarked before, time is on the wing. Class week committee elected. Prexy is deeply interested in Commencement and ours promises to be the best ever.

March 26-27—Tech Show. The fellows did themselves proud, producing a play better than any preceeding one. We had one representative, but then we are particularly busy now.

March 28—Tech Hop. A school dance generaled by the fraternities, and a mighty successful dance, too. Just the right sort and size of crowd. Swell music and dandy feed. Long live the Tech Hop!

March 30—Spring vacation. Probably our last long vacation at home. Is it possible that we shift for ourselves soon?

April 11—Went to baseball game. Tech vs. Lowell Textile. Tech won!!!!!!

April 16—Thesis has been keeping me busy and my diary has suffered. Tonight I went to my last Tech Banquet as an undergraduate. It's a stirring event, a livener of Tech spirit. Another year must see a larger dining hall and every Tech man out.

May 20—The *Aftermath* Committee is resting a bit now after hard days and nights to get the "best ever" *Aftermath* ready for publication. The Tech Council is now firmly established and we feel that ere long it will find its place of worth.

May 27—Took my last exam today and feel sure of myself. It takes about four years to find out how, but it is sure worth it.

June 1—Commencement is coming on apace. Soon we will have reached our goal. Then parting with friends for a time, at least, we go forth into the world to make our marks.

June 11—Sheep skins. 'Nough said.

The Beginning



Tech News

TECH NEWS

Vol. 5, No. 33 WORCESTER, MASS., JUNE 11, 1914 Price, Seven Cents

General Information

The Tech News is the weekly Institute paper, whose purpose is to reflect student thought, life and activities; to assist student enterprises and societies; and to ally the interests of the Institute with those of the students. The paper is under the direction of the Tech News Association, whose object is to perpetuate a paper of the above character.

The News was first started by members of the class of 1911. However, the staff positions were practically all confined to members of that year's graduating class, with the result that it became necessary for an inexperienced board of managers and editors to assume control in the fall of 1911. In January, 1912, financial difficulties overcame the paper, and its publication was suspended for the rest of the college year. In May of that same year the Dramatic Association very generously made the Tech News Association a gift of money, substantial enough so that all outstanding bills could be paid and still have a comfortable balance left in the treasury. The proceeds from the Tech banquet that year were also turned over to the Association.

Under the leadership of members of the class of 1913, the News was conducted through a successful year, during which the amount in the treasury remained the same. This last year has seen further progress. The paper has been permanently changed to a six-page issue, and the business manager has succeeded in adding quite a substantial amount to aforesaid treasury balance. Further than this the paper is being left in the hands of experienced and capable men.

The Association and staff officers for the past year were as follows:

Tech News Association.

President, Donald W. Ormsbee
Vice-President, Edward T. Jones.
Secretary and Treasurer, Kirtland Marsh

Tech News Staff

Editor-in-Chief, Donald W. Ormsbee
Associate Editor, Edward T. Jones
Associate Editor, Robert H. Russell
Managing Editor, Arthur R. Cade
Societies Editor, Arthur B. Clark.
Exchange Editor, George W. Hayes
Athletics Editor, Clinton S. Darling
Departments Editor, Lewis H. Eaton

Business Manager, Kirtland Marsh.
Advertising Manager, John E. Allen
Subscription Manager, Joseph E. Roy

The Journal of Worcester Polytechnic Institute

Managing Editor, Prof. George H. Haynes
Editor-in Chief, Albert S. Crandon, '14
Assistant Editor, Maurice G. Steele, '15
Assistant Editor, Harold A. Cleveland, '16
Business Manager, Arthur W. Peters, '14
Assistant Business Manager,
Ralph H. Crippen, '15
Assistant Business Manager,
Carl H. Burgess, '16

Every Tech man will eventually come to know and prize the Journal, for it is the official organ of the Institute. It is a ready and efficient reference for doings at Tech, Alumni affairs, and valuable scientific articles. For nearly twenty years its copies have been making important additions to the libraries of many Tech graduates.

The Journal is a real necessity to the school and to the Alumni. It forms the greatest bond between the graduates and the men on the Hill, such a bond as is particularly important in the development of Tech. Every accredited school receives a copy of the Journal, and it goes also to each Alumnus.

The men who already take the Journal will tell you of its value. If you want to find out how athletics are going, or what changes have been made in the instructing corps, or who has been married, or what so-and-so is doing now, why look it up in the Journal. Not only is there an abundance of Institute and Alumni news in each issue, however, but there are also several scientific articles written by experts, often graduates, which are particularly valuable.

It is a pity that the undergraduates do not know the Journal better, for the sooner they come to know it, the better they will enjoy it when it becomes one of their best friends. Every Alumnus and undergraduate owes loyal support to the Journal.



The Journal

That Athol Trip



John Jernberg's pacer brought him to the Lincoln Square station just in time to catch the Athol Flyer with the rest of us, one morning during our Summer shop-practice. After many a stop at crossroads and bar-ways along the single track line we reached Holden safely, and sent post-cards and telegrams back home anouncing our safe arrival. About half a day later we changed at the sign of the Big Chair in Gardner for the Hoosac Tunnel Express to Athol.

At Athol, Ed Pierce took our picture and we went through the Union Twist Drill shops. We then ate luncheon, and looked the town over. Remember the red sweaters? No Annette Kellermans in Athol!

Ed Pierce then took a picture of the crowd, and we visited the Starrett shops. Starrett fobs and steel tapes were much in evidence on the Hill next day.

We went to the Y. M. C. A. for a rest, and here Ed Pierce took our picture. It was Ladies' Day, and we had a hard time convincing the youth in charge that we could act ladylike, if the occasion required. After a little basket-ball game, Ed Pierce took a picture of the crew, and we started for the station. On the way, we tried to find where the red sweaters came from, and Hancock and Jig Bond attempted to get data from local fauna—or should it be flora? The Hospital corps were requisitioned to take charge of Hi Wentworth's wounded leg, which was hurt when he saw red and tried to jump the fence. He wasn't trying to run away!

We left Athol before the police arrived. He was a good fellow, anyway. Worcester's twinkling lights met our tired gaze about eight that night, and although the trip

home had started with lots of noise, it was a fagged party that left the train at Lincoln Square.

It was too dark for Ed Pierce to take a picture, so we carried Wentworth to a doctor, and went home to bed.





Y. M. C. A. Cabinet

Tech Y. M. C. A.

Officers

President,	Donald Purrington, '14
Vice-President,	Willard B. Anthony, '15
Secretary,	Max Brownell, '16
Treasurer,	Y. C. Mei, '14
General Secretary,	C. P. Shedd

Chairmen of Committees

New Student,	L. H. Eaton, '14	Missions,	C. LeR. Storms, '16
Handbook,	D. W. Ormsbee, '14	Northfield,	D. F. Whiting, '15
Membership,	W. W. Spratt, '14	Finance,	Y. C. Mei, '14
Social,	R. H. Russell, '15	Boys' Work,	A. B. Clark, '15
Meetings,	T. W. Farnsworth, '15	Publicity,	C. F. Palmer, '15
Bible Study,	W. B. Anthony, '15	Calendar,	D. F. Miner

Y. M. C. A.

The "Y. M." has been most successful in its work for the past year. Many things have been accomplished, some as planned, some not as planned, and some as not planned. These are familiar to the majority, but there are a few inside happenings hitherto not published which may be of interest.

The Sterling Conference at the opening of the session of the cabinet was a most valuable meeting although not all the time was used for business. It is still a baffling question where Shedd and Mei slept that Saturday night, even though the President and his gallant retinue searched the wilds of the Sterling Camp-grounds from the railroad station to the boat house and investigated every cottage and cellar hole for miles around. Shedd says he slept, but we don't know whether he wound his wiry legs around the top of a pine tree or slept in a canoe. Great things were accomplished at that meeting and the real success of the year's work is due to the big start made there.

The work started in September by commencing with a young party at the house of the General Secretary. "Bob" Russell holds the record for capacity and the qualities

of the come-back on the grape-juice, thus his election as the captain for the coming year. "Bill" Anthony was a close second in the contest but on account of his position as Bible Study Chairman, he knew the effects and did not exert himself to the limit.

Carl Palmer, as the chairman of the Publicity Committee, submitted some wonderful advertising posters; some were truly gems, and although criticisms might have been made as to his latest works it may be said that his model "resigned" because of the small salary she was receiving. However his work surely justifies the formation of that committee.

"Tommie" Farnsworth had a happy faculty of getting off some quaint sayings in introducing speakers. He hardly ever knew what he wanted to say and said it just as effectively, sometimes more so, and always drew large crowds to the Populars, Wednesday afternoon.

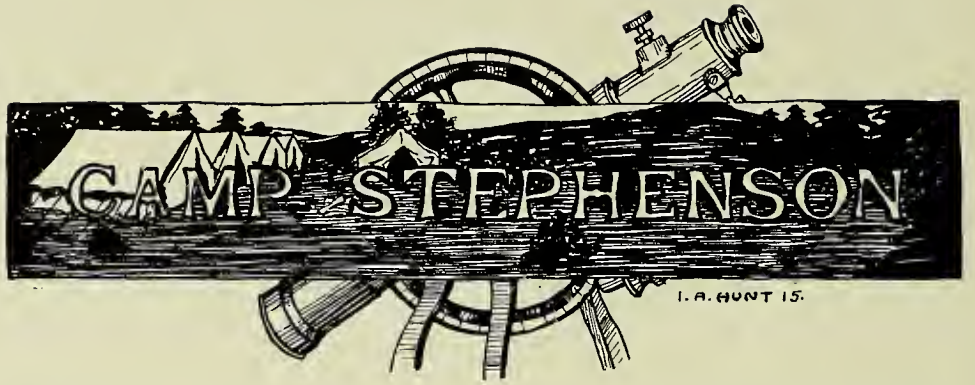
All of the men have done great work and the "Y. M." has grown to a position on the Hill where it can accomplish its work in a most effective way. We wish to the coming cabinet great success in furthering the worthy objects of the Association.

CLARENCE P. SHEDD.

No other personality ever made the impression or exerted the influence upon Tech life in three years that has become evident to all since the coming of Clarence P. Shedd as General Secretary of the Tech Y. M. C. A.

"C. P." was educated in the Worcester schools, took his A. B. at Clark, and has recently completed his thesis for a Master's Degree at the University. He early gave his attention to Y. M. C. A. work and soon chose the student branch as his life field. When he came to Tech as General Secretary the usual comment was in wonderment that a real live man could find enough to keep busy about; now, when he is about to leave to accept a position as Student Secretary for Massachusetts and Rhode Island, the advisory council are at a loss to find a man who can fill his shoes.

The local Association has grown from a small inactive body of forty to a live organization which takes in sixty per cent of the student body. Mr. Shedd will be followed by the good wishes of every Tech man, and every man regrets that we must lose him.



To the men in other courses on the Hill the Civils have only to say that we're sorry you could not have enjoyed Camp Steve together with us, for it is one of those never-to-be-forgotten events. There is no way of getting better acquainted with a bunch of fellows than to go camping with them and so it was that at the beginning of our Junior year we all felt for almost the first time that we had something stronger binding us together than the mere fact that we were in the same classes on the Hill. The three weeks spent at Camp Steve had given us that feeling of comradeship and unity that will come, we hope, to the whole Freshman class when they live together in a Tech Freshman dormitory.

Well it all started one afternoon when a couple of van loads of truck backed up to the Hydraulics plant at Chaffin's. Some of the boys previously warned by the preceding class, were on hand early to get first choice of beds, and tents. And so it was that before an hour had passed, two tents were pitched, the other three well started, the stove pipe placed and other equally important camp adjustments nailed together. By this time there were signs of life in the kitchen noticeable to our sense of smell as well as sight, and when "Reddy" came out and beat the old tin pan, we sure piled into the eating room double quick and "got our front feet right in the trough." You know how good a camp meal can taste when given half a chance; well, that first one was a good start and the others which followed at the regular rate of three a day just hit the right spot. We all will hand it to "Reddy" Ives for selecting good cooks, we had plenty to eat, well cooked, and mighty good food, which of course is a good enough excuse for keeping us all in good humor. Then too, at night we found our way to the pantry now and then for a bite of cake or some doughnuts and even the latest fire and thief proof vaults would have been as naught when the hungry midnight prowlers decided to have a fourth meal.





Every night brought forth some excitement, and for working men the vitality displayed between the hours of 7 and 12 p. m., was remarkable. It would do no good to dig into the glorious past to find the class that started that "Holden Habit," but, needless to say, 1914 fell in line the second evening of camp and a half-hour later found them in the town. Closer scrutiny of their whereabouts disclosed to the boys the fact that the post-office, the store, the girls, and the apples were the chief attractions of the place



and what better variety could you ask for a small town? The girls were good sports and gave us many very pleasant evenings with a dance or two and piazza parties as special features. No, there weren't enough girls to go around, but they liked variety as well as we, and there were very few cases of monopoly. Directly after supper every night the gang from camp headed toward Holden and the evenings were only too short. Now, there are two sides to all things and while a majority of the bunch were uptown there were always some of us who took advantage of the electric lights at camp and the cozy fire in the fire-place, to scribble off a letter or two or to read a book. And of course, too, there was the North End bunch—that crowd of "rummies" invaded camp one night with juicy tomatoes when most of us were up at Holden, but aside from decorating a few of the tents and holding a heated debate on the "value of pajamas to the working man," very little excitement ensued. The first that the boys who had been up to Holden knew of the tomato battle was after we were all undressed and ready for bed. "Doc" Sterl wandered outside the tent for purposes best known to himself and proceeded to cut his foot on an overripe tomato. Needless to say any more. "Doc" said too much as it was.

The wise man at camp didn't try to get too much sleep, for water had a bad habit of disobeying all laws of gravity and climbing up into the cot of the luckless lad only to bring him out of his deep slumbers with that "Something has happened; what is it?" feeling.

The ten-hour days in the field sped by quickly, with but two days of rain during the three weeks, so that the schedule of work was not interrupted. We all made our "bulls" and evaded them—everybody does; but in the end we had good experience and a presentable railroad map to show for it. As our friend, Mr. Johnson, the store keeper, said to a visitor, "By yiminy, dose boys come out yere end raise Hal for tree weeks, but I ain't ban sorry dey came onct." Neither were we—Camp Steve is a good addition to our course.





Mechanical Engineering Society



President, Donald W. Ormsbee.
Senior Vice-President, Lewis H. Eaton.
Junior Vice-President, Maurice G. Steele.
Sophomore Vice-President, John A. C. Warner.
Secretary, Harrison W. Hosmer.
Treasurer, Lawrence C. Jones.

The Society has been particularly fortunate during the past year in its selection of speakers, as in every case the speaker was a recognized authority along the line that he presented. Never in the history of the society have the meetings been so well attended as during the past year. This large attendance was due both to the high calibre of the speakers and to the nature of the subjects treated, which were such as would appeal not only to the Mechanics but also to the general student body. The subjects were treated in such a way that many practical points were brought out, which should be of great value to the young engineer.

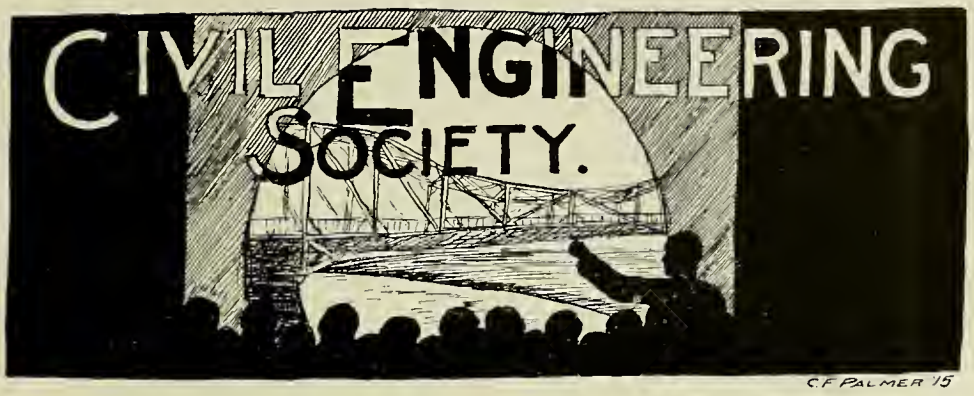
Each year, for the past few years plans for having our society affiliate with the American Society of Mechanical Engineers have been talked over but it was left to our class to carry out these plans. By the time that this is in your hands the old society will have passed out of existence in name, the Worcester Polytechnic Branch American Society of Mechanical Engineers taking its place.

While we believe that we are justified in pointing with some little pride to the successful year that the Society has enjoyed under the leadership of the class of 1914, we realize that this success has been due to the hearty co-operation of the Department Faculty and of the entire student body.

The Mechanics of the class of 1914 extend to the Society their sincere wish for a long and prosperous future under its new name.



Civil Engineering Society



Officers

President, Albert S. Crandon.

Vice-President, Joseph H. Roy.

Secretary, Cedric A. Stone.

Treasurer, A. Frederick Griffin.

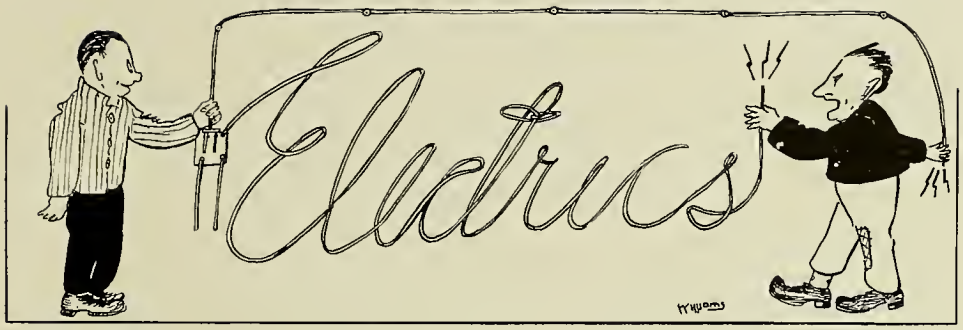
The C. E. Society, like the other engineering societies on the Hill, was begun with the idea of giving the undergraduates opportunities to hear men well known in the engineering profession and thus extend their general practical education. Not only has the Society been successful in this, but it has also served admirably as a furtherance of the good fellowship of its members. At the meetings, the members of the three upper classes meet on an equal footing, and are united by a common interest in their profession.

This year the society has had several very successful meetings. The evening devoted to the Seniors, when several of them told of their summer experiences in engineering work, was enjoyable and profitable. The special meeting called on short notice at which Mr. Savage of the U. S. Reclamation Service lectured was particularly well attended and enjoyed. The lecture by Mr. Hilts of the Association of American Portland Cement Manufacturers, followed by the C. E. dance, made an evening long to be remembered. The occasional "feeds" and "smokers" have added to the pleasure of the meetings.

The Civils of the Class of 1914 will always have pleasant memories of the society. We only desire that the interest which has been shown during the past year may be increased and extended to the lower classes. We extend to the society our sincere wish for its success and prosperity.



Electrical Engineering Society



Officers, 1913-1914.

President, William C. Blanchard, Jr.
Vice-President, Y. C. Mei.
Secretary-Treasurer, Harry Lindsay.

Executive Committee:

Prof. H. B. Smith.
Robert H. Russell.
H. H. Wentworth.
G. I. Gilchrest.

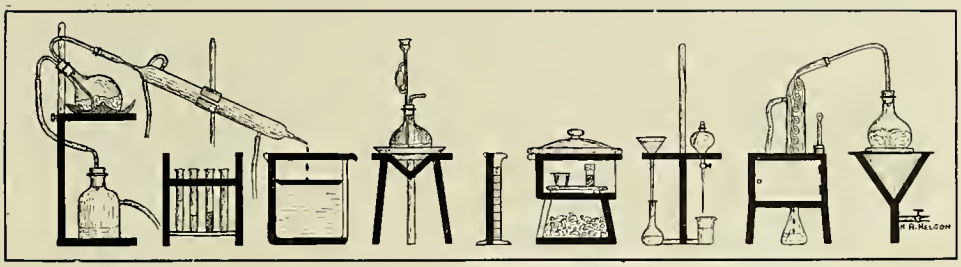
The "Electrical Society" as the Branch is usually called, was reorganized and was accepted by the national organization as a Student Branch in 1904. The membership has increased from forty-five at that time to eighty-five at present.

The object of the Society is to keep its members in touch with engineering accomplishments particularly as presented in papers before the parent Association. Bulletins, periodicals, and catalogs from the larger manufacturing companies are distributed at intervals and monthly meetings are held at which lectures, usually illustrated, are given on some topic of engineering interest by men qualified by experience in that particular line.

Not least in the activities of the Branch is the annual "Ladies Night," when the lecture is given a popular turn, and the remainder of the evening is spent in the laboratory where the W. P. I. Orchestra plays for dancing. Custom has decreed that there shall be served at this meeting cider, cheese and doughnuts; and when the committee orders an over-supply of cider—as happened this year—it is "hardly" exact to limit the entertainment to the one evening.



Chemical Club



Not all the benefits to be derived from four years spent at Tech are to be found in the lectures, recitations and literary work. Through the English, Economics and other courses, the attempt is made to lessen the very narrowing influences of a technical education. Supplementing these are our engineering societies, amongst which is the Chemical Club. This society opened the year with the election of the following officers:

President.....W. J. Kelley, '14.
Vice-President.....H. E. Drake, '15.
Secretary.....D. E. Allen, '15.
Treasurer.....H. H. Y. Babcock, '15

Executive Committee

S. P. Miller, '14.
H. H. Wright, '15.
M. Brownell, '16.

The meetings, held practically twice a month, have, as usual, proved popular with the members of the Chemistry Department. The subjects presented have been almost entirely by the students with occasionally an outside speaker of note. This scheme of arrangement works to advantage to all concerned. Any diffidence a man may have about getting up before others is entirely dispelled. Formality of any sort is banished. This is greatly facilitated by the presence of cheese and crackers, soft drinks, and the favorite pipe. A general man-to-man discussion of the topic in question after its presentation is the rule. This phase of the scheme also works out finely, for, during the discussion, there are innumerable little points cleared up in the minds of those who would not feel as though their difficulties were of sufficient magnitude to be brought up alone. The club also affords an opportunity for the men to meet their instructors on the same level, to be able to ask them a question, or to volunteer information, the statement of which is not going to be carefully weighed and the final balance recorded in a little red note book. In this, as in other things, the organization has passed through its usual successful year.



Wireless Association

Wireless Association

Officers

President, G. S. Vernam, '14.
Vice-President, A. B. Moulton, '17.
Secretary, W. B. Burgess, '16.
Treasurer, H. C. Thompson, '15.

The Worcester Polytechnic Institute Wireless Association was organized in the fall of 1909. A six-wire aerial was strung between the ventilators on the Electrical Building and a set composed of apparatus loaned by some of the members was installed on the top floor of the building. Since that time a better aerial of three wires has been constructed between the Salisbury Laboratory and the Electrical Building and a complete sending and receiving set has been acquired by the association.

This year new quarters have been fitted up on the top gallery of the Electrical Laboratory and the apparatus will be available for use at night as well as in the daytime. The association now owns an audion receiving set with which signals from commercial stations along the Atlantic coast as far south as Key West have been received.

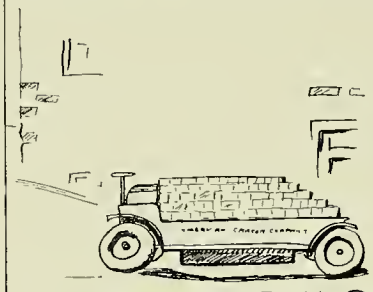
The association has completed the design of a two-kilowatt 500-cycle sending set which will send out a high pitched musical note and should have a range of about two hundred miles. An alternating-current generator and open-core transformer for this set have been ordered and should be available for use during the next term.

COMI-TECHNICAL SKETCHING

PLATE I.

NOTES FURNISHED BY DEPT. – ANY DATE

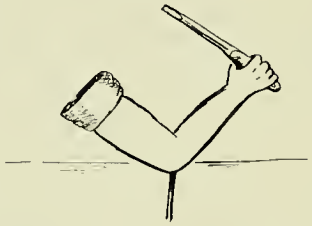
T. Williams



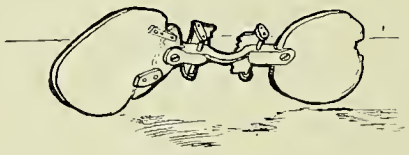
Prof. Morleys Daily Supply of Crayon Arrives.



Developed view of Boynton Hall clock.



Suggested Change for the Vane on the Washburn Shops.



"Dings" glasses – still on deck due to skillfull engineering



PUZZLE – Find the Tech Students Rooms.



Surveying notes – 15° below and 20' to twelve.

Somebody's Senseless Slush

Who's this, who in the early dawn, climbs up Tech Hill with many a yawn, whose face is lined and seamed with care, who walks with melancholy air? Stranger, it is a chemist, he, a man learned to high degree, a man who is in his fancy sees something of good in this poor wheeze.

The villain now comes on the scene—all chemists know just whom we mean—walks up the hill at our here's side and the latter thinks he'll get a ride. A ride clear up to Organic Lab! Believe me he'll get an awful jab, for "Hughie" now strides on apace and slams the door in the poor "stude's" face.

The elevator is slow enough, but climbing three flights is pretty tough. The bell already is ringing eight and "Beilie's" going to mark him late.

"Mike" and "Howie" and "Kell" are there, Desmond has the only chair. Gurley and Miller are hard at work and Nels is, too—he's afraid to shirk. Steele has a slip stick in his hand, he always works to beat the band. The rest of us work and, sad but true, that doesn't prevent a final screw.

"Beilie" sneaks in and looks around, says "Ah" and makes a funny sound. "Is Mr. Brown here?" he asks with glee.—Brownie's not there; that means an "E." Then he asks questions of every one, "What have you finished, what's this begun? Don't waste the water, not one iota, don't hurt that bag, it's from Minnesota." This last refers to a flour bag, it has no value, it's only a rag, but "Hughie" got it from his wife, it must last the rest of his natural life. You wonder why we waste this space to mention mere nothings which have no place? Our only purpose is to retail the senslessness of "Hughie's" detail.

"Pussyfoot" gone, things liven up, Kell calls Nels "a tow-headed pup." Nels comes back with "What the Haix!" and Kelley swears till the whole place shakes.

At last things peacefully quiet down, but Steelie wears an awful frown. We know by that, he was out last night and doubtless she didn't treat him right.

All at once there's an awful noise, did that come from one of our quiet boys? Kell yells, "Coop, put your goggles on"—but he's in wrong, this came from John. "Beilie" hears the laughter pealing and sees a big spot on the ceiling. He calls in Hiram to clean it off while the rest of us just laugh and laugh. At last the dreary day is done, we homeward go by setting sun. Work is over. All is well. Gentle reader—"Ain't it H—ll?"



Freshman Banquet

O, what a banquet. A Freshmen Banquet, but a 1914 banquet; so why shouldn't it have been a real banquet? The date was a dark secret; Saturday, February 20, 1911, at Sterling Inn: but "murder will out" and the Sophomores had got wind of the manoeuvers and had assembled their forces to atone for their bitter defeat at the hands of the Rope-Pull Team. Rumor had it that they had imprisoned our President; but not so, for he had left for parts unknown long before 1913 had gone on the war path and was quietly reposing at the Inn with a few others "to keep him amused." The rest of us slipped quietly away from the house and assembled at City Hall, while 1913 prowled about at a safe distance as if to pounce upon us at an inopportune moment.

Having arrived at Sterling, we sat down to our first banquet; our first good time together, and one we shall long remember; for many of the faces that we may recall about the board have passed from our college days. Under the stimulus of a good *menu* and a Freshman's hearty appetite we soon forgot any reserve and all entered into the spirit of good fellowship.

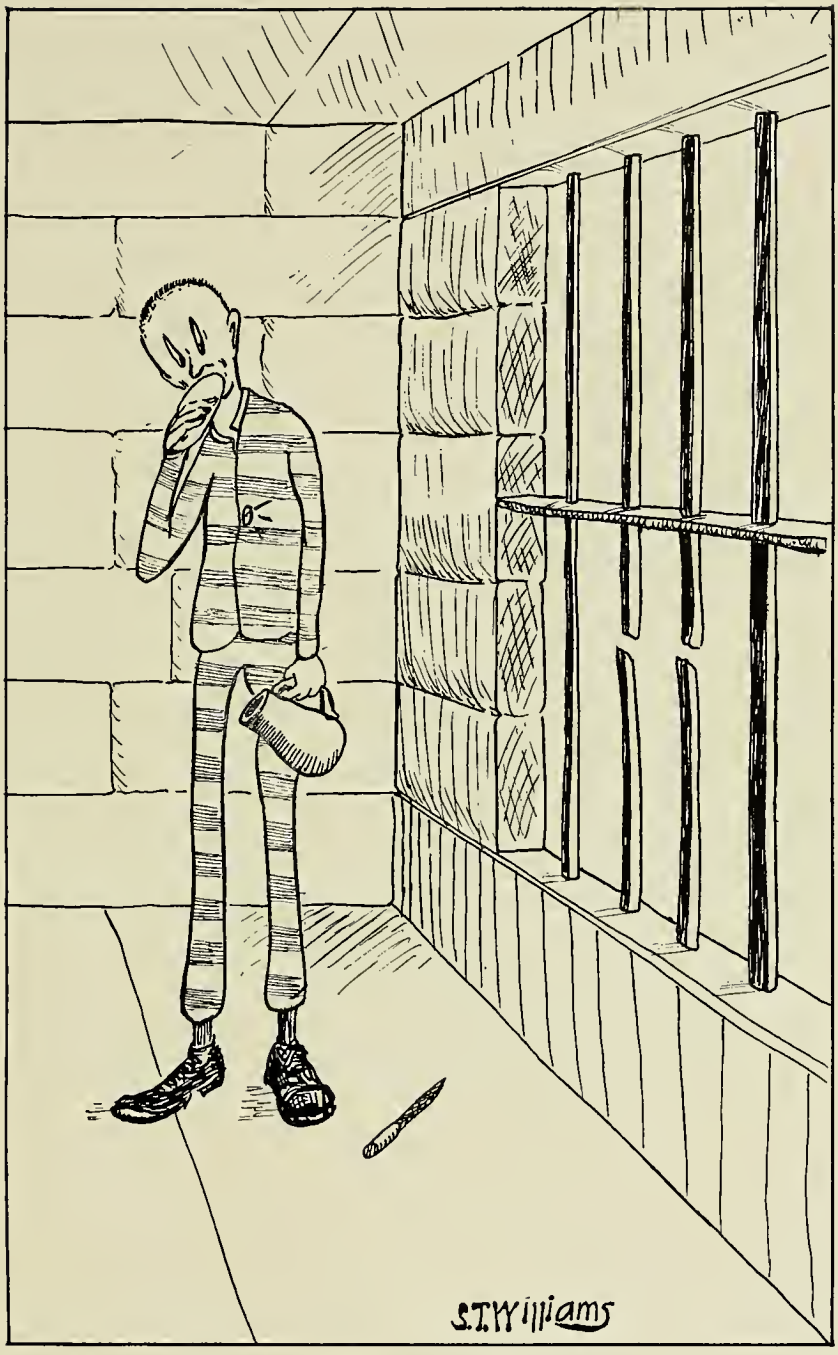
Dick Keith was toast master and offered the following their first chance as Tech men to express their pent up feelings:

Stanley A. Spencer, Class of 1914.
Raymond H. Cole, A Dream of the Fair Sex.
Harold L. Kane, Athletics.
Paul D. Voorhies, U. N. O.
Herbert V. Sproat, The Faculty.
Lucien C. Stanley, Tech.
William C. Blanchard, The Future.

As the evening was young and time of no consequence, many impromtus followed.

Then came that trip home in that swaying, rolling car.

O, what a ride!



Half-way-Thru

Half Way Thru Banquet

Half-way-thru, and all is well!

We had convinced the Professors that when we had learned twice as much as we already knew, we might add dignity and significance to our names by adding B. S., so why shouldn't we celebrate "Half-way-thru?"

Wasn't it a poet, philosopher, or was it Bub Farrar, that said,—"The easiest way to reach a man's heart is through his stomach." Well, at any rate, this is the conclusion to which all those came who attended the "Half-Way-Thru" Banquet at Hotel Warren on Saturday, Dec. 7th, for how fine it was to lean back in a chair with a good square meal tucked away inside, while Tech songs echoed through clouds of smoke and good (?) stories were "sprung" on every side. It was the kind of evening that makes a fellow forget books and "screws," and makes him feel that Tech isn't such a bad place at which to be, after all.

An able toast master was Walter Kelley, and before he had finished his evening's work he had everyone racking his brains for a—well, a story that mother wouldn't want Sonny to hear,—and all in response to the toast "H—l on Earth." The list of "regular speakers" was large and they integrated for subjects between the limits of cans and kisses. H. E. Jencks discoursed on "57 Varieties of Cans." Carl Fritch told us of "Half nd Hlf," while "King" Blanchard chose the very artistic subject "Lingerie." Bill Bowler tried to draw us a verbal picture of "Burly Q" from his own point of view, and Eddie Jones recalled pleasant experiences in "How I earned my First Kiss."

How we did regret that the "wee sma' hours" were upon us so soon, but so it was and everyone who had not laughed himself hoarse joined in Polly Wolly and a rousing P. I., which closed the Half-Way Thru Banquet of the Class of 1914.



Tech Banquet

Tech Banquet

Once more the banquet hall of the State Mutual resounded to crushing "P. I's" and "Long Worcester's" as we gathered on the evening of April 16, to stow away a good "feed" and listen to the flowery phrases of the speakers. And in neither "eats" nor speakers was this affair behind any previous Tech Banquet, while in the matter of attendance it is sufficient to say that Hon. Charles G. Washburn commanded President Hollis to see to it that the next year the banquet be held in a hall large enough to contain all the undergraduates in the Institute.

The banquet was accompanied by selections from the Tech Orchestra and the Double Quartet, interspersed with weird songs and yells from the Senior Civils, the "Stinkpots," and the Mechanics. "There's a Book That was Writ by Reddy's Hand," was the song feature of the evening, while the "Tiger's Tail" was fully characteristic of the Chemists.

When the "smokes" came 'round, Prof. French, toastmaster of the evening, with a goodly supply of jokes and knocks, introduced the speakers. From among all those orations, there are a few points which stand out most prominently in our memories. Hon. Charles G. Washburn's customary "few words" were ended with the advice to "Slide like Hell." The statement by President Hollis that the Institute had received in the past six months $210,000 was gretted with a storm of cheers. From the undergraduate speakers, Crandon's "lark" and Bob Russell's "boosting" are certainly deserving of mention.

All too quickly the minutes passed, and almost before we realized it, the "Prof." was introducing his double. After "Jinny" Haynes pronounced the "benediction," the Alma Mater Song was sung, and the 1914 Tech Banquet became a matter of history.

Impressions of an Observer



What have we here, Adolphus? Ah, yes, without the faintest glimmering shadow of a possible doubt it is the Senior Civil drafting room. Such marked intensity of vibratory sound waves could denote no other recreation hall. That tall, angular man behind the mustache is the C. E. Dept. The secluded room with dim outlines barely visible through yon bare haze constitutes his institutional habitat. The emanations from his prodigious brain carry much weight hereabouts, although 'tis instantly evident his Brobdignagian frame does not.

What was that diaphanous flash of humanity that just swept past like a zephyr of vanishing winter? 'Twas merely Berry hastening back to invent more work. He is already one hundred hours in advance of thesis requirements.

Hello, our friend Joe is entering. Farewell, Prof., we'll see you again tomorrow afternoon, we trust.

The men appear to be becoming uneasy. Observe the crowd gathering in the neighborhood of Griffin's desk. They are making an absorption test of his design. That is, they are absorbing the greatest possible amount of it without resorting to the use of dividers.

See the windows in process of elevation over there near Hughes. The temperature must be high in that vicinity, or mayhap the men are investigating the dilution of H_2S with oxygen.

What was that horrible explosion? Merely Sawyer, muffling a burnt-out tungsten globe. Revive, Adolph, the department will stand the extra expense.



THE AFTERMATH, CLASS OF 1914

A number of students are departing hence. They are about to institute a detailed study of the deleterious effect of highly concentrated nicotine upon the ozonated atmosphere of the locker room. Variety is the spice of design, you understand.

See how closely Jones devotes himself to tomorrow's problem in structures. Judging by the strength of his application, he must have a tentative appointment or tryst this evening.

Ten minutes of four! What remarkable celerity these Seniors manifest when it becomes necessary. Some are already half-way home. Let us leave, Adolph, and just cogitate; these men are required to endure another period of this nerve-racking labor, beginning about ten minutes after one, tomorrow!



Worcester Tech

From Office Boy to Bookkeeper or Shop Management with "Piggie"

The victims begin straggling into the room of torture, otherwise known as Purgatory, on Monday and Wednesday afternoons, about ten minutes to one, but these early ones consist mainly of the commuters such as "Wop," "Chet," "Eddie," and "Heddie."——Gloom reigns.——However this gloom is soon dispelled by the appearance of the Chief Joy Maker, "Win," and his able asistant, "Oggie." Then the dust (of chalk) begins to fly and riot is supreme until the trusty outer guard reports the approach of the Author of "A Joke Without a Point." He comes in with books and papers under each arm just in time to catch "Diddle" chasing an elusive book bag. However, "Diddle" is taking a thesis on "The Cost of Greasing the Belts on the Power House Generators," so the game of tag with the book bag is overlooked.

After assuming the throne, the King announces that the subjects of the day will be "The Method of Paying Our Colored Help in the Far North," and "The New System of Discounts on Brazilian Walnuts." Then he lectures on the above subjects for an hour, with two interruptions, the first one being caused by the entrance at one-thirty of "the late Mr. Lewis," together with the usual murmur of astonishment followed by "Bub's" Klaxon. The other interruption was caused by the attempt of an amateur photographer to obtain a picture of the dark cloud which overhung the lecture desk.

At the conclusion of the lecture a problem is handed out which busies the brains of the weary for the next half hour. The lecture and problem being out of the way, "P. C." starts practicing for his basketball team, by trying long-distance shots for the basket with rolls of waste paper. The game is cancelled however by the ex-alderman from Cambridge, so further practice is suspended.

After about thirty minutes' arduous work, a goodly number of the men find that they must consult with Henry on such subjects as "The Proper Way to Apply Mustard to a Hot Dog" or "Who Put the Cockroach in the Ginger Ale?" The consultation being over, the stragglers return in time to find the "Father of Cast Iron" suppressing an uprising in the form of a toy balloon. From then on to the end of the period everyone works with more or less regularity so as to avoid being more than a month behind the work of "Wop" and "Heddie."

At 4.55 a welcome "Time to close the exercise" is heard and everyone clears out immediately to avoid the horrible con-



sequences of staying behind when "Win" and the other athletes begin donning their athletic attire. "Nuf Sed."



Crane



Design

Water Supply



Preface: — The blank spaces below () indicate a passage of time. Scale 1″=5 min.

"Buzz—z—z," ten o'clock, all seats filled with usual regularity except the first row which is comprised of two chairs, same being reserved for the last to come, Keith and Jones. These two promptly pull their chairs up to the opposite side of the table from Reddy. () Reddy rises and makes a preliminary survey of the room, goes back to his table and shuffles his name cards again. () "What's" the matter this morning? There seems to be about eight men absent. Did you have a test the hour before?" () Everything is adjusted satisfactorily, Reddy runs his finger down the list of questions until he strikes the place where he left off last time. In the meantime the third row has dropped to sleep and a ball game has been started in the fourth, Whit using a slide rule for a bat, Ross catching and Sawyer reaching for chalk preparatory to pitching. () "Mr. Howard, what does the author say as to the thickness of water pipe when the average width of a building lot is 50 feet?" "Mr. Howard(are you here this morning?" () "Well, I must have credited some one else with being here." "Are you men in the back row sure Mr. Howard isn't hiding there?" () "How about the flow of water in iron pipes, Mr. Knowlton?" Knowlton, awakening with a start, "They cost quite a lot," Reddy, "Yes,—no,—what did you say? I guess you did not hear."

Just then Whit knocks a fair ball past Reddy's eyes which automatically close, no other sign being shown. Purrington then offers a lucid explanation of the equations used in finding the yearly cost of pumping one cubic foot of water one foot high. At the end of the explanation Reddy's face is darkened by shades of perplexity and he asks, "Will the men that understood what was said please raise their hands?" Every hand goes up. "Well, I can't say that it seems very clear to me." (' "The class seems very restless this morning, there is too much noise in the back of the room."

"It is upstairs," replies Hedlund. Reddy gets up suddenly and so surprises the class that he catches seven books open. () "Mr. Ross, how long are cast iron pipes?" "Why, I should say about eight, ten or twelve feet." "That's right, about fourteen feet." "What is the limit of height of fill over pipes, Mr. Kendall?" "O, you are safe in most any pipe you run up against."

About this time Glover places his feet on the back of Bergwall's chair and is promptly invited down cellar to see if such actions can continue in the future. But the bell rings and half the class pull out their watches and note the time as Reddy has started on another monologue. He looks pleased and remarks, "I am glad the men are taking such an interest in the work that they have to take out their watches to convince themselves that the hour is up." "Any questions?" () "Class excused."



"Doc."

"H. B."

"PUNK"

"PREX"

"PA"

"JINNY"

"J.O.P."

"PIGGY"



Davy—How would you explain it to a farmer?
Dunbar—I might get by with it to a farmer.
Davy—Perhaps.

"Ding"—How many times can you go over thin ice when you are going fast?
Win—Once and a half.

"Jinny"—Who will get it, "A" or "B"?
Blanchard—Not necessarily.

Davy—Several years ago when I was unfortunate enough to have something to do with the Steam Department here at the Institute————————

Prof. French—I will give you a little steer.
Rook—A little bull.

Bussy—We'll have just one more monthly—
Laughter.
Bussy—Test.

"Red" Cummings—Anything hotter than the sun?
Fenn—Only hell.

Girl—How do like my new skirt? Don't you think it is tight around the bottom?
Leo—Yes, and it is tight around the ankles, too.

Al—Have you heard about the new flying machine? You leave Worcester at eleven and get in Portland at twelve o'clock at night.
"Mike"—Who in hell wants to be in Portland at twelve o'clock at night?



"SCREWS"

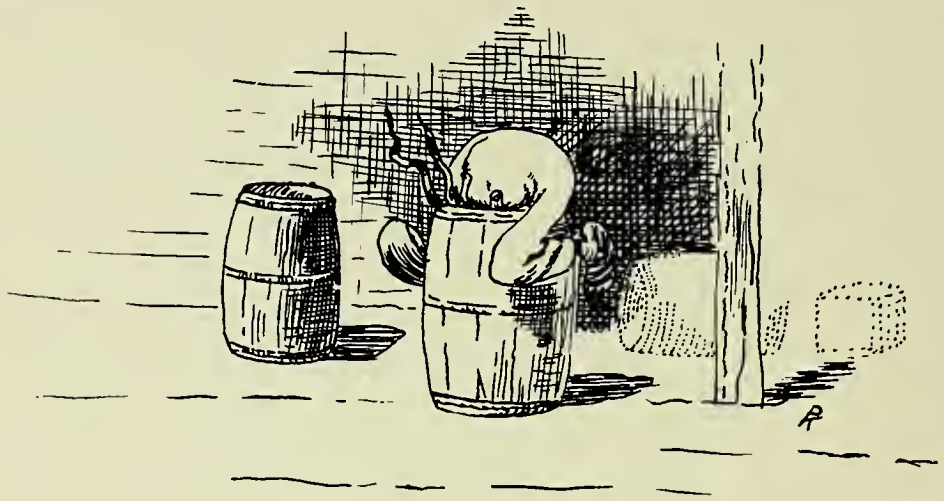
Doggone it!
Doc. Bonnet!
What the hell!
There's the bell!
One minute of ten,
Screwed again!

Prof. French—How will a stone break, under tension or compression?
Rookie—Compression.
Prof.—How is that?
Rookie—They never use it in tension.

Book and Supply Co. Motto:—"In God we trust; others pay cash."

THE KISS.

A kiss is a peculiar proposition. Of no use to one, yet absolute bliss to two. The small boy gets it for nothing, the young man has to steal it, and the old man has to buy it. The Baby's right, the Lover's privilege, the Hypocrite's mask. To a young girl, Faith; to a married woman, Hope; and to an old maid, Charity.



This strange individual refused to answer any questions but on going around the corner

Knowlton—They care for the water in this way to prevent electrolysis.
"Reddy"—And what then?
Knowlton—It prevents electrolysis.

"We do not want him any longer—he is long enough already."—"Pa" Carter.

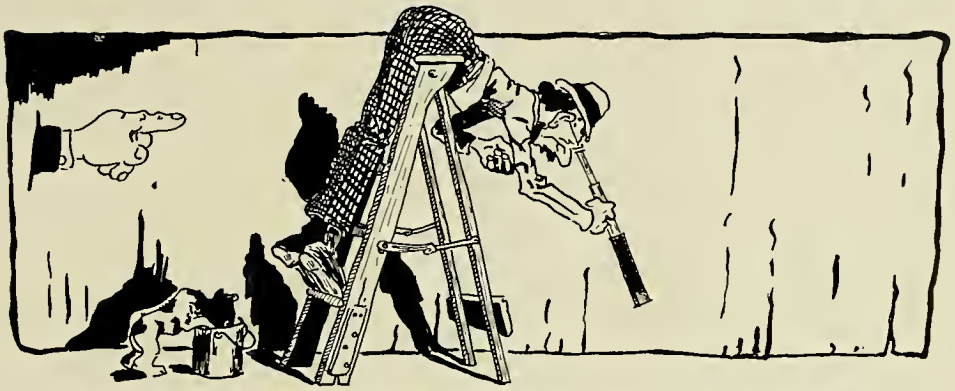
"Doc" Bonnet—Now these bacteria have a peculiar motion when viewed under the microscope. It looks just like the tango, only there's more to it.

How it can B
I cannot C
I wanted D
I got an F.

Senior—I narrowly escaped death between two street cars, today.

Junior—How?

Senior—I missed a Boynton Street car and nearly starved to death before another came along.



We espied this myterious gent who told us that they were searching for the point in "Piggy's" jokes

"Coombsie"—No smoking allowed in the building, Mr. Blank.
Mr. Blank—I'm not smoking aloud, sir.

"Pa" French—Now, these fat fellows——
"Piggy"—Well, "We" haven't got the tape-worm, any-way.

Davy—What are you trying to do, make a monkey of me?
Students—No, your ears are too big.

Hurd on the train from New Britain to Bristol, June, 1913:
C. B. H., '15—"Say, haven't I seen you at Tech?"
Crouch, '14—"Yes."
C. B. H.—"How are you hitting things?"
Crouch—"Pretty good."
C. B. H.—"Yes, it's easy now, but wait till you get Calc and Physics."

Jinny—How is Alaska governed?
Kendall—By a commission of 5 Americans and 5 Filipinos.

Prof. French—And what is the size of the shaft?
"Cherub"—Two feet in diameter.
Prof. French—Some shaft.

T stands for Technology
No "lead-pipe cinch" you bet.

E 's that fatal letter in
My monthly alphabet.

C 's for canning—the "canning act"
Comes in the Senior year.

H is what we get at home
When dad and mother hear.

Nelson (sadly)—Gee whiskers! This is the first time I've ever been screwed.

Pussyfoot—Er-r, ah, Mr. Nelson, I see by the record that you got a condition once before in the History of Chemistry, so you are not quite as virginal as you think.

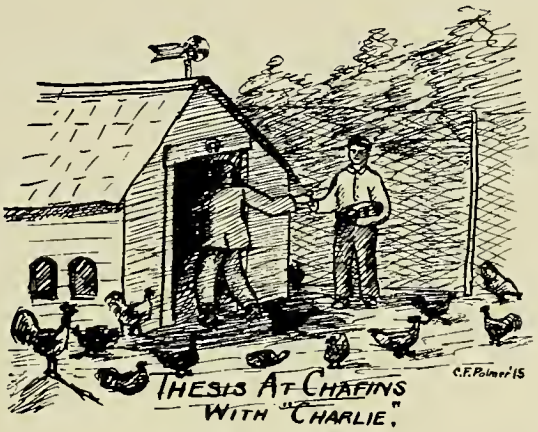
Hello, Pete, "Wie geht's?"

Pete Eaton (absentmindedly)—No, no, not V. Gates—M. Gates or B. Bates.

Janitor Carlson to Senior Chemist (loaded with Piper Heidsick)—Shew, shew all you want, but by yimminy, don't spit in the yars.

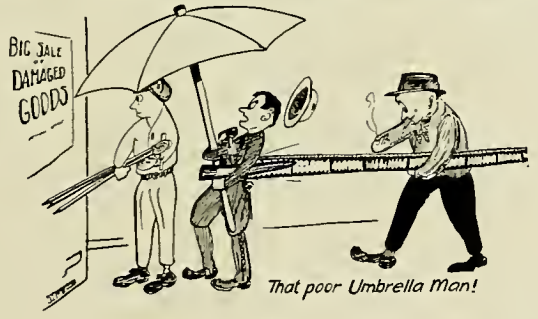


A REGULAR "TECH MIXER"



A FEW HEIGHTS:

The height of foolishness: To take for granted all of Doc. Bonnet's bull.
The height of precaution: To cram for one of Bobby's exams.
The height of industry: "Yohn the Yanitor," when "Pussyfoot" appears on the scene.
The height of aggravation: To stay awake in water supply.
The height of carelessness: To eat regularly at the "rat hole" without a zinc-lined stomach.
The height of "Pa" French: About 11 ft. 3 in.
The height of smallness: To spend your athletic dues at the White City.
The height of bravery: To face Prof. Butterfield when he's on the trail.
The height of impossibility: To get through an organic monthly in one hour.
The height of improbability. "Dutchy" Masius doing the Tango.
The height of ambition: To make Doc. Bonnet say "Damn-if-I-know."
The height of insanity: To offer Doc. Jennings a chew of Piper "Heidsick."



Doc. Bonnet's favorite definition: "A horse sweats, a man perspires, but a girl is all aglow."

Doc. Bennet, starting to call on Storms in class but changing his mind: "Will you answer this question, please, Mr. S'—Tinker?"

Mr. St. John, to class in physics: "I expect you to think about three fourths of the time in this course and work one fourth. That's what you'll have to do when you get out of here,—that is, unless you're a Mechanic."

"Bobby's" strong points:—"r'actions," "p'cipitates," and sleepy lectures,— but we love him just the same.



The Step-Lively" of the Mechanics



THE "PROFS'"
SEMI-ANNUAL RECREATION

A "FRENCH" STEW.

Fire burn and cauldron bubble!
Hundreds of reports to make,
Double, double, toil and trouble,
Scores of tough exams to take,
Questions, quizzes, abstracts, themes,
With twisted problems the cauldron teems!
E's in Physics, F's in Trig,
Field notes that refuse to frig,
Monthly sessions with Smith or Bird,
French or Jennings who say "Absurd!"
For a charm of powerful trouble
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.
Double, double toil and trouble,
Faculty fret and students bubble.

First Sophomore—"Say, did you know 'Red' Cummings was a minister's son?"
Second Sophomore—"Maybe that explains the halo that sometimes appears over his head in lectures, always on sunny days,"

If a Miss really is as good as a mile wouldn't some fussers fit on the Marathon?

The "Heavenly Twins,"—"Piggy" Bird and Prof. French.

One of "Piggy's" fool questions.—"Why am I like a street car?"
Mechanic—"Well, what's the answer?"
"Piggy"—"Oh, I don't know, just looking for information."

Danny Regan—Will HNO_3 burn?
Student—Yes, it will burn your fingers.

Danny Regan—What is the price of Alcohol?
Student—It depends.
Danny—Upon what?
Student—The price of water.

Dr. Pierce, taking attendance—Mr. Vernam, were you here last time?
Mr. Vernam—Yes sir.
Dr.—Were you late?
Mr. Vernam—Yes sir.

Prof. French (in masonry class)—"Now this is so in dam designing, etc." And we all agreed that it was.

Prof. Bird—Talking about punishment of belts in bending around small pullies—"Ever get spanked?"

Prof. Bird (in mechanics)—Now Mr. Legg, how would you get at the size of a shaft?
Mr. Legg—Well, a good many men get at it differently.

We should worry like tomatoes and get canned.

IT CAN'T BE DONE.

"Gentlemen, the examination will not take you more than one hour."
"The prospects for a winning team this season are very bright."
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"Join the Y. M. C. A. and renounce the old life."
"Gentlemen, imagine yourselves a copper wire three miles long."



"B. A."

A Chemist's Query.

If Howard should meet a nice "Gurley" at dancing-school, would he hesitate to "Carter" home?

Li—"Kelley" would.

Senior—"They put the pipes on two sides of the tank."
"Reddy"—And where else do they put them?
Senior—"On the other two sides."

Chaffins, 6 A. M., echo from "Willie" Hubbell:
"Hey, Garmon, you've got on my B. V. D's."
"Well, where are mine?"
Willie, (emerging in triumph from the scuffle)—"Why don't you go outside and look around?'

Prof. Ives—"Mr. Bergwall, why is it that Fall River has such a low water consumption?"
Bergwall—"Because of the character of the people."

(Extract from an abstract presented in Water Supply.))
"There is a peculiar tradition or theory extant in the fruitful minds of many perspicacious plumbers that most stoppages due to freezing occur in a thaw subsequent to many consecutives days of severe cold weather, and the tentative reason generally advanced for this alleged aqueous phenomenon is that unusual evaporation from the overlying surface during the adolescent stages of the thaw produces augmented refrigeration or lowering of temperature at the depth of the main sufficient to cause freezing."

Danny Regan (adding reagents to a solution)—"Now, what will happen, if I heat this?"
Student—"It will boil."
Piggy—(After Glover makes a wild guess) I give every man a chance, and half a man two chances.

"Reddy" Ives—I always get the purest substance I can, to drink.

"Jinny"—(As the bell rings in the midst of the hot air) The clock is fast.

Jencks—(Addressing the division)—Gentlemen and Prof. French.

"Doc" Bonnet—And thus we see that some people are blind before birth and others are blind after death.

The "Prof"—A man can easily go through a 20 inch sewer. I doubt whether Prof. Bird could.

"Dutchy"—Imagine yourself a U-tube with one leg longer than the other.



"Reddy"—The wind pressure is taken as 40 lb. per sq. ft. over half the surface.
Kendall—Which half?

"Dutchy"—Which way is it, that one or that one?
Bright Student—That one.

"Doc" Bonnet—In Chicago you turn your tap in the morning to see which way the wind is blowing.

The way it sometimes seems:—
Prof. French—Well, gentlemen, just to get the fundamental principles of the subject, you may design a sewerage system for New York City, taking the grades only to the nearest thousandth of a foot. Hand this in tomorrow morning.

Prof. Adams—That is a very poor translation.
1914—It is the best I could get for the money.

German Instructor (desirous of punishing the class)—You may take this paragraph to read at sight for tomorrow.

"Piggy's" wit:—Gray iron is not so called because it is made by Mr. Gray in the foundry.

To "Fat" Marsh:

A man in all the world's new fashion planted,
That hath a mint of phrases in his brain.

Davy—What is a gas-producer?
Wise One—A device for producing gas.

"Jinny" in Economics—After you graduate you will have more to do with Calico than Calculus.



"Diddle" Dunbar:—

He that hath a beard is more than a youth,
And he that hath no beard is less than a man.

Prof.—What is the height of your ambition?
"Freddy" Hillman—Well, I don't know exactly, but she comes just up to my shoulder.

P. C. Howes, (after trying to tell "B. A." how many B. T. U.'s "they is" in a pound of steam issuing from an orifice)—Well, I wish you would explain to me just what I tried to tell you about that problem.

"Doc" Pierce, (Just before the exam.)—I wish you luck.
(Just after the exam.)—I'm sorry.

Prof. Bird—How does the acceleration vary?
P. W. Prouty—Directly as the reciprocal.

To "Bub" Farrar:—
Some men are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them.

Hosmer—How do you get a straight bend, anyhow?

"Willie" Hubbell to Hedlund—I hear a Mt. Holyoke girl is coming to Tech next year. (Long pause) I am looking for a room-mate next year.
Hedlund—Why don't you look her up, Willie?



"At Home"

"Pa" Fairfield—Dunbar, "We" don't like to have the men spit in the beds of the lathes.

"P. C." to Charlie Allen—Just how does one of those watersheds, the book speaks of, look?

Prof. (in mathematics)—Zero and infinity really do not exist.
Freshman—Except in quizzes, Professor.

Prof. Nelson—I'll either part my hair or part with it.

If an automobile can go 60 miles an hour, how fast can "Davy" gallup?

"Jinny"—Define an innkeeper.
Student—One who keeps an inn.

"Red Mac" in freehand drawing—Bergwall, you couldn't even draw a soda in your father's fountain.

"Dinny" Calhane—The metal is then moulded into cubes, 2″ x 3″ x 5″.

Prof. French—You fellows have it easy; you only have to work eleven'n half days a week.

Kendall to "Reddy"—Why don't you open the window and shoot out?



"Davy"

"Davy"—Given a tank containing air under 500 lb. pressure.
"P. C."—Is the tank full of air?

Prof.—Hughes, what is a lamp-hole?
Hughes—A hole from a sewer to the inside of a lamp-post.

"Bub" Farrar:
"He was a man of unbounded stomach."

"Beilie"—To err is human.
Student—Your d——d err-ing is worse than that.

Prof. French—What is the cure for caisson disease?
Berry—Make 'em sneeze.

B. A. Read—Some fools ask more questions than a wise man can answer.
Senior—That is why so many of us flunk your exams.

Some good advice from "Shakespooks" in terms of B. L.—"Neither a bailer nor a bailee be."




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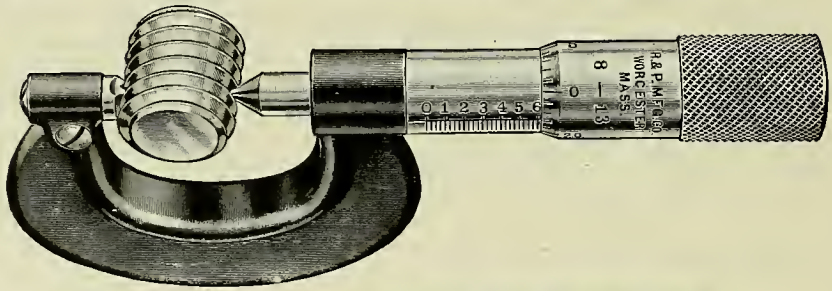
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"No," replied the doctor in surprise, "but I can get you one if you want it badly."

"Oh, I wish you would. I'm a poached egg and I want to sit down."—*Tradesman.*

The Girl—Father's railroad has just discharged five hundred men for drinking.

The Guy—Must have been some party.

—*Purple Cow.*

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As the watch went in the pawn shop
I heard it sadly groan,
"This will be a dismal place,
I'm going to be a loan."—*Siren.*

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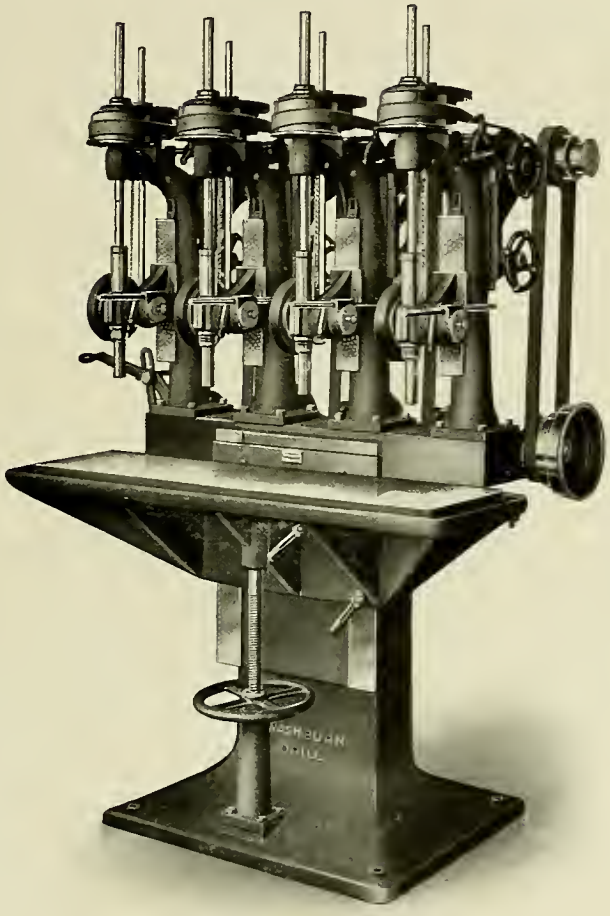
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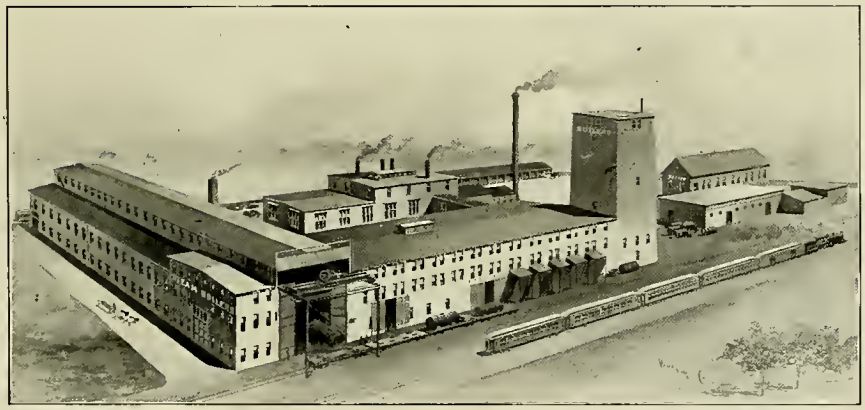
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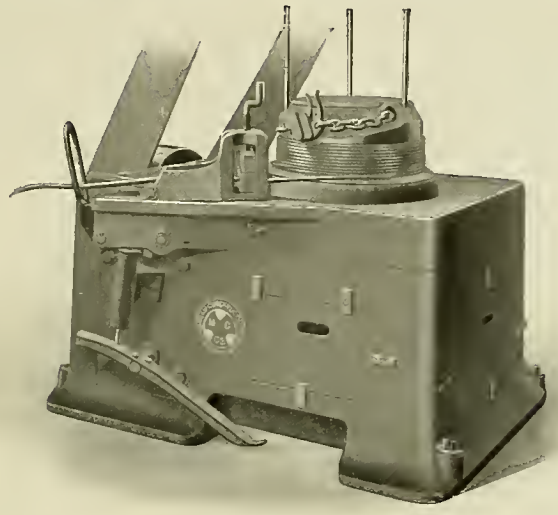
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Pa—Now what is that old hen eating those tacks for?

Willie—(just home from college)—Perhaps she is going to lay a carpet.

—*Sun Dial.*

The Archbishop had preached a fine sermon on Married Life and its Duties. Two old Irish women were heard coming out of church commenting on the sermon.

"It's a fine sermon His Reverence would be after giving us," said one to the other.

"It is, indeed," was the quick reply, "and I wish I knew as little about the matter as he does."—*Life.*



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A PRAYER

"Backward, turn backward, oh Time in thy flight, give us a girl whose skirts are not tight; give us a girl whose charms, many or few, are not exposed by too much peekaboo; give us a girl, no matter what age, who won't use the street for a vaudeville stage; give us a girl not too shapely in view; dress her in skirts that the sun can't shine through."



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The Daughter—Hey, shoot the juice.

The Father—Cut out the slang, please.

The Mother—That's a peach of a way to correct the kid.

The Father—I only wanted to put her wise. Such talk will queer her.

The Daughter—Ich Gabibbel.

—*Pen Punch Bowl.*

Salt—Yes, miss, we had an awful storm here last week. That lighthouse yonder was washed away except for a few blocks of stone.

Miss—Dear me! Whatever did they build it in such an exposed position for?

—Saturday Journal.

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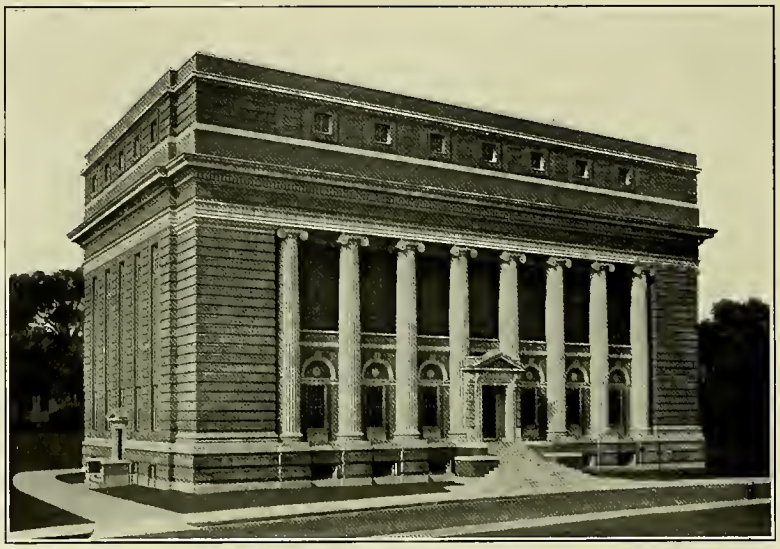
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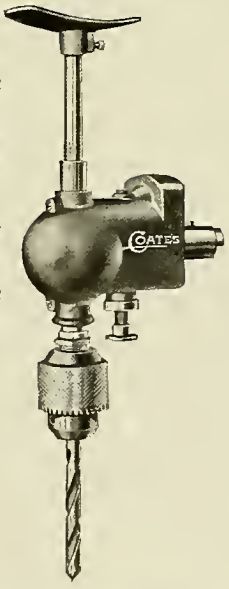
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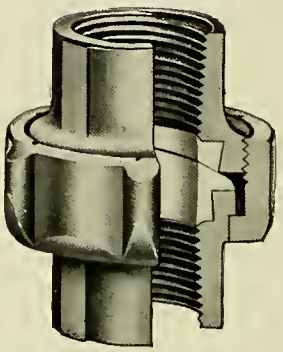
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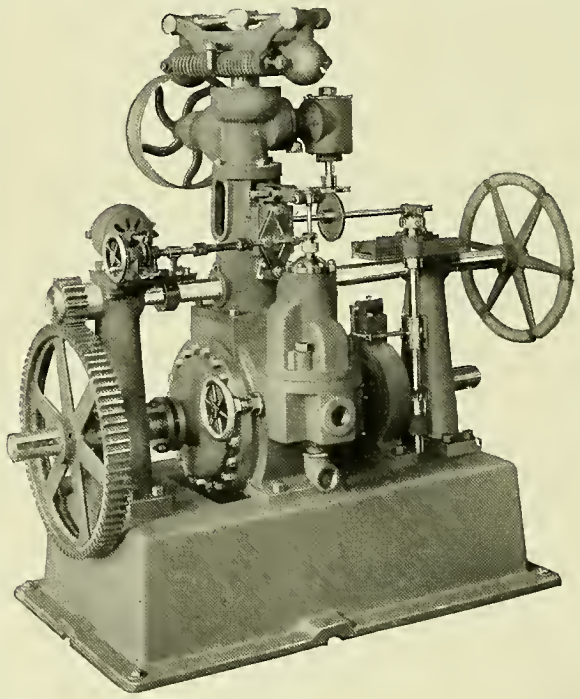
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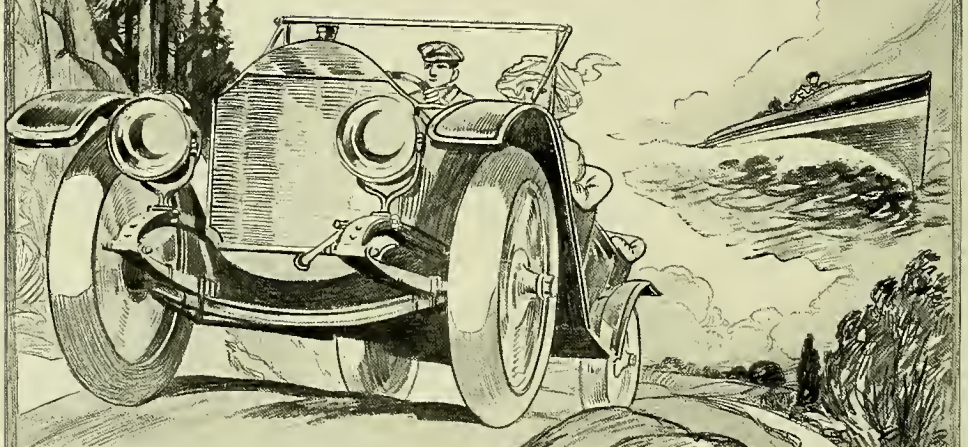
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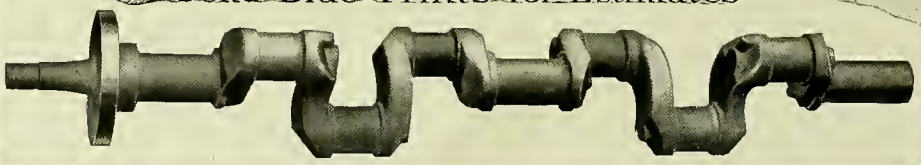
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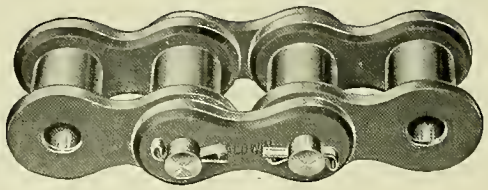
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